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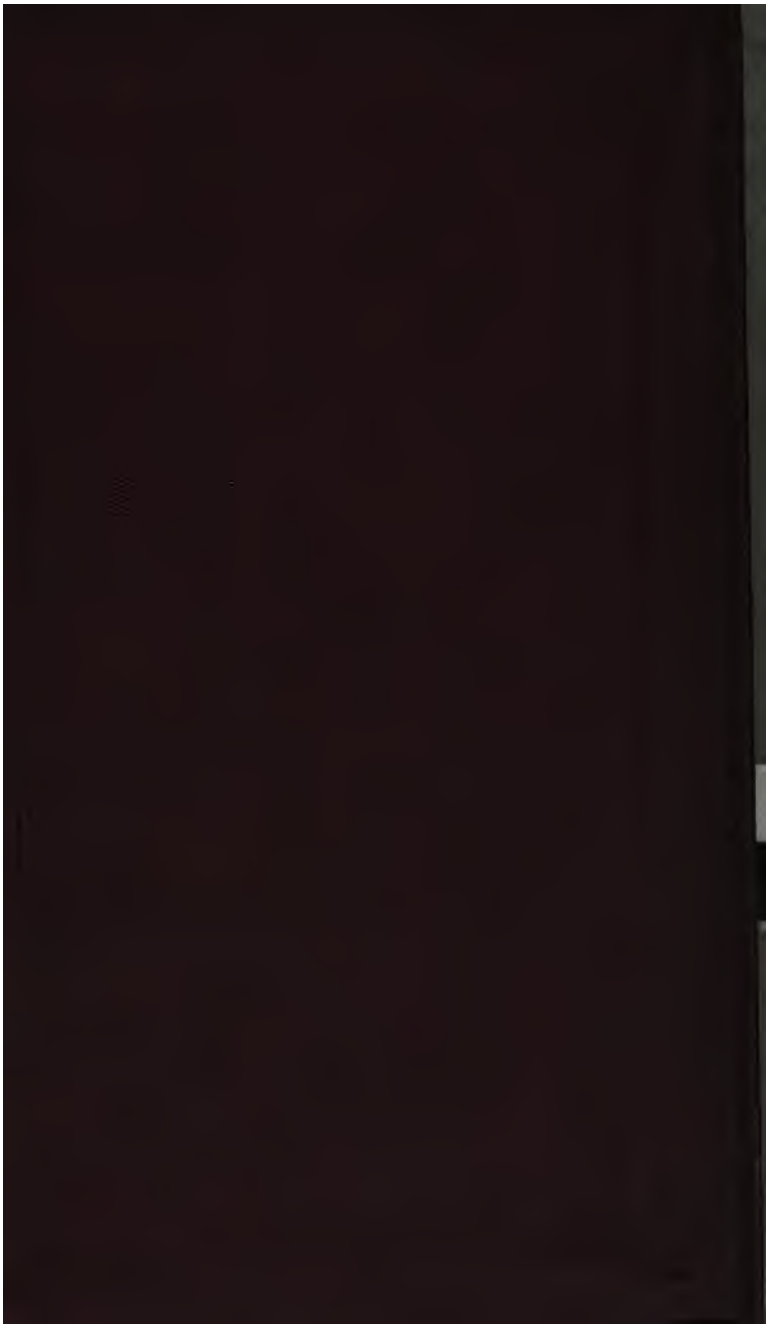

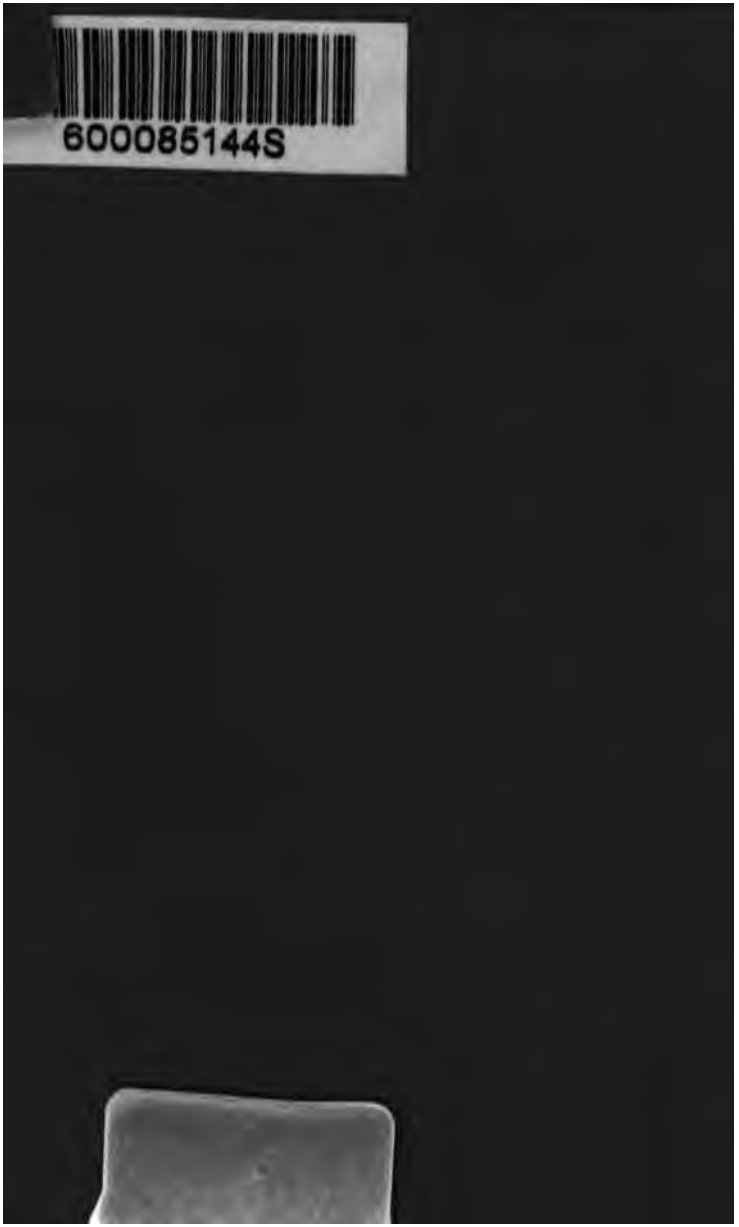
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THE TEMPLE OF MEMORY.

LONDON:
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ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

THE

TEMPLE OF MEMORY.

BY

KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

"Magna vis est Memoriæ, nescio quid horrendum, profunda et infinita multiplicitas; et hoc animus est, et hoc ego ipse sum."—S. August. Confess., lib. x. c. 26.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this Poem was to visit, with the aid of St. Augustin, some of the wonders of Memory. There are added autobiographical sketches comprising various remarkable characters, public events, artistic scenes, and even personal incidents connected with them, in which it was thought the general reader might take an interest.

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THE TEMPLE OF MEMORY.

CANTO I.

PRELUDE.

Of temples and their wonders poets sing,
Who through past ages oft their flight will wing
Towards Egypt and the ancient domes of Nile,
To Tibur's banks or the Ægean Isle.
What do not men there measure, scan, describe?
What will not then explain each learned scribe?
Karnac or Ammon the first temple built
After the Deluge consequent on guilt,—
Great Temple of the Pharaohs—this they know,
And Dandour in the Nubian deserts low,
No less Dracontia and the Pyramids,
Which last to class with temples nought forbids;
To others monolithic do they speed,
Their sculptured forms and strange inscriptions read,
To Balbec and Palmyra where the sun
Was worshipp'd once, nor would they e'er have done
Till that of Belus they beheld still lower
Where once had stood famed Babel's haughty tower.

Then Esneh, Denderah, Persepolis
Attract them on; nor Luxor would they miss.
For such a study they extend their span
To Pandoo Koolies of grave Hindostan;
Cambodia, Siam, Angkor showing all
Whole cities form'd of temples great and small.
They pierce through sacred woods, Olympia near,
Where men would Jupiter and Juno fear.
Then they would scan the temple over Python,
There too to gaze and meditate and sigh on
Apollo's Delphic shrine; or they will stand
On lofty summits in the Grecian land.

Of whispers, secrets, things sublime and old
Within these porches graver men have told.
But I would visit, what exceeds their walls—
Of Memories the vast capacious halls!
The farthest bounds of India thus surpass'd
For temples here though not in ruins, last;
As many there are too as there are minds;
Whole cities of them therefore thus one finds.
There's not a youth who passes in the street
In whom there is not thus a temple meet,
In one sense to be class'd with Fanes sublime,
Where stand fond records of a former time,
Of no great value, others perhaps say;
But still preserved in quite as strange a way
As all the reminiscences of kings
Are his poor, little, simple, humble things.

One of the smallest I propose to show
That can be found in any land I know.
But there's no want of guides if we should call
Others to show what's greater to us all.
Each is mysterious, such as still defies
The longest searching of created eyes
To scan its depths, its wonders to explain,
Which render human efforts wholly vain—
Its visions clear, inexplicable so,
Divinely granted that is all we know—
In which our whole past life will ever stay,
Where long ago seems but the other day—
In ancient silence standing thus apart,
Alone though nearest, dearest, to our heart,
Constructed in us yet commanding ever
Such wide horizons that no vast endeavour
Can reach the limits of their farthest span
To teach, inspire, enchant, and comfort man.
Wherever found, however small and low,
Exhaustless wealth this Temple can bestow,
Not merely archives personal, and old,
Of which the worth to owners can't be told,
But titles to all wealth, though some may be
In presence of them quite unconsciously;
For in this Temple condescends to dwell
God, the true God—in this most ancient cell,
Older than all the others that they knew
For this existed ere their walls were new.
To have Him absent there some will attempt;
But none from the idea are exempt,

While all around will past experience lie,
In one stupendous, new reality
Written and graven in a book-like mind
Where every item of the whole we find.[1]
To see no marvel here some will endeavour,
But there it stands a mystery for ever.
"Oh, what a wondrous place!" Saint Austin cries,[2]
"And how it all my scrutiny defies!
Impenetrable sanctuary deep!
I feel a kind of horror o'er me creep
When there, as though the Infinite I pass
And think on what my nature can amass.
Who can but enter here and never feel
A certain faintness o'er his senses steal
As if he'd lost himself as I feel lost—
Not as if the firmament I cross'd
To scan the stars and distance infinite
Or what this globe of earth reveals to sight,
But lost in this Hall of Memory I find
'Tis there that's wholly lost thus my own mind.
For Mem'ry is my mind, myself, nought nearer
To myself that is to me, and nought dearer.
In these domains, in this vast Palace strange,
Quite countless images themselves will range,
Enter'd through all the senses as a door,
And showing as I pass still more and more.
Some are at first sight visible. But others
By dint of toil and searching one discovers—

[1] Δελτογράφῳ δὲ πάντ' ἐπωπᾶ φρενί. Eumenid.
[2] Confess., lib. x.

Each as if saying, 'Is it me you seek?'
As if my hand would each still distant keep,
Until at last from some dark cave I draw
What I desire and what once I saw;
When the first yield their place to what will follow,
Backwards receding, till, perhaps to-morrow
They also may be call'd by me desiring
To serve some theme on which I am inquiring.
While what seems strangest, what I know full well
Is that forgetfulness itself will dwell
Within this hall. Since having things forgot
Once on a time when I could find them not,
I can remember; though forgetting so
Is of my memory the murderous foe,"
'Gainst whom we hear Simonides will rise
And to exclude him thenceforth even tries.
Mark, too, what light is thrown as here we stray
On philosophic questions of the day.
For in the knowledge here of our past life
An answer lies to all our Sophist's strife;
Since here each finds objective real truth
Has been his own possession from his youth.
In Memory's veracity thus lies
The very Ego that their school denies;
For here it is self-consciousness is found,
So thenceforth arm'd, each stands on firmest ground,
And from the validity of Reason draws
His certain knowledge of the great First Cause.[3]

[3] S. G. Mivart.

Such is this temple grand beyond all thought,
With what the heart must love, for ever fraught.
Yet, passing strange, the herd of mortals pass,
Heedless whatever treasures they amass.
The great creative mandate has raised here
A temple that has mysteries most dear.
The mighty Parent, in all just and wise,
Has left within it great powers to surprise,
Free as the breath or as the light of Heav'n
The secret sweets of Memory has given
To us who find within its ample store
The Past with all its charms, and even more
That shines with brighter hues than when at first
Its real objects on our sight had burst,
With nobler features than our vision knew
Of what was present, genuine and new.
Here thought's associations form the spell
By which we open all of what we tell.
A secret union ever there remains
To furnish poets with their pensive strains.
A name, a flow'r, a song, a passing breath
Of perfumed air restores what's lost by death.
Through bygone things we take our daily walk;
And with those pass'd away again we talk.
'Midst close connected scenes we wander long,
And hear within us a sweet, thoughtful song—
Still finding in what strikes each hour our eye
The spots and moments we have long gone by.
All that we ever saw or heard returns
Through mazy walks; and wanton Fancy burns,

Enchanted with what comes to us entire
All that in secret we most love, admire.
Our former footsteps thus through life we see
Leading us back through past felicity,
With curious art to kindle every feeling
That age or distance had from us been stealing.
Inhaling sweetness like the bees in spring
That o'er each garden happy flights will wing,
We from dull, dark oblivion rescued thus,
Can find the food that best will nourish us.
Such dulcet spoils, so charming and select
We in these magic scenes can aye collect,
And even still what doth enchant our taste
When elsewhere life becomes a dreary waste.
And yet, O pilgrims false! ye would elude
The debt of fond and faithful gratitude!
"Here," saith the deep Augustin, "I feel terror
Mingled with great surprise to see the error
Of men who go so far but to admire
The tops of mountains, higher still and higher,
The ocean waves, vast rivers flowing far,
And watch the movement of each star by star,
And yet this greatest wonder they pass by
Unmoved, untrain'd, its marvels to descry."
Granted free access to its countless store,
The Fane divine is never thought of more.
Hearing of Ephesus men will not tire,
All fabled magic vaults they will admire.
Pythagoras and Zoroaster they
Opine their wondering visitors repay;

Temples of Thebes and Memphis they consult,
Egypt, Chaldæa—with the same result.
But what surpasses fiction and its dreams
To win their admiration never seems,
Like things they call occult of nature's power
Of sorcerers and fairies in their bower
Hermetic and oracular and vain
With Trismegistus and the Sybil's strain;
Yea, they will seek in theatres to see
Recall'd the fables known to infancy;
What's found in painting, acting, Poet's art
With joy and wonder will inflame their heart,
Heedless of all that's shown within themselves,
Of all contain'd on their mysterious shelves.
And so 'tis left in point of fact to few
What here is found to wonder at and view.

With reverential steps then let each speed
As Pilgrims will the shrine they visit heed,
To this mysterious cell and witness thus
The various treasures that it shows to us,
Of all conditions, fortunes, and desires
Whose hearts and minds it teaches and inspires.

Our project may indeed disturb and vex
Some thus invited of the sterner sex;
But never will be wanting on this quest
Those whom Mnemosyne esteems the best.
Herself a nymph, with daughters fair around,
'Tis women who to follow her are found;

So vain that boast of Tacitus when he
Said, men were most attach'd to memory;
As if 'twere not to those who shed most tears
That in this temple all the past appears
To last the longest; we might say, for ever;
For when are female minds forgetful? Never.
In this their hall retentive is like Heav'n,
So much is treasured there, transform'd, forgiven.
By woman, good deeds never are forgot,
'Tis faults alone that with her tears she'll blot.
But this is a digression, and so we
Must hasten now the shrine itself to see.

The first who come forth from this mystic cell
Have seen their youth of which they'd all things tell,
Like Lamartine and countless others more
Who enter thus again their nursery door;
As if to prove what Martial said of old
That memory can all things thus unfold.
"'Tis twice to live when so the past we see
Brought back," he said, "by keen-eyed memory."

CANTO II.

OF CHILDHOOD.

A HERO for our tales already found,
To search for one we need not look around—

Although no Hector, as he'll freely own,
It is his Hall of Memory that's shown ;
Within which lie of course things vain and small,
But mercy yet may shine upon them all,
Even on those he'd be afraid to show,
While here collected in some caves below.

So now, as Saint Augustin said of yore,
Let us within and all these depths explore—
These numerous, immense retreats so vast
Where are found all things that we thought were past—
Peopled as if with an infinity
Of images which move through memory,
Like him reviewing all, almost with dread
In the long chambers through which we are led,
The first displaying Amaranthine bowers
And fill'd with what we once thought fading flowers ;
For e'en the wildest though now fetter'd found
Seem here more sweet than when they deck'd the ground.

Tis portraits of a family of course
Which always prove at first the main resource ;
And since 'tis his experience that is here,
Thus early must things personal appear.
When Meleagre fear'd his hearer's blame
As being too loquacious, without shame,
To prattle personalities so led,
To them he with good humour, merely said,

May you too live to prattle just like me
To live again by aid of memory.
The puerile itself may be excused,
Your graver soaring is so oft abused;
But this, at least, you won't complain of here,
Though for the subject some sharp taunts I fear—
A prelude this as good as any other,
If some should say, "'Tis tattle for a mother."
We can't be aye in an ecstatic state,
To relish Lyrics as obscure as Fate.
A fig for critics, who will nought admire
But hardest flights that suit our Laureate's lyre.

Of three antiquities would mankind boast:
The first of families respected most;
Then next we find how nearly every nation
Claim'd for itself a fabulous duration;
While now it is of the whole human race
That some pretend the origin to trace,
From dates of which they know as much about
As Egypt knew, for half she had found out.
I shall not for our Hero's house now try
With East or West, with Greece or Rome to vie.
Let even Science, so call'd, have its whim,
Historic periods are enough for him.

It must be own'd the Romans had for names
An origin which many of ours shames.
For families were call'd from plants or flowers,
In raising which some Father pass'd his hours.

The race of Allia in Rome was famed
Which was from Allia, or garlic, named.
For why? some great Progenitor was known
To love it, and whole fields of it to own.
The Fabii from Hercules first sprung,
Took no great care to have that honour sung.
They call'd themselves from what they loved, a bean,
And deem'd that title anything but mean.
The Salvii drew their name from that blue leaf
Which yields to men when sick the best relief,
Of which the famed school of Salerna said,
Why should a man, in fact, be ever dead,
Who in his garden should be found to grow
This Salvia which cures our Nature's woe?
The great Calpurnian race, from Numa traced,
Had by its surname, Peas above him placed;
The Pisons thus disdaining royal blood,
That Peas were better always understood.
From Lettuces the surname was derived
Of the Cornelian House, which long survived;
At least, that branch call'd Lentulus could show
What they most loved to see in gardens grow.
I will not say our Hero's name was made
From what his ancestors best knew—a spade;
For it recall'd at first the grassy hill
Which can be seen by any of us still.

In an old church at Tilton you can see
Some monuments of his antiquity.

But know that even before William came
In England (only with a change of name)
His family was mark'd as settled there
(Not many titles can with that compare).
'Tis proved that in one long, unbroken line
In which some bold Crusaders nobly shine
Down from the Conquest he can clearly see
The roots and branches of his Saxon tree.
His mother to sweet Devonshire he'll trace,
Which may explain in part her lovely face;
For origins are things almost to scare
From age to age reviving as it were.
Of influential kinsmen she could boast;
But of all ties of blood what pleased her most
Were those by which she knew that she was bound
To the good Abbé Edgeworth so renown'd,
Whose rosary enshrined within a shell
Is as a holy relic treasured well.
His father for each grace and art revered,
Was loved, respected, and to most endear'd.
He painted with a passion for his art
Of which his grandfather partook in part,
Who left his children portraits of the King,
Each still esteem'd a kind of heirloom thing,
Attesting what a friendship long had grown
Between him and the monarch he would own
As with his son so long as he had life,
Who also hated William and his wife.
These are all miniatures; but vast and grand
Were many paintings by his father's hand.

He painted well and he could work in gold,
Repairing clocks and watches artist bold,
He'd take them all to pieces, and what's more,
Restore them then to what they were before.
He was a skilful turner too as well
And as for skating none could him excel;
Nor yet in any other sport could they
Surpass him in a fair gymnastic way.
I used to hear he'd say with pride I own,
That long at Sherborne his great leap was shown.
He was a landscape gardener too as well,
As his own lake, groves, rustic piles could tell.
He was a Hebrew scholar, and he wrote
Lectures and many other things of note.
He seem'd a kind of Lord on his domain
Where peace for great and small alike would reign.
But what in Mem'ry's Hall be granted must
Is that he was a man supremely just—
For being which, at last, he suffer'd much.
But what would you now have? since life is such.
He'd do a righteous act, and then reject
What others from their virtue would expect;
While some whose object he must needs oppose
Became his open and embitter'd foes.
Two sisters died when he was but a child;
In his mind's eye he sees them angels mild.
His own loved brother, of heroic mould,
Though young saw much that minstrels should have told.

Through Spain he travell'd, and in France was he
Loved, he suspects, somewhat mysteriously.
Of others near then 'tis enough to tell,
That they were just and sought to do all well.
His father and his mother pass'd away
When he was but a stripling, you might say.
Ah, with what love he saw that figure tall
Pacing so thoughtful from their lofty Hall
To wander in his groves so robed the while
As if he felt that in a little while
He must leave all things that on earth were dear;
Though till his last month none for him would fear.
Ah, with what grief he left those walks and lawns
Where first he ran as life's sweet morning dawns!
But so it is with man, the primal grief
Lies far too deep from words to find relief,
While the mere small results that seem external
Are yielding sorrow that we think eternal;
Then later came the grief of griefs for man;
His mother died. Yet see her still he can;
And near her portrait, as if side by side,
Does Mem'ry paint the mourning far and wide
When forty miles of people form'd the host
That follow'd one whom they still loved the most.
Oh, verdant Isle that still so honours death,
Love thee he will and to his latest breath.

But to ancestral themes he would return;
With grief that's felt he would not long sojourn.

His grandfather was Member for Kildare;
To that fact he can always safely swear.
Within that Parliament in College Green
One night the only sober Member seen
Saith he was that grave ancestor of mine
Who in a wig and ruffles I see shine.
The next day colleagues flock'd within his hall
To hear from him what they'd been doing all;
For he, they said, was never known to drink,
So to apply to him is best, they think.
And yet that old society was then
Composed of well-bred and most polish'd men.
Well he remembers when he was a child
How greatest nobles were of manners mild.
The Lords and Ladies of those times were gay
And brought up somewhat in the French Court way.
Their manners far more courteous were, I vow,
Than any that in England we see now.
On them while yet a child he loved to call
So gentle and affectionate were all.
But back to his grandfather let us go;
Dead long before, of him could others know.
He saw King James the Second in his flight;
The Boyne had seen him, 'twas towards close of night.
Just at the break of day was heard the sound
Of horsemen amongst whom poor James was found;
He held his arm bent sharp across his eyes,
His slouch'd hat too conceals the King who flies.
But his grandfather knew him far too well
Not to detect him, as he used to tell.

Loyal to the Stuarts he remain'd,
Till Hanoverians much of him complain'd:
But being known, and surnamed as "the good,"
That he might have his whims 'twas understood;
We might relate some tales about his hat,
And when he'd wear it, but I leave out that.
His great-grandfather with his sire can be
By means of Portraits, in his Memory.
I think he was call'd Bishop of Dromore
Or was it Elphin? lawn sleeves they both wore,
The father and his son, I've heard, together,
But to know more would not outweigh a feather.
Father and son both wore their mitres long;
That fact alone would not prove either wrong;
But which Dromore was or which was Elphin,
Will hardly matter now indeed a pin.
He only knows when one of them had died,
His wife too soon was buried at his side.
The pomp of funerals, in those days great,
Accelerated it was said her fate;
For she so toil'd with preparations wide
That ere the stately pageant she too died.
But when they open'd next time that grim vault
That she had struggled the spectators thought.
With horror struck, her coffin they had found
Reversed, as no one left it, on the ground.
Ah, what avail their pomps and titles now
Which those who sprung from them should disavow?
Not that ancestral names he would disdain,
But that some honours only leave a stain—

You understand me, just a spot, a touch—
I would not for the world now say too much;
Though if there be a thing that all should hate
'Tis when men give up truth to please the State.
Perhaps it all seem'd right unto their eyes,
For circumstance e'en duty oft defies;
While some of intellect have no great store,
And cannot play the part of Thomas More;
For people born so high are sometimes low
In understanding and will act just so.
There are in life enigmas like the Sphinx
That seem to some to speak not e'en by winks—
Clear, one might think for all men of good will
As dark as Erebus for others still.
Alcæus says it, Mitylene's boast;
Yet later times afforded proof the most.
I do not say that this to his applies.
'Twas in the time that all the mischief lies;
The age itself is circumstance for some
Who innocently then to evil come.
Both these at least were well loved by the King;
Which in itself can no dishonour bring,
As we may hope they loved just freedom too,
And hated all that real despots do.
Indeed, 'twas pity moved them at the last,
When James reverted grieving to the past.
For when conversing with them he would say,
That sad before his eyes the future lay;
But that he hoped 'twould benefit his soul
Whatever might arrive to close the whole,

And that e'en William would be his best friend,
If through his means he realized that end.
A family tradition thus can be
An item not beneath grave history.

But at some lighter themes we now must glance,
Though still more personal as we advance,
While straying through his Memory's great Hall
Observing, showing things, both great and small.
Though here in sober truth he needs must own
That evil things at first are to be shown.
Nature's own childhood is a sorry thing,
Of which in fact no Poet ought to sing.
For oft these tales of "Nature, noble, pure,"
Are merely "fudge;" of that we may be sure.
At least if all in childhood were like him
They can't rejoice much in each early whim,
Though to their nurse's arms they can trace
Like him impressions nothing can efface.
For he remembers well a day and hour
Ere on his feet to walk he had the power.
The very window he could point out now
From which they both had heard a hideous row.
Left all to nature, we should freely own
The seeds of vice in us are thickly sown.
Falsehood, theft, cruelty, and even pride
Were found between them empire to divide
In that small state we call the mind of man
Just when his strength and life itself began.

Thus did he boast of seeing wondrous sights
Merely from reading the Arabian Nights;
Though no one he appear'd indeed to shock,
When saying he had seen the bird called "Rock,"
Just as he pass'd the lower farthest lawn,
Which made his hearers only smile or yawn—
So thoroughly aware he thinks were they
That children will such wanton falsehoods say.
"Yes, he had seen the Rock come from the South,"
And full of false details was his bold mouth;
While with expanded eyes on them he'd stare,
And all dishevell'd raised stood up his hair.
"A gentle breeze did waft that bird along,
And motionless he seem'd 'twixt vast wings strong,
On which his body rested while he sped
As if between two banners widely spread!
The flying beast with plumes of silk he saw,
And his ferocious looks fill'd him with awe,
Though he seem'd frighten'd like a surprised fowl
Or the chimera or some hideous ghoul."
He had his own description, I must own,
Yet terrible, Fromentin then not known;
He thought himself no doubt then wondrous clever.
Each hearer laugh'd and said but "Well, I never!"
Of a sly relish too for common theft
This early age is seldom quite bereft;
Though things seem'd often left thus in his way
As if expressly, why I cannot say,
It must be own'd, for some fresh foolish job
E'en his own father he would gladly rob,

To buy a huge magic-lantern thus mean
Or else a fine electrical machine;
So that when hearing of the felon's fate
He'd slyly to himself all this relate.
No doubt the youthful criminal is bad,
But, gracious Heavens! more excuse he had
Than this rich imp, who only wanted sport,
Yet would, like him, to stealing have resort;
And what is stranger, thinking it no crime,
So like a savage was he at the time.
Although the law was painted on a wall,
To him 'twas not interpreted at all.
Who could suspect he would to robbing take?
But then you see lay there the great mistake.
So that the ancients after all did well
To have dark corners in which tricks to tell.
Then to have childhood's cruel passions known
He simply has to think but on his own—
Keeping bluebottle flies in jails of card,
Pretending all the time he was their guard,
Until, as with an odious tyrant's scoff,
He'd pull them out, and have their heads cut off.
"That age is without pity," said the Greeks,
And like the Anthologia this deed speaks.
'Tis not Virgilian tenderness, at least,
For plants and leaves when young, for bird and beast.
The pride alone he grants seem'd much to differ
From that of adults when their ways are stiffer;
For as to shunning poor boys and their chat,
Of course he never dreamt or thought of that.

But in abhorrence of all just control
Pride might still boast of being in him whole.
'Tis thus in brief within his Mem'ry's Hall,
We find a useful caveat for all;
So that the cant of new Philosophy,
Which hates the doctrine of Theology,
Reversing all its views of human things
And aping boastful Poets with their wings,
Weighs in my mind now just as light as chaff;
I don't reply to it at all. I laugh.

Still the first years of all our lives may be
At times a theme of harmless minstrelsy;
As I must freely own with this protest,
Proceeding then at once to sing the rest.
Remembering is sweet, though telling long,
Said Petrarch once as in a dulcet song.[4]
Days of our childhood! Oh, how strange,
Through these now each of us can range.
Sweet Geashill, how he loves to find
Thy hills and groves and heaths in mind!
Let each one his own memories tell
"One as another is as well,"
As Musset said it was the whim
Of a strange dog to follow him,
While saying to itself the while,
"I want a morning to beguile,

[4] Fam. Epist. lib. v. 2.

And this first comer is for me
As good as any one can be."
So follow just as did that dog
And after him proceed to jog.
'Twill not be as I greatly fear,
The Angel's music you will hear,
As did Lamartine when he sought
In memory his childish thought;[5]
But you will hear of things that may
Be done by all boys in their play.
Yes, follow him through Geashill's lawn,
At noontide, evening, or at dawn.
See how in purple distance loom
The mountain ranges of Sleeve-bloom,
While as if reaching to their base
One vast expanse of heath you trace.
What frolics in the gardens near
With rustic lads to him so dear,
Assisting him to build, contrive
Some precious structure to survive
With which his childish heart feels blest,
The last improvement always best.
See how they change, dig, cut, destroy,
While fancy free will act the boy.
Then to the long yard he'll repair,
For all things seem collected there—
The horses, mules, each eve e'en cows,
Landau and chariot, coach and ploughs,

[5] Préface des Méditations Poétiques.

Rough carts on which 'tis sport to climb
And feel supreme the bliss each time.
He'll try to mount the piles of peat,
Or fling a sod at those he'd meet;
He'll view with awe and much surprise
The forge from which the sparkle flies,
As the grim smith within strikes hard,
And dread he cannot quite discard;
Or, farther on, he'll gaze and pop
Within the carpenter's loved shop
Where on the sly he makes for him
The very thing that suits his whim—
Some boat, some carriage for the hound
That harness'd then with him must bound.
While the man work'd for him he'd spout
Some poem he had just found out,
Some play of Shakspeare or some fun;
For payment this was all he won.
But while he wrought and listen'd so
No greater joy both seem'd to know,
You'd think the page was learn'd by heart,
So well was acted then his part,
While still each cast a furtive eye
Lest some informer should pass by,
When 'neath the shavings quick was cast
The toy cart or the boat and mast,
The heavy work resumed again,
That none of either should complain.
Forsooth that yard a rural village seems,
With workmen's shops, doors, thatch'd roofs it so teems.

A huge round white tower in which pigeons dwell
Had for each pair its comfortable cell,
Near which the busy bees in well-thatch'd hives,
Though somewhat dreaded, spent their happy lives.
Aged mules had stables near the upper gate
Where ducks and geese and turkeys congregate.
A magpie with its head on one side there,
(Though no one ever thought he said a prayer)
Did hop about and watch all things below,
The whole creation represented so.
Far from the West, and that was all he knew,
Bathed in a golden light when first in view,
The cows came back each evening from the moor
With bent, old women, witches he felt sure,
Who had to milk them, so they walk'd along
Smoking short pipes or chanting some wild song.
The dairy, with its stately, high-capp'd dame,
The porter with his truck, right droll though lame,
A well of which the water was so pure
That for long years the same it would endure,
For lime and making mortar snow-white nooks,
The frequent cawing of some distant rooks,
The granary with stone steps whence you throw
Some missiles on the passengers below,
The sound of flails upon the threshing-floor,
The top left open of the only door,
Through which a cloud of dust is often seen
That issues from the winnowing machine,
The lofty gable with its spacious wall
'Gainst which the stable boys will play at ball,—

When these are mention'd nought seems left to add
Respecting the surroundings of this lad.
Yet, to resume our former tone,
There were some other things, I own.
For in a porch some poor were fed;
One of whom fill'd his soul with dread
For she was mad and walk'd alone,
Seeming to think the yard her own,
When she would dine there with the rest,
Who always gave her up the best;
Though he'd with pleasure see her go,
Her mutterings alarm'd him so,
When he would meet her in the grove,
And to look careless always strove.
While her great stick she brandish'd high
As if she would the world defy.
Behind the stables was a plot,
For playing a most favour'd spot,
With ricks of hay and straw so nice,
Though full he knew of rats and mice.
Then to this "haggard" he'll away
To sport and climb and roll on hay,
Or farther still the lawn beyond,
He'll to the fair and spacious pond.
Ah, there he never can forget
The rocks he raised, his feet so wet,
Or lifting ivy with his hand
He'll read the lines affecting grand
On moss-clad temples that display
What a loved father wish'd to say;

Or then come back to some fair room
Where only solemn paintings loom—
He sees himself on mother's knee,
So full of love and nameless glee.
Then past the bounds of lawn and wood
O'er ancient ruins oft he stood,
Ancestral that still bore the name
Of grave Offalia's honour'd dame,
Whither once came that Digby brave
Who Geashill's castle vow'd to save,
The first of all his race who pass'd
From England where his birth was cast,
Receiving for reward the hand
Of that great Lady and her land.
From whom thus in a line direct,
As she did then his race bisect,
Two branches sprang forth, thence to be
Divided by the Irish sea,
Neither the worse, they'd think, of course,
From having sprouted through that source.

But what will Memory not show,
Unlocking things that once pass'd so?
To Charleville they visits paid,
Where even while a child he stay'd.
A vast grey castle there was found,
That could be seen for miles around,
So tall its highest round-tower stood
Above the deep and ancient wood,

A perfect forest for extent,
With huge old trees magnificent.
"A second home," he says, "to me,
Its hosts seem'd willing it should be."
Their daughter to his childish eye
Seem'd more a vision in the sky,
So beautiful, so gentle, fair,
Nought earthly could with her compare.
Such then was that now living type
Of genius and of talent ripe,
That new Corinna's antique grace
Which London in her talk can trace.
Thus early scenes like these began
To mould afresh the future man,
For the last Minstrel's famous Lay
Was read already at that day.
Then childhood had its wonders too,
Which sometimes its attention drew,
Some puzzling questions of its own,
Respecting things not clearly known.
One instance for a moment take;
At Charleville they made a lake,
Extensive like an inland sea,
At least such then it seem'd to be,
To which his father's swans one morn,
Fled from the pond where they were born,
Though seven long miles of country lay
Between them—even more they say.
How came they thus to leave their pond,
For Charleville so far beyond?

It certainly was not in sight,
They'd never flown to such a height.
Who told them thither to repair,
Winging their course through liquid air?
But this of science seems to smatter,
Let's leave it for another matter.
The Lady of this castle vast
Seems now still living, not as past.
Her sweet, wild tales, her noble air,
Her kind receptions, all are there.
'Twas she who in his hand first placed
A brush that sketches might be traced.
It was her Lord who would provoke
With gifts to draw his favour'd oak
Some children of whom he was one;
'Twas heav'n when thither they were gone.
The prize he won he still can see,
'Twas Gilpin's forest scenery
In which she wrote with her own hand
Some verses eulogistic, bland.
He's found them since the first edition,
To which he makes this fond addition—
"Kenelm proceed—with skilful hand
Bid the majestic oak expand
  Its gnarled branches round,
Snatch with thy pencil scenic fame,
Exalt again thy long-known name,
  For arts and arms renown'd."
Such were that Lady's gracious lines
Where for a child her friendship shines,

From which it is a quick descent
To speed to that on which he's bent.
Then pray now give me leave to sing
Of childhood's ways—a lightsome thing,
But somehow which can charm us yet,
And which we seldom quite forget.
Thus always was he at some work
In which a later taste would lurk.
Myron, that sculptor famed of old,
Made for a grasshopper, we're told,
A tomb; so what I now must tell
Agreed with ancient art right well.
He built an abbey four feet high,
In which his pets in coffins lie,
Made by their carpenter, aged man,
Who'd laugh as only rustics can.
Beneath the floor, in a dark vault
His linnet lay, near whom he brought
His other birds when they were dead
And coffin'd, for whom prayers he said.
Each had its epitaph above
That breathed at least his childish love,
The mourners being corks so many
The church had no more space for any.
Thus as he drew his early breath
He seems to make a play of death,—
A presage as it were of what
In future years should be his lot.

But there were also pastimes bright,
Offsprings of fancy, joy, and light,

In which the picturesque could mingle,
Of which an instance I would single.
You'd think St. Michael's Mount he'd seen,
Such piles will o'er the water lean.
The maids would vow they'd blast his rocks
For making him wear dirty socks;
But what cared he for all their jeers?
Higher each day his mount appears,
Though sometimes stones would slide away,
No longer as he piled them stay;
And then to fetch these out again
He'd give them fresh cause to complain.
These maids thus come across us now,
Demand some mention any how.
Ah! how could families get on
If their kind race should once be gone?
No love seem'd lost between the pair,
For he would make selection there;
He'd always one especial friend,
For whom he used to shout or send,
Till others both of them would chaff,
As if they gave them cause to laugh.
One day his elders dining out,
He said they'd have a boating bout.
There was a bark could hold them all,
E'en ere they got the Norway yawl.
This bark which served them in that line
Was made out of a pipe of wine
By his own brothers, well made too,
By dint of pitch at least 'twould do.

The parties so invited thought
The day would prove with gladness fraught;
Alone refused to go the cook,
Who of the thing disliked the look.
And yet I'm sure he did his best,
Providing well for every guest.
But still she'd only shake her head,
And to the kitchen back he sped.
The fare escapes his memory,
Excepting leaves of gooseberry.
For no disaster were they ready,
Though somehow nought seem'd over-steady,
Till a raw stable boy and tall
Must rise, and did upset them all.
The pond was deep. It seem'd a riddle
How none sank much above their middle.
Each with her hair all streaming down,
No tucking up of any gown.
(From that resource beyond all aid
Was each poor floundering boat-wreck'd maid.)
No shriek, no cry, no word did break
The silence of the placid lake.
They waded to the shore, when, oh!
Once landed, who the rest could show?
The cook, who heard their screams, came out,
And laughing told them not to shout;
For at each step they took on shore
They shriek'd and bellow'd more and more;
As if but just escaped from death
They'd make the most of all their breath.

She said that having had their outing
They really should stop their shouting;
Though rather damp, she said that they
Might boat again some other day.
Right pleased within herself to think
That she had not been there to sink.

'Twere long to tell the childish sports
To which that early age resorts,
When feet to tickle seem'd such fun
Or else some lobby race to run.
Some of the servants were external,
To talk with whom seem'd joy supernal;
Such was the gardener, mildest man,
Excepting when some strife began,
When he saw rush with foil in hand
As if some soldiers to command
The boy against the artichokes;
To see whose heads cut off provokes
James Keating, gentlest of all men,
Whose prayers and vows were useless then.
Another might have been well sung
By Virgil, once the herds among.
He was too old to seek a lark;
He look'd quite like a Patriarch.
He wore a vast and well-dress'd wig,
For in his youth he'd been a prig,
Though now at home he always sat,
Almost too old for even chat;

But then his son his place supplied,
Who wander'd ever far and wide;
Yet he too many years had seen,
While still his strength and mirth were green,
The merriest of the merry known
Though sometimes rather pensive grown,
The reason being, as 'twas thought,
He was not what to be he ought.
The times were often troubled then,
When would be heroes humblest men?
So peasants wink and hinted too
The many great things he could do.
Such was the tall old shepherd there
Who always had a witty air,
As when with Jonas and some maid,
He'd teach them how night-lines were laid,
Or even show them where their hand
Some crawfish might pull out to land.
This wild yet somewhat mystic man
To please him will do all he can;
Yet was there somewhat in his air
Which you would wish had not been there.
No one knew all that he had seen,
No, nor in "risings" where he'd been,
Though absent for some days, he came
Back with some wounds of doubtful fame.
If not a wizard, yet was he
One who would deal in prophecy.
The boy did not quite like the man,
Who oft to talk of him began,

Still eyeing him from head to feet,
Made merry by some droll conceit,
When with a wink at others he
Would say things that were sure to be
Not savouring of much devotion;
Of what was meant youth had no notion;
While Jonas would reprove him much
For all insinuation such,
Saying how cautious men should be
In using language rather free
Before a child however small,
Who not the less may heed it all,—
Reproof well meant; but only more
Remember'd were the words before;
For words like matches often lie
Till friction some one will apply,
When will be found their true intent
And all the consequences meant.
This servant Jonas was his pride,
'Twas he who taught him how to ride.
An English lad he was and fair;
He never has forgot his air,
Which exercised on him such power
That he loved England from that hour.
To ride a pony without spurs
A grown-up boy of course demurs;
But it was somewhat strange to see
A child that liked such bravery.
Jonas would make the pony rear,
Young master on him without fear,

" Rear for a feed of oats," he'd say,—
The pony did it every day;
Though oft fell on the boy's own limb
The lash that was not meant for him.
At last to please himself would rise
The pony, causing much surprise.
Sly Jonas would the cause ignore,
But then he whipp'd his legs no more.
Then too the children would perform
Some Play, dramatic taste to form.
The lady's part was given to him,
The maids would dress him to their whim.
Though sometimes when there was a hitch
He had but leave to play a witch,
So early did great Shakspeare's fire
Awaken thoughts that could inspire.
Then, what did frighten maids the most,
Of which he made his loudest boast,
Was a machine electric that
Could send forth sparkles like a cat,
And even give them awful shocks
At which the bravest never mocks.
But all the while what he liked best
Was drawing with a wondrous zest,
Though the first colours that he knew,
Of which he often stole a few,
Were washerwomen's blue cakes flat,
Which to his purpose came so pat,
When copying he thought so jolly,
However some might whisper "Folly !"

From memory's temple thus comes glad
Each stranger now no longer sad,
Refresh'd with childhood's brightest gleams,
Once more brought back in more than dreams.
For all seems real to his view,
As if it had commenced anew.

CANTO III.

OF YOUTH.

This temple has its gardens wide,
Its thick dark groves in which men hide
Even themselves perhaps at times,
Whatever elsewhere sound the chimes.
Thus grave Saint Austin says that he
Walks through the fields of memory;
He enters too its countless caves,
And all he finds within them braves.
"Hither and thither do I go,
I run, I fly, I wander so,
I penetrate the depths profound,
No limits, and no bars are found!
So vast is memory's domain
Where man can thus be said to reign."
Such are his words, and we must try
To pass thus through our memory.

Then here as now within we pass'd
A room still nobler than the last
Receives us, and we breathe an air
Perfumed, with all things graceful there.
For here too each can find his youth
Existing as it was in truth;
Or rather indeed much more fine
Since the ideal now is thine,
And nought perhaps this temple yields
Resembling more Elysian fields
Than when the mind is led to stray
With that so clad companion gay.
So now some dog-like volunteer
Will follow him, still keeping near
As if what will his fancy strike
Can interest both of them alike.
Now from the Emerald Isle sent,
To London he directed went.
That night there came on such a gale
They had some high steep rocks to scale;
As, farther on, they heard it said,
There's no attaining Holy Head.
He and two others only dared
To leave the ship. The rest were scared
By the rough tossing of the boat
Which to such dreadful rocks must float,
And sooth the crags they had to climb
Were found right fearful at the time;
Thence in the dark they had to jog
Over wild heaths much like a bog.

For good six miles, he says, our way
Across that lonely desert lay.
So thus they slept on shore that night
Till the first streaks of morning light,
When, on the Mail, with horses four,
They left with hope the Welsh Inn door.
But on the soldier and his charge
Thus travelling I won't enlarge.
Arrived in London, he was led
By his conductor to a bed
Where in a garret up on high
The "White Horse Cellar" saw him lie.
The window he can daily see,
And not alone in memory.
The next day by his mother's rule
At once he was despatch'd to school.

School, college, and vacations long
But glanced at in a rambling song
May please although details must be
Still fraught with personality.
Then now he finds the Thames will flow
As full as ever long ago.
'Tis Petersham and Richmond here
With all their beauty that appear;
For in the former village stood,
Begirt with gardens and with wood,
The classic home to which he went
When to a master he was sent,

Who train'd some boys for future strife
In college or some other life.
No master lads could ever find
More skilful, cordial, gay, and kind;
Though the first evening he came there
With eyes wide open he did stare,
When sent for to hear stern reproof
For having whistled 'neath that roof;
"For such an art he might be able,
But he must use it in the stable,"
Said his new master, looking grave,
Disgusted at his boyish stave;
Paternal art! for father, too,
From whistling lively pleasure drew;
As Boyd, the Poet, who translated
Dante, has in some verses stated.
It seem'd a rather stern beginning,
Though told he might indulge in singing;
But never after was he blamed,
Though often made to feel ashamed;
When quite unable to refrain
From laughing in hysteric vein,
While conjugating verbs in French
Of which some sounds he would retrench;
As when he had to say, "*Je souhaite,*"
Dilemma that he can't forget,
When further he must say of us
That you, he, they, we all sweat thus;
For scholar's titter, master's frown,
When bidding him at last "sit down."

He seems to hear and witness now,
Though he did all he could, he'd vow,
This strange wild humour to suppress,
Which plagued him more than he'd express.
Arithmetic he also found
A weight that crush'd him to the ground;
For when all others left for play,
Shut up alone there he must stay.
But still these troubles grave were light,
And far more often things went right.
Avaunt the verbs and rule of three!
Look how all haste to have their spree!
And then indeed the wherry flew,
Or else the four-oar'd prouder crew
With such a speed and such a grace
As Richmond lads would quite efface.
O sweet Durells, ye brothers twain,
How ye did brave the sun or rain!
What walks to Hampton or to Kew!
Your sorrows then, I think, were few.
O'er Hounslow Heath they'd wander long,
Nought they could dream of then was wrong;
Unless perhaps when once he stray'd
Alone, and felt somewhat dismay'd
To think he might be growing old,
As thicker fingers plainly told.
Well for an instant he did think
'Twas so, and feel his spirits sink.
For somehow grown-up men appear'd
As things not to his mind endear'd.

And seeing some Dundrearies pass
He said quite to himself, " Alas !
If I like these should ever grow
I shall have cause for shame and woe ! "
In memory he still calls back
The air displeasing of the pack,
So full of silly affectation ;
At which he felt great indignation.
The master had some daughters fair,
As Petersham seem'd quite aware.
His wife, a mother for them all,
The best of women they would call ;
And then their friends they sometimes saw,
Who seem'd from their dropp'd words to draw
Some food for a right hearty laugh,
When simple lads like them they'd chaff.
For saying that a stile they chose
To sit on just at evening's close
Merely to hear the nightingale,
Which, said they, was an idle tale ;
Shaking their heads, as if with glee,
To mark such great simplicity.
Ladies these were of witty sort,
With whom at times they could consort.
But often, too, some men most wise
Would ask them, to their great surprise,
To pass an evening with them where
They'd breathe the summer's dulcet air,
Upon the Eel Pie Island's green,
Where Poets, Sages, could be seen ;

Disdaining not with lads to sit,
While they in silence heard their wit;
For Spenser, Butler, Englefield
Could mental banquets ever yield;
At least to Master, who'd enjoy
What scarce was reach'd by lad or boy.
Perhaps what suited them as well
Was some wild ghostly tale to tell;
Though they had one who scouted it,
And thought thereby to show his wit.
"No, not for him the grandame's stave,
He would all midnight spectres brave."
"Come," said our hero, "sixpence bet
(What follows he can ne'er forget),
That you, my comrade, will be found
This night in the old churchyard's ground."
"Done," he replied; the thing was settled;
For by this vaunting all felt nettled.
To climb their fence was never hard;
So fear on that score they discard.
Indeed, he does remember him,
Of one lad who'd indulge a whim,
And had just climb'd it in the dark,
Though merely for a boyish lark;
Who, scarcely over it, did stare
When caught in the Doctor's arms there.
But now, to return to their bet,
On winning which his mind was set.
The evening closed—'twas darkness all;
They reach'd the churchyard's low stone-wall;

But scarce the other gave him time
Completely over it to climb,
When, what did him indeed provoke,
The silence of the night was broke
By flying feet that loudly smote
With of his iron heels the note
The pavement all along the lane.
Alone, of course, he won't remain.
Back to the Doctor's was he sped;
He found the frighten'd youth in bed,
All cover'd over head and ears,
At last obliged to own his fears.
"What childish things," I hear you say.
Well, to what's grander let us stray.
While living near to London so,
There happen'd what you now must know.
It was to see the entry grand
(Thing then he did not understand,)
Of the French King from Hartwell sped,
And by our own Prince thither led.
To Piccadilly then invited,
A boy like him felt much delighted.
The Charlevilles were living there
Where the hall-door led down a stair,
Next to the corner of Park Lane
Where does our royal Duke remain.
The rooms with guests fill'd to the brim
With e'en some small smart lads like him,
The royal train pass'd slowly by;
Quite moist appear'd to him each eye;

When lo the King himself they see
Saluting their own balcony;
For Louis knew that Lady well,
Of whom, in fact, she'd often tell.
As she would traits of Talleyrand,
Which to his fame did correspond:
Thus once when he had left her gate,
What had just pass'd she would relate.
"I sought," she said, "to draw from him
Some direct answer: 'twas my whim;
And so I ask'd some question slight,
At which he need not have felt fright;
But always the result was such,
That even I did wonder much;
For howsoever long I'd try,
I never got a straight reply."
Our friend had seen him leave her door,
As he had enter'd just before,
Though rather 'twas his leg he saw
Which help'd into his coach he'd draw
All swollen, and wrapt to such a size,
That nothing else had caught his eyes.
But now the time has hasten'd on;
And so to Cambridge he is gone
From Petersham with comrades three,
Bound like himself for Trinity.
Adieu, dear Doctor, Sampson named;
By other tongues thou shouldst be famed;
Though thou wouldst not forsake them then,
Thou lasting friend, thou best of men.

Old Cambridge, wise past all dispute,
At first did not their notions suit.
The river of such narrow span,
The dreary wastes through which it ran,
The tubs that then did serve for boats,
On which the drowsy fen-man floats,—
Did fill them with a silent scorn,
And make them feel indeed forlorn.
But soon they found a sharpish lad
Who at the lock his dwelling had,
To let out there the wretched craft
At which these of the Thames so laugh'd.
By dint of their persuasions long
This youth felt there was something wrong
In all his notions of a funny;
And then encouraged by their money,
He set about constructing there
Some boats at which the fen would stare.
In brief, before they left the place,
The University could trace
The good effects of their renown
That follow'd them from London down,
Until their eight-oar'd races proved
A school for art they long had loved;
And then observe to him was given
The task of pulling number seven
In Trinity's first famous boat,
As sooth already some one wrote.
For never, and the fact he'll swear,
Was it with him once beaten there.

Founder of boating on the Cam,
By memory taught, he'll say, "I am."

'Twere long to tell the watery way
They oft pursued by night and day;
For e'en by night they'd sometimes float,
And sleep for some hours in their boat;
Till frosts would stiffen so a cloak,
That when before the dawn they woke,
'Twould stand upright upon its edge
When leaving then the bank of sedge,
And bringing back as trophies grand
The boards that warn'd all from the land.
'Twas often said, "The fen-man's ague
If you don't mind will surely plague you."
But after some short time he found
Great beauty in that level ground;
By night or day or evening light
That vast expanse could much delight;
So that their toil did well agree
With what he loved to paint or see.
And even hear when overhead
Long flocks of geese were nightly sped,
That wedge-like flew no less by day
Pursuing their mysterious way,
With wild swans, that were sometimes known
O'er those great marshes to have flown.
But here in Memory he'll find
Recorded one feat of this kind,

Which is of all so much the best
That others may in silence rest.
The Wash, the mighty Wash, they've cross'd,
So often by wild tempests toss'd.
At Ely sleeping on they went
Upon their project all intent.
At Lynn they found a Pilot brave
Who never fear'd the Ocean's wave;
They soon lost wholly sight of land;
They only see some banks of sand,
On which huge seals would lie or play,
Or waddle back there as they may,
Though somehow not much frighten'd then,
They'd bask while row'd our Cambridge men.
Observe the sea o'er which they pass
Is smooth now as a looking-glass,
Till Boston's high tower comes in sight,
To which they pull with all their might;
Ascending then the river there,
By evening they became aware
Of Tattersal's grand ruin'd pile,
Where they agreed to sleep the while.
Next morning, after day arose,
They stood in Lincoln's holy close.
The Sunday all to rest was given;
Their eight-oar'd crew felt quite in Heav'n.
For as they saunter'd fresh and gay,
They heard what all the town would say.
The Monday saw them stripp'd and seated,
By all the population greeted.

Till reaching Boston things went well,
But then what follow'd who should tell?
The Wash regain'd, they all must say,
Alas! we cannot cross to-day.
"There are not six days in the year
That such a boat can cross," they hear;
It ne'er could live among those waves;
See how the water swells and raves;
Although there's but a gentle wind,
Impossibility they find;
They even fear the angry tide
That would o'erwhelm their slender side
Were they to turn to go back;
And so they hail a fishing-smack,
That half their crew may climb on board,
And means of safety thus afford;
That lighten'd of its burden so
Once turn'd, all the whole crew may row.
So now to Boston back again
They fly. It's needless to complain.
But then, oh! then, what can be done
There's but one way. It soon is won.
Their boat then mounted on a cart,
On foot despondingly they start.
But oh! how piteously they rue
The fate of their poor helpless crew!
With shoes that only suit the boat,
Not meant to walk in, but to float;
From time to time each sits on stones,
And his poor feet aloud bemoans.

Each would his neighbour slily nudge;
But onwards thus they needs must trudge,
Until they reach old Wisbeach town,
Where their long boat can be let down
Into the Wellen River so;
Down which then to the Cam they row,
Whose friendly stream receives once more
Their crew familiar with its shore.
We need no more details produce,
They pass the far-famed Danver Sluice;
They leave "Diania" Bobby there,
Whose shelves they ransack'd to find fare.
Then on arriving at Backsbight
Their eyes beheld a grateful sight;
The University entire
Came forth expressly to admire;
For meanwhile newspapers had told
The whole of what I here unfold.
Judge of the raptures of that day,
Which never have quite pass'd away.

But all this while the schools were not
Neglected; though no learned lot,
I think they proved to shame the past,
As if nought old should ever last.
And what's more old than having sport
When lads to college most resort?
The sound οἱ πολλοὶ they were still
All ancient duties to fulfil.

I know indeed that others find
Much richer fruits within for mind.
Their memories contain a store
Of science growing more and more.
Saint Austin e'en to it ascribes
The wealth of scientific tribes.
For many notions of this sort
To memory they must resort,
Where filed in order strict are found
Problems and answers all profound.
Arranged there as it were to hand,
They have the whole at their command.
They have but to collect, to know;
For knowledge is but acquired so;
As e'en the word itself implies
The process of each one who tries;
For *cogitare* means but this,
To gather. Nought is then amiss.
For *cogere* is to assemble;
The words each other thus resemble.
Interior gatherings so brought
Form the groundwork of our thought.
And what vast stores such temples hold,
No really cannot be told.
Just think a moment, and you'll see
'Tis sheer impossibility.
These through the senses have not pass'd;
(A thing to make us stand aghast!)
No colour and no sound have they,
Smell, taste, or substance, so to say.

But as for him indeed he'll own
The mathematics were unknown.
The properties and laws of number
Which others learn'd would make him slumber.
Measure he somewhat more admired;
Of Euclid he grew seldom tired.
Still, to confess the honest truth,
Much was then wanting to his youth;
Yes, much to be desired was left,
In fact of all was he bereft.
The age of Algebra he'll find
Never existed in his mind.
He'd scout it not like Lamartine;
He'd only tell of what he's been.
There's room for all of us to grow;
And he would leave things even so.
Such small arithmetic knew he,
'Twas strange they gave him his degree.
He won, to win which no one tries
(Sole honours), the Norrisian Prize.
But as the Essay must be printed,
An opening for him seem'd hinted,
From being idle to escape;
And so to Books of every shape
He took, to use the common phrase,
To indicate his later ways,
When thus to see himself in print
Seem'd more than if he ruled the mint.
Though boast of course he always can,
He never was "a reading man."

Though Romilly with gracious looks,
Examiner for certain books,
Had praised his metaphysic turn,
While even then his Locke he'd spurn,
Which was not judged a grave offence,
Or indicating want of sense.
His academic fruits were such
Amounting truly not to much.
But then in this Hall he can see,
How multiplied his friends could be,
Whose names are graven in his heart
To which they such a life impart,
That memory he scarcely needs,
To bring back what from him ne'er speeds
From any power of his being,
Since memory then seems like seeing.
The sports which these fond names recall,
Are represented in this Hall.
The swimming oft presented scenes,
Where the true comic intervenes,
As when you saw the divers rise,
The hair all streaming o'er their eyes,
While one the sought jug holds on high,
Where he has been to testify.
The bathing-place may be seen still,
The field is just above the mill,
Where he must say they often frown
On certain striplings of the town
When they brought soap their limbs to lave,
And whiten'd with it the clear wave,

Without which surely they'd have been
More welcome although not so clean—
So true it is that some can make
By overdoing a mistake,
When cleanliness with great pretence
Becomes itself a grave offence.
There for three winters with Flamank,
Did he plunge from the Cam's green bank,
Having at times to break the ice,
Which made the whole thing still more nice.
But then the Cam with narrow sides
Is warmer than the Thames with tides.—
Yes, mark me for once, from here you'll learn
Much that the wisest may concern.
Still with regard to swimming there
We read of things to make us stare.
Whitgift with Cambridge Heads of Houses
My indignation truly rouses;
For when Vice-Chancellor he thought
No one to practise bathing ought;
And so they made a foul decree
That all who swam should punish'd be.
An undergraduate, it said,
Who to the Cam should ere be sped,
To swim or wash himself therein,[6]
Should aye for that immodest sin
Be flogg'd within his college Hall,
And flogg'd the next day seen by all,

[6] Natandi seu lavandi causâ.

Not there but in the public schools;
Such were the grim and stupid rules
Of Puritans, who said that they
To age would no attention pay,
In punishing all students so
Whatever years they had to show.
The river naked none should see,
But they would look with sternest glee
On naked bodies and their blood
For having breasted once the flood.
A Bachelor of Arts who swam
In any waters of the Cam
Should for the first offence be placed
In stocks within his hall, disgraced,
And for the second he should be
Expell'd the University.[7]
Let us return now to our friends,
Where laws had no such hideous ends,
But bathing went on without fears
As it had done some thousand years.
Whatever "men of science" say,
Misled by crack-brained Michelet,
Who, all past Christian times to scout,
Pretends 'tis only just found out.

Their expeditions o'er the fen
Used to be greatly talk'd of then.
No Hostel on the far-famed Cam
Had finer eels than Ely's Lamb:

[7] Peacock on the Cambridge Statutes.

While Backsbite, Clayhithe did not own
A sign by which they might be known.
Once bound for Ely with a steerer,
Who anger'd them not keeping clearer
Of all obstructions on the way,
At last he broke forth and did say,
While stuttering as needs he must,
That "Since he won so little trust,
Some other (and, for all he cared,
Some fen-man Ely may have spared)
Should steer them back; for in a b—bug—gy,
He would drive back, he and P—Pug—gy."
Should I now hear censorious muttering
Objecting to these hints at stuttering,
I add, since then that youth was cured,
And so our fun may be endured—
Which Simmias of Rhodes might say
Was borrow'd from his own quaint way
Of making "figured verses" so
That things themselves his lines could show
By long or short feet, signifying
The very forms he was describing.
No doubt 'tis not exactly it,
Though some resemblance you'll admit.
They sought him then to pacify,
With soft, kind words to mollify
His mind which they had sorely vex'd,
At which they now felt quite perplex'd.
That harden'd soul they seem'd to please;
Again they drew their breath with ease:

They praised "his ready eye and skill;
'Twas only once that he steer'd ill.
And that, indeed, was not his fault"
(No one could say a crab he caught,
So something else must be invented
That his resolve may be prevented).
They said "'twas all the river's doing
That would the sedgy bank keep wooing."
With peace restored they left the Cam
And merrily soon reach'd the Lamb!
Where marching in for supper's sake,
An utterance did make them quake;
It was their stuttering friend, who broke
His silence, and without a joke,
While struggling at the dreadful birth
Of each word that dispell'd their mirth,
As to the ostler he drew near,
And found some entrance to his ear,
Saying, "I want a b—b—bug—gy,
To drive back with my dog P—Pug—gy."
Remonstrances were all in vain.
So how shall they get back again
All through the darkness of the night?
They did seem in a precious plight.
For the best four-oar in the dark
To brave the Cam is madness stark.
At length their Host produced a man,
Discover no one else he can,
Who had a wooden leg, 'tis true,
But what of that? he'd surely do.

They drank their punch and ate their eels,
And wonder'd how their stutterer feels.
With their new friend then in the boat,
O'er the black stream again they float;
But ere proceeding far they found
That their long boat had run agrou nd.
The Pilot then to get her off,
But half a trouser had to doff,
So, stepping o'er the gunwale, he
Did push her on most quietly;
But when he'd join them there again,
Alas! his efforts were in vain.
For only think of it! Oh, Lud!
His wooden leg was in the mud
So deeply stuck that though he strain'd
(And judge how they for him were pain'd,)
'Twas long though he did not once shout
Before he'd strength to pull it out.
Then without further troubles he
Got them back safe to Trinity.
Another incident again
Must be related in this strain.
Wombwell's far-famed Menagerie
Came to the University.
By day all went on as was right,
But not so when drew on the night;
For then there was permission given
(Though to it no one should be driven,)
To all who would but sixpence pay,
To enter where the Lion lay.

This Lion old was Nero named ;
To shrink back each one felt ashamed.
Though generally in daring worst,
'Twas he that mounted to him first.
" Stoop," said the Keeper, " pass within,"
He stoop'd and thought not of his skin,
When with a push and friendly whack
From one who did much prudence lack
Applied, and where I need not say,
But his friend did it all in play,
He fell upon the Lion there.
Good gracious, how the beast did stare
How unelastic was his hide,
As our friend felt his tight, hard side !
Who as he raised himself upright,
Saw the brute lift his eyes so bright,
As if he wanted just to see
How tall his visitor might be !
While motionless still stretch'd he lay,
And would no more attention pay
To him while he did there remain,
Till the barr'd door did ope again,
To let him out, when soon he found
'Twas pleasanter upon the ground ;
Though at the time he rather thought
To follow him the others ought.
The University, it seems,
Which of no folly ever dreams,
On hearing where had pass'd a gown,
Order'd the Beasts to leave the town.

Then some months later they all read
How in the North had been struck dead
A Maid of that Menagerie,
Whom country folks were pleased to see
With the great Lion every night
As if she felt no mortal fright.
So Nero, not at all times tame,
Deserved at last his odious name.

But yet there still remains a way
Through which this first-fledged youth will stray;
For all vacations must supply
Themes that within us never die,
Thanks to this gracious Hall we see
Sacred to them and memory.
These, short or long, were all quite full
Of novel things and beautiful;
The short at Sherborne were spent,
To which invited oft he went.
At first from the near town he'd post
As fitting such a noble host;
And then ere starting from the streets,
A fact historical he meets.
"On to the Castle, then," said he;
"To the Lodge," whisper'd merrily
The Landlord, by this change of name
Showing traditions did remain
Within his mind; for Raleigh so
Who built the house he well did know

Had call'd it while the Castle stood
Adjacent buried in the wood.
Well, it was all the same to him;
My Lord himself shall hear his whim,
Who smiled perhaps to think that he
Would outrage all economy;
Since sooth whatever might be vaunted
A chaise and pair were scarcely wanted,
The distance being very short;
But swells are always of that sort;
They must be seen arriving thus,
To suit such tall young men as us.
He now might sing some noble themes
When each thing quite romantic seems—
The trees that Pope's own hand did plant,
The woods and lawns that rise and slant,
The ruins of the Castle old,
Of which the story shan't be told,
Lest Spelman's readers him should taunt,
And make an unkind, needless vaunt;
The vast and undulating Park,
The smuggler's oak so huge and stark,
The miles of shaded pleasure ground,
Where not a living soul is found;
Or, passing to the rooms, he'll see
Some traces of old history,
As in the hearth-stone William broke,
Sight that would all such youths provoke
For hither with his Press he came
To print his orders without shame.

Then on another room's small door
He saw what did attract him more—
The secret lock which leaves a mark
That the wise host can aye remark
Each time a person enters there;
Of which he thus becomes aware—
Lock that sage Raleigh's will betrays
To learn all things by cunning ways.
Then to the roof he'd pass through towers
To see what suits the moonlit hours—
The lake that slumbers far below,
The woods that sigh as tempests blow.
But leaving things which dear may be,
He can some comic scenes now see.
My Lord, in London's House of Peers,
Has voted somewhat, it appears,
That gives great popular offence;
Ill blood will never want pretence.
Though he, politest of old men,
Did what he thought his duty then.
So now unto the Castle flows
A mob that what it wants scarce knows.
The Lord was absent, but a cook,
A Frenchman too, did from a nook
His musket fire off; when the crowd
In terror fled while screaming loud.
More anger'd at such rude rough play
They came back soon another day;
When now the yeomanry did come
For rescue without beat of drum;

They saw within the Park around
Besides the deer were oxen found;
But being all in scarlet clad,
They made the bulls that spied them mad;
So as to charge that cavalry
Which turn'd and fled immediately;
So that their galloping thus fast
Frighten'd the mob till all had pass'd,
And Peace at length came back to tell
Of dreadful things that ended well.
Then sometimes passing still beyond
Of Devonshire he grew quite fond;
So many things he there thought best,
His heart still lingers in the West.
Thus once to Powderham he'd go,
Which Gibbon made him wish to know.
So on a brown hired horse he went,
To think on all the Courtneys bent.
At many doors he had to stop
Thirsty with heat to ask a drop
Of cider from some maiden's hand,
Who always made him understand
She'd take no money for the glass;
No, sooth not she, that sweet, kind lass.
I wonder if she'd do so now?
It might be question'd, I allow.
Then later Glastonbury would
Attract him on through many a wood,
Till Downside would receive as guest
One who revered its inmates best—

As well he might those cheerful men,
But other types seem'd unknown then.
Then with a staunch but lighter friend
Some whole vacations he would spend,
On the sly cause of which alliance,
When told you may place strict reliance,
Although it seems too strange to tell,
But all is pictured here right well.
From reading Scott and Southey's "Cid"
(The truth exact must not be hid),
Favyn and Barbazan's "Ordene,"
Lord Berners' Arthur's knightly strain,
The Palmerin of England too;
What was done there he thought he'd do,
Don Quixote pass'd not through his brain;
But still a Knight he would remain;
Though all the world should recreant prove,
That was the type that he would love.
So that like old Vienna's Hall
Which still that of the Knights they call
In the Bourg Palace, Memory
Can images of that kind see.
King's College Chapel well you know;
His vigil there he kept, although
He rather he will own felt fright,
When great Saint Mary's in the night
Did toll the hour, while he kept
Most wide awake and not once slept,
But still went stalking up and down,
Hearing faint voices from the town.

You'd hardly think that he could find
Another student to his mind.
He did though; and he does not lie.
Him he must visit at Marklye.
There solemn tournaments they hold;
On horseback now the two behold,
Each with a hop-pole for his lance;
Just see the ponies how they prance,
Wheel round, rear up, then gallop, charge;
On tumbles he need not enlarge,
Especially as his were most,
Though he was as skilful as his host.
While thus midst Sussex woods they tilt
He can avouch no blood was spilt;
Yet this for them did not suffice;
They soon had a more grand device;
They'd ride by night to Hurstmonceaux,
Like Deloraine so long ago.
The only thing was to decide
Whom to trust for their secret ride?
Who'd let them in when they should be
Return'd from this chivalrous spree?
They thought his brother was the man;
They greatly err'd. I never can
Describe his looks ironical,
Which seem'd to them so comical,
When with grave face and words as stern
He said that he would have them learn
How he at least would ne'er consent
To such a plan. To bed they went.

No more was said by them that night;
Besides he both of them did fright.
Later, though less disposed to vaunting,
A grand adventure was not wanting;
The very thing 'twas to console
Him whom such thoughts did still control.
"The best of friends must part," you know,
As to his hounds said long ago
King Dagobert. So then was he
A lonely wanderer to be
On leaving his dear comrade there
That he to Hastings might repair;
When two miles distant from the town,
From a deep wood came tripping down
A Damsel, say of seventeen,
Most fair, but frighten'd too, I ween;
She said some felon on the road,
Who just before behind her strode,
Had with his looks upset her so
She dreaded quite alone to go.
She ask'd him therefore would he ride
While she'd keep walking at his side?
Just fancy what was his delight
At such sweet words and such a sight.
Together they pursued the way,
But he forgets what she would say;
He only knows that once arrived
In Memory she has survived;
And that his leave of her he took
More than rewarded by her look;

Thenceforth intent in all dark lanes
To find some other who complains.
Well later, famed Sainte Palaye read,
Of Knights continued full his head;
So in the Tyrol seeing stand,
Surrounded by a lake and grand,
A huge old ruin'd Castle, he
By moonlight would not recreant be.
Well Sigismandsbourg was its name,
To which from Nazareth he came.
With others then he had the whim
To leave their car and to it swim.
As Knights they felt they had a call
To visit that old haughty wall;
To see if there were not within
Some victim of a felon's sin,
Some captive fair, perhaps a daughter,
Only to be approach'd by water.
Coldness itself still seems to be
The scene within his memory.
The water black, the pine-woods too
Cloud-capt, for still no mists withdrew.
Those dark pine forests heard the splash
Of one who from the rocks did dash;
Each comrade only shook his head,
And to the road was quickly sped.
Call'd by them all to hasten back,
He thought he heard them cry, "Alack!"
And then Scott's lines occurr'd so pat
His fate denouncing and all that—

"All that come to my towers are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."
The cold he owns did him appall,
But he was deaf still to their call.
He landed safely on the shore
And found but ruins—nothing more.
Once landed, nothing there was found
But ancient desolation round.
A coat of arms upon a shield
Was all that the old walls did yield.
'Twas quite as well; he no maid scared
For such a visit not prepared.
So finding no one to deliver,
And rather in a state of shiver,
He swam back in the moonlit stream
While distant owls did hoot and scream;
And then to Lermos on did roll,
Well satisfied upon the whole.
Then later, on the selfsame tour,
That he gain'd somewhat he felt sure;
When vast old Ehrenbreitstein he
Can o'er the Rhine at Coblentz see.
For to himself 'twas thus he spoke:—
Here is what's better than a joke;
Since here's a title for some page
That may depict the Knightly age;
So Honour's own Broadstone shall be
Henceforth the theme most loved by me.

But other scenes we now must view,
For "Long Vacations" not a few

Will soon unfold things far more strange
As backwards thus through time he'll range.

CANTO IV.

OF SCENERY.

This ancient temple we must own,
To great Augustin fearful grown,
Has mysteries enough to scare
Those who reflect while entering there,
'Tis not reality we see,
But shadows of reality,
Images enter'd by some sense
And later to be conjured thence—
A vast deposit of reserve
Outlines and colours to preserve.

Still onward let us things explore
To find recall'd the days of yore.
As in the halls contrived to teach
How we can distant countries reach,
We see depicted on a scene,
The varied sites that intervene,
So here, successively unroll'd,
Of cities, mountains, forests old,
Lakes, gardens, and the mighty streams
By which one wanders in one's dreams,
Dissolving views o'er land and sea,
The Pilgrim to this shrine can see.

"Thus," saith Augustin, "I descry
What once I saw of earth and sky;
All the impressions that I felt
From scenery in mind have dwelt—
The time, place, circumstance and all
Are given as painted in this Hall.
The beauty stands before my eye,
Its colours now before me lie.
To those who God will see in this,
Such true delights come not amiss.
They serve for steps to mount on high
To the Creator's Majesty.
It is the same with works of art,
What rapture have they for the heart!
How paintings, statues, can supply,
In works of human industry,
Robes, vases, and a thousand things,
The beauty that to souls gives wings.
'Tis from his soul unto his hands,
As each true artist understands,
That beauty passes; and his soul
Draws from the unseen the whole.
All these in memory appear
In vision quite distinct and clear.
Thus Carthage is before me still,
And each scene, be it what it will
Scenes of my travels or my play;
E'en faces that I saw will stay."[8]

[8] Lib. x.

Then, too, remark the scenes that last
In memory though long since past,
Are not invariably as grand
As those which art will take in hand.
Fromentin traces all that's fair
In the Arabic life and air
To but two contrasts which are found,
"In a dark nest with light around,
In a small nook from which you see
A prospect wide from limits free."
That both these charms do last in mind,
Our friend attests; and both you find
Much nearer than Arabia, too,
If "The Welsh Harp" be known to you,
Or any other rustic spot,
But artificial or else not;
Where summer houses dark as night,
Still open on a landscape bright.
Then here he finds another scene,
In memory will intervene,
And quite as simple as the last
On which a raptured eye he'll cast.
He sees a sunny line of ground
That rises to clear air around,
Just at the season when 'tis said,
"The weather listens overhead,"
On an autumnal afternoon,
While yielding still bright beauty's boon.
There stand two pines with summits flat,
Italian-like—there's only that;

Their graceful trunks, so slight and tall,
Rise up majestic over all.
These graceful and purple forms there
Seen against pure and pale blue air,
With nothing else but brownish green,
By memory's eye are ever seen.
These he still sees while he admires,
Feeling how little he requires.

But here, accordant with another time,
Must change I find the measure of my rhyme.
Oh sun and dulcet air of brilliant France!
What heart will beat that thou canst not entrance?
The very woods here have no gloomy tone
Like those where Druids' oaks are only grown;
And every tree, as Byron says, looks grim,
As if a tomb were carved beneath its rim.
Let painters these compare, and hither come
To view the lightsome poplars of the Somme;
With cheerful gardens, and small plots of ground,
And the variety that's never found,
Or rarely, near our sombre woods so dark,
Which mantle round the vast and solemn park.
Oh! yes, thou dost possess a potent spell—
Though what it is exactly I can't tell.
It borrows much from what we do not see
Just at the moment—it is history,
'Tis life in châteaux, 'tis the ladies fair,
'Tis what you know is near them everywhere,—

'Tis Fenélon, Sevigné, La Fontaine,
Who left a track of beauty to remain
Imprinted on the scenery and soil,
In spite of men who tried the whole to spoil.
Hail to thy brilliant confluence! which must
Recall d'Esgrignies, in whom aye I trust,
With Montagu and others of their friends,
On whom this joy of scenery attends,
O'er e'en thy woods and lakes a charm to cast,
Which well I know with life will ever last;
So that I cannot sing of sun and air
Without remembering what makes all more fair,
Not only through the influence of light
But through that which escapes the sphere of sight—
The concrete image seated in the mind
Where mental beauty is with all combined.
But so it is perhaps in every land,
And this too I would have you understaud.
For English scenes derive a charm no less
From combinations such, I must confess;
Though never utter'd to a human ear
And for that very reason the more dear.
What would be, say, our villages and streams
Without the good and fair of whom one dreams?
Without what mediæval authors call
The innocence belonging to the small—
"The secular pure innocence," say they,
As knowing well what in such homes can sway.
Lythe as a lass of Kent or of some shire
For Spenser's, Percy's, or for Drayton's lyre.

What is the rustic bridge if you don't see
The feet that trip across so merrily,
As would those, were it only but a plank
Of some one for whose name you'd leave a blank?
And what would be the grove, the hill, the stile
Without the steps, and face, and parting smile?
The laugh, the trick, the slap, the hearty yes
Of one whose spirits nought can long depress.
There's something in our English country towns,
Their walks by rivers, fields, and woods, and downs,
With benches even to yield ramblers ease
Where people sit and saunter if they please,
Knowing each thicket and each sloping pass
Where it is better lying on the grass,
There's something in the smallest hamlet seen,
So cheerful with its playground on the green,
There's something in the paths and stiles around
Which out of England I have never found.
'Tis simply their connexion with the fair
In humble life who dominant are there,
Like tonic notes in music that pervade
The whole vast sympathy around them made.
See how they make each spot one person whole,
With but one heart, one fancy, and one soul.
In Italy or France you never feel
Impressions such that over you can steal.
You there may find things grander if you will
The city, forest, river, or the hill,
Each house more picturesque, each town more vast,
And our sweet English homes by far surpass'd;

But never, never do you see them thus,
As if with one voice each could speak to us,
Or, if they do speak, 'tis some haughty cry
Of fierce gens d'armes standing always nigh,
Or municipal council, or the mayor,
Or deputy who represents them there;
It is the Government that there you see
Denoting nothing personal or free;
In Berlin boys are not allow'd to whistle;
Perhaps no donkey there dares eat a thistle;
But take whatever nation you may please,
You never find our English unspied ease.
No walking there of two beneath the moon,
Grim cock'd-hat agents would be at them soon.
The "natural" must never there peep out;
Or from the Bureau there would be a shout.
Artistic all is whether high or low;
But is it also what you seek? Ah, no!
'Tis not the woman's view of things you hear,
To some true heart incomparably dear;
'Tis not her presence that makes all things glow
With that sweet transport that the English know.
Alas for woman! there she seems subdued
To one dull, sad, though unrepining mood.
I speak of woman seen in peasant life
Or what's called lowest middle with its strife.
Haggard and worn down, fit but to perplex,
Without the joys or spirit of her sex,
Inured to hardship and like men to toil,
As scarr'd and tawny as the sun-burnt soil.

In England what you see is the reverse
Whatever elsewhere be the universe.
It is young women here who are supreme,
Who seem to change life to a summer's dream ;
'Tis not the hedge or garden here that shows
Most the tall lily or the fragrant rose,
The sweet carnation or the blooming thorn,
For like a flower here each girl seems born.
The cottage front may praises loudly win,
But what is fairer far blooms still within.
Whatever she thinks just and right and well,
Will blush like rose leaves and like violets smell ;
Though hidden like the last in mossy shade
Peeps out at times the town or rustic maid,
To rule as one with undisputed power
Though beauty still may be her only dower,
To make one person of her native place
To give it form, and tongue, and ear, and face.
'Tis she who sees, who speaks, who hears for all,
While each knows some one at her feet to fall.
Oh ! Freedom, honest Freedom ! England's boast !
'Tis these elections that can please her most.
Without them, all her scenery would be
A spiritless and dull monotony.
Thus scenes and persons must be intertwined
If landscapes even you would lovely find.
The two conjoin'd explain each other best
Which is the fact that I would here attest.
Yet scenes have adaptations of their own
To suit the figures that in them are shown

And what sets off the loveliness of one
From what surrounds another must be gone;
For though to England partial seems my song,
To see no beauty elsewhere would be wrong;
But each some special scenery requires,
So everywhere is found what one admires.
The Spaniard should be seen near Moorish towers,
And not in Hyde Park or where May Fair lours.
Italians cut a rather sorry figure
In Fleet Street seen as will the sunburnt nigger.
The French should not be met within Soho,
Nor should the English where the vineyards grow;
But place the Spaniards where the citrons bloom,
Or where the black Sierra casts its gloom,
There view Italians on their olive shore,
The French at Versailles or in Paris more.
The English in the field or near the town,
Just as the summer's sun is sinking down,
And, honour bright! for I can pledge my word,
You will not think this *caveat* absurd.
But I must now resume the former measure
And sing of scenery alone at leisure.

The memory of sounds as well,
Recalls the scenes of which he'd tell;
For visions, instantaneous, swift,
Arising from them are their gift.
Thus Fromentin had these in sight,
From hearing barking dogs by night,
In Africa, which like a trance,
Brought him back once again to France;

As tones were varied, at each sound,
In some French province he was found.
His country walks far in the west,
Or south or north with all the rest,
The hamlets to which there he came,
Of which he had forgot the name,
Were all by him enjoy'd once more,
Thanks to his memory's rich store,
And to its enchainments strange
'Twixt sounds and scenes through which he'd range.[9]
Yet still is there a mystery,
In scenes recall'd by memory;
For what most charms each day our eye
Is seeing things long since gone by,
In each grove, gate, stile, hill, or field,
Which somehow pleasure past will yield.
'Tis not what really we see,
That pleases us; 'tis memory.
And it is these things that recall
Our youth, our earlier friends and all;
So that as if in magic trance
Through scenes long gone by we advance.
There's not one object on our way
In which our first years do not stay.
There is no landscape thou canst see
That does not bring the past to thee;
For though the view be far more fair
Than what was seen in childhood there,

[9] Une Année dans le Sahel.

All things were magnified to youth
Far grander than they were in truth.
Each pond was there a spacious lake;
Each copse for forests you would take.
Childhood had Alps before its eyes,
Yea, and the bright Italian skies,
In the least line of distant blue
That ever came before its view,
Or in the pale and transient gleam
Which made it of Ausonia dream.

A college life, with long vacations,
Makes youth conversant too with nations.
Through Belgium to the Alps he pass'd
On his first tour, which all surpass'd:
For countries needs must please the more
When they show things not seen before;
And sooth! the Continent was then
Much stranger to all Englishmen
Than it proves now when the same mould
Has fashion'd all we there behold.

In fact an album he kept then,
Quite comic, not alone from men
Portray'd as met with every day,
Dress'd in some strange, portentous way,
But from the shapes of things around,
In every inn and chamber found.
The basins, jugs, cups, teapots seem'd
More quaint than could have once been dream'd.

He'd hold up each before he'd quaff,
And loud would sound an English laugh;
While now you see on every side,
Things all exported from Cheapside;
And even Spanish towns, they say,
Will Anglo-mania betray.
Madrid in omnibuses meets
Those who first see her ancient streets;
By girls' mantillas are forgot,
While each man wears his "chimney-pot."
But this again is a digression;
Of scenes it is we must make mention.
Then fair Geneva's Lake and green,
By him were for the first time seen:
Though Secheron appear'd to be
More like what we in England see;
For not alone you never heard,
There the disdainful sophist herd,
The villas and the roads around
Recall'd where such near home are found;
While somewhat of a general air,
In all things seem'd like what is there.
The heavy, massive, cumbrous things,
That continental travel brings,
At least did bring before our sight,
Were superseded by what's light;
While on good roads he now had flown,
'Midst well-dress'd people like our own.
Here later to these villas came
So many English of old name,

That at Sir John St. Aubyn's he
Saw daily a gay company,
Mix'd with the natives of the place,
Who left in Memory small trace;
For then they were not quite so free
To boast of crimes with liberty
As now they seem in that small spot,
That centre for the sophist lot.

'Twere endless were he to show all
The views he sees within this hall
Of memory, since every year,
He went with some companions dear
To France or wondrous Switzerland,
Whose snow-capt mountains are so grand.
His walks o'er these, here painted well,
His memory can always tell.
For three days, thirty miles each day,
Continuously did he stray,
But only once, 'tis fair to add,
For char-à-bancs could oft be had.
These sultry walks could oft supply
A likeness to Dame Poverty—
No small advantage to a youth
Who would be what he should in truth.
Rude fare, fatigue, and clothes to mend
Will on these desert ways attend;
For in Savoy he found at least
You could not hope a sumptuous feast,

Having to sleep on straw with goats,
And eat that on which no one dotes:
And then, what patching and what mending!
As if no money left for spending!
For what is money without shops?
And here were none, but hill and copse.
'Tis very well of course to scoff,
But shoes must not be let fall off;
So binding soles and sides together,
He needs must tie strings round the leather,
Until he reach'd a market-place,
Where he relieved his piteous case.
Materials for grave history—these
All which recorded here one sees,
Showing how in the open air,
Shoes sold were often tried on there.
Some hills on which now all can climb,
Were rather dreaded at that time.
The Pilate thus whose top he gain'd,
Had for some thirty years remain'd
Unvisited. Before day dawns,
At three they first will tread its lawns.
He and another reach'd the top,
The other four half way did stop—
So dark the forest, steep the rock,
'Twas evening—seven by the clock,
When them all Lucern came to meet,
Their well-deserved return to greet.
At Dresden he could never boast
Of having studied porcelain most;

Though there they met a Yorkshire friend
Who went there chiefly for that end.
But there they saw the best of kings,
The Elbe and Park and other things,
Which Frederick Foster liked so well,
That there some days they needs must dwell.
He thinks what chiefly pleased them there
Was Pilnitz on the Elbe so fair.
An evening on that river spent,
Next morning back to it they went,
Saw the King dine, his court to meet,
While boys walk'd in with naked feet.
Moritzburg too, for hunting famed,
Before he leaves here must be named,
Where in a lofty hall they find
Tusks, skulls, and antlers of each kind.
There for the first time he saw run
Wild boars, and thought it precious fun;
Though, to confess the sober truth,
They all seem'd rather in their youth,
Much like to little pigs, though black,
Seem'd all the roving frighten'd pack.
In all these towns what moved him most
Was that of which De Staël did boast—
That certain sweetness in the voice
Of German women. He'd no choice
When at the opera or play
He heard them in their native way.
He felt so queer about the heart,
Do what he would, the tears would start.

At Munich a young actress so
Thanking the audience, made him know
That whatsoe'er it was with all,
At least from his eyes they must fall,
So touch'd were both his ear and sense,
He could not wholly chase them hence.
But pray now what has this to do
With scenery? I anger you,
Digressing thus. Well briefly know,
Most German scenes he still can show.
Cold Berlin and the North alone
To him who grieved not were unknown.
Instinctively he shunn'd a place
Where Bismarck was to leave his trace;
And his imperial master be
Famed for that ancient piety
Which once was Diocletian's boast,
E'en when he tyrannized the most.[1]
Though even then, at table-d'hôtes
The craft on which the Prussian dotes
Was praised by tradesmen of Swiss towns
With boisterous voice and hideous frowns,
Enough to fill you with dismay;
For even then was known the fray
Which now displays such vast dimension,
'Tis too afflicting here to mention.
Then, too, though on no purpose bent,
To Italy he ravish'd went—

[1] He and his colleagues are styled in an inscription *δσιώτατοι* and *εὐσεβέστατοι*.

To Italy as in a dream
Lit with Hyperion's brightest gleam.
There Venice saw him dream or rave
When first he saw her glassy wave,
Or climb to that proud lofty tower
To look down at the evening hour
Upon those roseate purple isles
Stretching so far and bright for miles
Along the Adriatic there,
Reflecting that illumined air.
Then of Ravenna's silence he
As if a worshipper would be.
Theodoric's vast tomb he saw
And ancient palaces with awe.
But what deprived him of his breath
Was to see Classe laid in death.
He knew its woods of pine would prove
A haunt for those who Dryden love,
Byron and Ariosto too
Whose genius there all poets woo;
But, what he never dreamt, he found.
That vast Basilica still sound
With its huge tower all alone
Around which spirits seem to moan.
Then need he add to Rome he went,
Though hardly as a pilgrim bent.
There passing in the street he'd see
The Pope, and down he knelt with glee,
Received his blessing like the rest,
And felt that kneeling so is best;

For though the day before he dined
With Weld, that Cardinal refined,
He wanted no distinction there,
But like all common folk to fare.
Ah! well might Goethe bless the happy day
When through such scenes he was induced to stray,
Like him, as far as feelings are concern'd,
Our friend from Memory has this discern'd,
That he should tell, howe'er my lyre's employ'd,
Historically thus what he enjoy'd.
At four each morning when he rose
He sought what you would ne'er suppose;
Such was then his most favour'd whim
That in the Tiber he would swim.
The gate call'd from the people there
Beheld him pass; when some would stare,
While working in those vineyards wide,
To see how he would breast the tide;
Though all the praise he got for that
Was to be call'd "a water rat."
But come, great lordlings, let us see
If better themes there cannot be.
A friend he met at Rome, who'd been
Once to Frascati, where he'd seen
The Cardinal of York, who sat
Surrounded with his books, to chat
With many who their court would pay
To the last Stuart and mark his way.
"He spoke of England with much praise,
As one in whom affection stays.

He said he felt as young as ever;
Though quite erect I saw him never.
Your Royal Highness was the style
Of all who spoke to him the while;
Though all that he retains of state
Is at a truly royal rate
Still to be driven into Rome
As often as he leaves his home."
Such was his good informant's tale,
Perhaps with you of some avail.
Though here again, discursive grown,
That I do wander I must own.
How he did sketch and mark things well
It would be idle now to tell.
Down dark fresh catacombs he stroll'd
Which seldom other eyes behold.
The Via Nomentana knew
To visit them there were but few.
But where he greatest rapture won
Was when he saw the rising sun
Stream on the portals lofty grand
Where on long slopes and steps doth stand
Saint John's great church. What mortal can
Sing worthily the Lateran?
To Subiaco then he'd stray,
Where holy Benedict did stay,
Or basking midst pale olive groves
And sunny hills this sketcher roves,
To see from heights of Tivoli
The distant rising majesty

Of great Saint Peter's matchless pile,
A glorious setting sun the while
Colouring all the desert plain
With a deep ruddy purple stain.
To all was added then the charm
Of never having dreamt of harm,
Of cultivating lowly ways
As just one of the people strays;
Though this, I own, did oft betray
Him in a simply comic way,
As elsewhere when he sought a guide,
A rustic lad who at his side
Might lead him to the Grande Chartreuse,
And do whatever he might choose.
As Prefect of their promenade
Through Dauphiny's romantic glade.
The hostess of the inn below,
Who got the boy the way to show,
Did press our friend with signs of love
To take with him what "up above"
She said he'd surely want to find
For both provisions of some kind.
He knew those monks in times of old
Had plate of silver and of gold
On which their guests were served with fish,
Though poor the food upon each dish.
The Revolution had not then
Pillaged, 'tis true, such holy men.
Lord Charleville had told him this.
But what if he should riches miss?

What cares an artist for such show!
So unprovided thus he'll go.
Arrived there o'er vast rocks that frown,
The boy and he both sat them down
Before the huge kitchen fire there,
The monks appearing not aware
That he had led a stranger in
Who would a better welcome win.
At last, when asking, hearing that
'Twas but to follow him he sat
Like one of some poor beggar folk,
It did not seem to them a joke.
So then within the Convent led,
They gave him supper and a bed,
The first indeed but rancid fare,
The latter open to the air
Which iron bars did not exclude,
To suit, they thought, a stripling rude,
Perhaps, impressions first cannot
For all our airs be quite forgot.
A fellow-guest to him was given
Whose theme was not exactly Heav'n;
Though talk he would while supper lasted
While in reality they fasted.
The next day down they walk'd again,
And reach'd the same inn on the plain.
He still can see the hostess stand
As if she well can understand
That he her offers won't refuse,
As having nothing else to choose.

With arms akimbo, laughing so,
The triumph in her eyes did show.
But how he sings and rambles on!
To Germany he must be gone.
There would you have a glorious sight?
Leave then Vienna on the right
Bank, and then mount the wooded hill
Which all your wishes can fulfil,
There stands a castle ruin'd now
Which heard our Richard's captive vow,
At least 'tis said so, while below
Rolls the wide river's mighty flow;
From gold to azure changing there
When in the evening's glowing air
The setting sun with cloud-fringed rays
A matchless spectacle displays,
As you look up the river then,
Gazing on beauty shown to men.
Then to the Danube's farther shore,
Replete with legendary lore,
He floats through forests wild and gaunt,
Which cranes and birds aquatic haunt.
Though Presburg was the farthest bound
Beyond which he was never found.
The Danube down to Presburg flows
Through swamps in which the poplar grows,
The forest reaching to the shore
With of huge trunks full many a store
Broken and prostrate, shatter'd, sad,
Showing the force that floods have had.

The sandy stream he did admire
Which crackled 'neath the boat like fire,
Now deep, now shallow, as your pole
While down you whirl denotes the whole,
The boat still spinning round the while,
The sole boat seen for many a mile,
Which cannot ever back return,
So there as firewood 'twill burn.
Large flocks of herons stood all day,
Looking so solemn in their way.
Old Hainbourg frowns upon a hill,
A vestige of the Templars still.
But Dehim's rock attracts the eye
As stranger with wild majesty,
Where the Hungarian frontier's pass'd,
Till Presburg welcomes you at last.
With Germany familiar made,
Back to the Rhine he often stray'd,
Each time with sketches none could count,
He dares not reckon the amount.
But as I mention scenes he pass'd
Which in his memory will last,
I needs must cite the carriage-way
'Twixt Rattenberg and Schwaz that lay
Deep in the valley of the Inn,
Which must an artist's rapture win.
Sketching has twice in all his life
Involved him in unpleasant strife—
Once at old Strasbourg, where the guard
Turn'd out against him, looking hard,

Till, seeing sketches in his book,
They left him with a friendly look.
The second onslaught was more fierce,
When through Lord Warwick's gate he'd pierce,
A girl ran down, "I'd sketch," said he;
"The more shame for you then," said she;
"O Mother hasten, Mother run,
Or else the sketch will be begun."
Down from the stairs that mother flew,
"No entrance for the like of you,"
Said she; "that book beneath your arm
Is what I'm told does all the harm;
So hence, no words with me, but go,
Such is the rule I'd have you know."
Thus driven thence by the crone with shame,
She bade him speed to whence he came,
"Because all sketchers," she did state,
"That lord did quite abominate."
But still his sketches, faithful all,
Must yield in interest to the wall
That now is painted in his mind,
So far less perfect them he'll find.
Yet they were not to be despised;
By many even they were prized;
And Harriden, who kept a shop
In Cambridge, at which many stop,
Had four of them engraved in colours,
That all the more they might please others;
So that by many were they bought,
Though now in vain they will be sought.

Then six or eight he drew on stone,
A process that was just then known,
The Lithographic it was call'd,
The Photographic thus forestall'd,
Whereby he multiplied for many
Views that he thought as good as any.
But oh, how all these are surpass'd
By those which in the mind now last,
Transmitted to his memory thus
The best academy for us,
Though, what would not be now expected,
From others then were not rejected
The paintings that he can't forget
Sent to the House call'd Somerset.
Still not with them he'd now advance
Best seeing through the South of France,
By Roman arch or castle hoary,
The scene of some romantic story.
'Tis not such sketches that bring back
Of all his wanderings the track,
Or clearly set before his eyes
What once so fill'd him with surprise.
Ah, no, the sketch-book of the mind
Is far more truthful he will find;
For there he sees not a mere line,
It is the light itself will shine,
'Tis varied tints of earth and sky
Which make the whole reality.
Alas! we Painters, with our rules,
Our earths, and minerals, and tools,

Can only hope to make the mind
What we can't show it there to find.
Without a tacit understanding
Light is at least past our commanding.
On canvas sooth we might as well
Paint letters what we wish to tell—
As here 'tis sunset which we mean,
Or there 'tis sunrise that is seen;
For even a reflected glow
On water we can scarcely throw.
No landscape painter more can tell
Howe'er his art may all excel.
To pure convention each must bow,
For there ends all his talent now.
'Tis only hints we give, appealing
To Memory to tell our feeling;
While there within her shrine will burst
The Beauty that we saw at first,
As bright, as colour'd, and as grand
As ever deck'd the sea or land.
Let's hear a noble artist tell,
Of what he finds in memory's cell.
"'Twill seem to you, perhaps, most strange,"
Saith he, "when through past things I range,
That after years now thirty-five,
Remembrance can most clear survive
Of seeing once upon a stroll,
Sitting with feet within a hole,
An evening sky whose tints appear
Now to me thus and quite as clear,

While breathing just the self-same air
As when I sat enchanted there—
Of watching all the birds that flew,
That seem to perch round me anew,
The windmills with the reef'd-up sails,
To indicate what calm prevails,
As if for some faint breath they wait
Which comes not to relieve their state.
You ask how things so truly small
Can rest in Memory's proud hall,
Where e'en the hour by the clock
Seems told as if high themes to mock;
I cannot tell." But nought was there
To make the skill'd Fromentin stare;
For in us all it must be so;
The fact alone is what we know.
In Memory the Danube, Rhine,
Between their castled heights will shine.
There in the silence of the dawn,
To sweet Montpellier he is drawn;
He sits beneath the château d'eau,
And marks the rising beams that glow.
The Pont du Gard or Nimes is here,
The Pope's old Palace will appear,
The broad blue waters of the Rhone,
Reflecting not the sky's pink tone.
Then to Vaucluse with rocks so high,
He hastes, and hears poor Petrarch's sigh.
The Isle-Barbe with its ruins fair,
Lyons still pious will be there.

Again these scenes are here that seem
Too bright for aught except a dream.
Such is that rich Aosta's vale,
So shaded with the olive pale,
Unnumber'd palaces in sight,
Made golden by the morning light,
The Campanile graceful, tall,
Rough roseate crags that crown them all.
Or he sees Garda's clear blue lake
When o'er it the pale dawn will break,
The little coves, the tawny ground,
Olives the only green thing found,
While azure faint or deep around
The tone prevailing all is found.
Then as a swimmer rather famed,
Again Geneva must be named.
Two sites for bathing you see here,
To him incomparably dear,
To whom the Danube, Elbe, and Rhine
Were known to yield such swimming fine,
As did at Cette of perfumed air
The blue Mediterranean there.
The first is formed by two rocks
Which meet the azure billow's shocks
Rising together near the town,
From which you can plunge headlong down
To ultramarine depths so clear
That sapphires will the ground appear;
And he remembers well the day
When dark dull clouds above them lay,

That having dived, when he would rise,
What he thought sky did much surprise—
To see the blue then overhead
Become so clear since he was sped,
Until emerging from the wave
He found all dark, and dull, and grave,
Just as he'd left it,—azure so
Reigning but in the depths below.
The second site is where the Rhone
Has issued from the lake, and grown
So rapid that no diver's might
Can touch the bottom, though in sight.
There, by a wooded strip of land,
With no return at your command,
However skill'd, and bold, and strong,
You're wafted like a dart along,
Until you reach the snow-fed line
Of waters where the Arve will shine,
Where between heat and cold you steer,
The most courageous feeling fear;
For once the landing-point below,
There's no regaining it, you know.
Then running back beneath the shade
Of trees to where your clothes were laid,
You there may find, as once he did,
Some mouse has her new children hid
Amidst them while you were away,
An incident both rare and gay,
Though some no doubt it rather shocks
To hear of young mice in his socks.

But scenes like these are for a few;
And some would never them review,
Nor any other chosen spot,
Which might for them be all forgot.
There are who do not want to find
E'en Rome itself within their mind.
Thus Casanova would pass on
From there, impatient to be gone
To Naples, "caring not if he
The Vatican should never see."
Avowal strange from any tongue,
And strangest from a man so young,
Who still had nothing seen as yet;
But Janin bids us not forget,
That this young man, to vice all given,
Could scarcely care so much for Heaven,
As to desire once to see near
The place that represents it here.[2]
But few when young are of this mould;
And most, I think, would still behold
The mystical and beauteous ground
Where Christ's own Vicar can be found.
So still in memory they kneel,
And deep impressions youthful feel.
The Rome that many now would see
Would not with Pliny's views agree;[3]
For seeing Rome in all that glory
Which is the theme of ancient story,

[2] Jules Janin, Variétés Litt. 233.
[3] Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv.—vi.

He bitterly complains that there
Reigns such a movement, anxious care,
Of business with excitements cross'd,
That works of highest art seem lost;
And though most worthy of renown,
They're quite forgotten in that town.
Amidst the bustle all around,
Where noblest monuments are found,
No one amidst such complication
Can find a time for contemplation.
All master-pieces of that kind,
"Require," he says, "great peace of mind;
There should be silence too as well,
Which in Rome now can never dwell."
What would great Pliny then have said
Had he seen Papal Rome instead?
It is not such men who'd restore
Vespasian's Rome that was before,
Or that of Titus. But e'en still
There are who think with Pliny will,
Like Gerbet, and the whole great fold
Of Christians feeling as of old.
Elsewhere, of course, they love and praise
What indicates far other ways.
'Twould turn the world quite upside down
If stillness reign'd in every town;
But nought is more preserved in mind
Than scenes and landscapes of such kind.
How oft in old Ravenna's wood
Stands he as once spell-bound he stood.

This mental scenery won't tire
When Tivoli he will admire,
And Subiaco's holy Piles,
Shaded by olive groves for miles.
Yes, here that valley windeth still,
Through hanging rocks and woodclad hill,
The Arno with its classic tale,
Still flowing through the foliage pale;
Ferrara, Milan, then he'll see,
As if in grand reality.
From Milan's white Cathedral's top,
With eyes astonish'd he can stop,
To mark the blue horizon's line
Beyond which snows eternal shine—
The mountain's base as faint as air,
The roundness of the world seen there.
Since all the intermediate space
Owing to that no eye can trace.
Then o'er vast rocks, through caves that yawn,
He climbs to see the golden dawn;
E'en as when Doré paints the snow
He'll watch the shadows and the glow.
Though even there will still remain
Some figures that he'll see again;
As once for all the truth to tell,
No mountain pleased him half so well
As a bright mounted English lass
He met upon the Scheidegg Pass;
Who, with some others, stopp'd her mule
To lecture him as fresh from school.

Seeing he wore a certain flower,
She said it had a fatal power
To make him sleep, perhaps too long;
Wearing it so she said was wrong;
And with a maiden's tender frown
She bade him quickly throw it down;
Which on the spot he did, and then
Away she rode with all her men.
Mount Brevent was his highest flight,
To gain which one would need the might
Of Homer's twenty hands and feet,
Scrambling and climbing in the heat,
Till at eight thousand and four hundred
Feet counted o'er the sea he wonder'd,
And would have mounted e'en Mont Blanc,
When you'd have heard a higher song,
But certain things he need not mention
Forced him to give up that intention.
Then o'er those mountain regions flown,
He finds still more delight to own.
On Engelberg's most solemn pile
His eyes will rivet for a while;
Or Vallombrosa's dark pine wood
Will teach how men on earth were good.
When institutions of that kind
No foe in Governments could find—
Sacred to God, secure from man,
Though say it now no Poet can.
Camaldoli, Alvernia's Fane,
Invite him once more to remain

To listen to each holy word
That from these hooded heads he heard;
Or Drachenfeld's grim rocks will show
Where, swimming, many years ago,
He cross'd the Rhine and won the prize
Not from two blue and loving eyes,
For here he always sings the truth,
But merely from approving youth.
He jump'd in at a spot where nigh
To Nonnenwerth he pass'd it by.
The stream at that time was so strong
That three miles he was borne along
Before he reach'd the shore opposed,
Still fresh, whate'er might be supposed.
These scenes, and countless others more,
He sees as in the days of yore;
When long vacations, college life,
Supplied him with such summer's strife.
I might indeed go on to tell
The rides he had through many a dell;
I might describe the forest black
Where sketchers never find a lack
Of wooden houses, such as Prout
Would travel farthest to find out.
All these he sees before him still,
And see them probably he will
Until his death, if not beyond,
Where may be things of which we're fond;
For nothing there perhaps will blot
What here on earth is not forgot.

I might, too, tell of men he saw
In cities where was nought to draw;
For those when seen in memory's hall
Seem living so as to appal;
But to these last I must demur,
Since to them all I shall recur
Another time, when I must paint
The hero, lady, and the saint,
The wise, the learned, and the fair,
All whom he finds depicted there.

CANTO V.

OF JOYFUL MOMENTS.

"Joy! happiness! where is the man
Who would not gain them if he can?"
It is Saint Austin asks the question;
And it behoves me that to mention;
For otherwise there's not a few
Who'd cry, "A Sybarite's in view."
The salutation of the Greeks
Denotes what each man they thought seeks.
'Twas in the name of joy and grace
They met each other face to face.
Χαῖρε, they said; whereas for health,
As signifying the best wealth,

The Romans meeting used to say,
Salve—more positive were they.
At first avoiding what's profound,
Not saying where joy can be found,
(Though Austin ne'er leaves that in doubt,
As all his readers soon find out,)
Let us, like him, a while explore,
To mark what's found within this door
Of memory, where lies so much
That we may e'en be said to touch.
Since all men then have this desire,
How comes it to them? he'd inquire:
"Does it in memory reside?"
That question opens regions wide.
Is joy but a remembrance still
Of Paradise before was ill?
There is no language known on earth
Which has not words denoting mirth.
Joy is, in fact, to all men known;
This were impossible, he'll own,
If there were no reality
Contain'd within the memory.
In sadness he remembers joy,
The word itself he'll still employ.
In what was joy—that pure delight?
'Twas neither in the ear nor sight,
The smell, the taste, nor in the touch;
'Twas in the mind alone. 'Twas such—
Pure sentiment within conceived,
In which he could not be deceived,

And in his memory contain'd ;
Such is the fact to be maintain'd.
Therefore as joy is still a thing
Of which he and each man can sing,
As having felt it, some one day,
Or moment, if you'd rather say,
We must conclude that happiness,
That which the word does thus express
To our memory represents
What it contains—to us presents.
So here's another treasure vast
That lies in union with the last—
Those hours, or moments, if you will,
Which with pure joy the heart can fill ;
For even these within this hall
Are laid up to await his call,
Which he must venture here to show,
While them it is not all who know,
Or say they know, though in the main
Denial on this point is vain.
There is an instant in most lives
From time to time when joy revives.
Cardan will tell the year, month, day,
When it flow'd o'er him in this way.[4]
You know what 'tis to watch the wave
That rises with the tide, to lave
The thirsty bank of flowers and grass
O'er which the crystal flood will pass—

[4] De propria vita.

How there forget-me-nots are seen
Through the transparent liquid green,
The waters ever rising so,
Refreshing all that grows below,
Until the very path you trod,
Submerged, is mantled like the sod.
So in ourselves a tide will rise
To fill us with a glad surprise,
Through which enamell'd gems we find
That dazzle and renew the mind.
The flood soon ebbs; but Memory
Retains what has been and will be
A periodic Heaven-sent flow,
Which is the whole that we need know.
A far-famed author has named this
A jewell'd bright parenthesis,
Which some say they have never known,
And so in memory can't own.
"Indeed," they calmly will reply,
"We ne'er have felt this joy so high."
Possibly not; for natures best
In this life cannot find their rest,
To have their hearts and minds so full
Of bliss and of the beautiful;
And when experience leaves them thus
No room for boasts is left to us,
Who, being worse, may need at times
To breathe an air from better climes,
Lit with the rays of hope and love,
Of that ideal joy, above

All that e'er from the cold world came,
For which on earth there is no name.
By e'en the wildest these are found,
For moments changing life around;
Just as the sun can gild the flow
Of slimy things that float below.
While others, so firm and so grand,
Can life's long passion most withstand
With manly nerves and courage high,
Active to live and nobly die,
The animal of all bereft,
Th' immortal spirit only left.
Besides, material things can act,
And mental joy e'en counteract.
Vienna sees her Prater fill'd
With crowds who to some sport seem'd will'd,
On wooden horses riding round,
Yet not a smiling face is found.
Both old and young of either sex
Show gravity e'en to perplex,
While circling so in serious state
Their orbit as to calculate.
If these what they call joy have known,
'Tis surely much unlike our own.
The facts are such; but others, sooth,
Without recurring to their youth,
Have felt this bliss, although, alas!
For all men it must quickly pass.
Nathless to these most frail its rise
May cease to yield them much surprise,

And all within them then will feel
Pleasures that o'er their senses steal.
In these, so tremblingly alive
To happiness, it will revive
They know not how to chase away
The sadness of their mortal day.
'Twas Antoninus who once said,
As in his wondrous book is read,[5]
That "where there's sensibility
Of temper with ability
The universe to comprehend,
So far as order is its end,
We many charming things discern
Which 'tis not every man can learn
Or deem as credible, though true
They're known to be by such as you,
Who have been long familiar grown
With works that Nature deems her own.
Gay are the visions of the soul
When thus it opens to the whole
Of that great bliss which often streams
On real life, more bright than dreams;
For it is still a compound thing,
And we don't analyze,—we sing.
Let each one his experience tell:
Then one perhaps remembers well
His being distant far away,
While with his friend at home he'd stray

[5] Lib. iii. 2.

In mind, recalling this and that
With former fond familiar chat,
Till vile suspicions off were cast
That would have robb'd him of the past,
When once again he sees the smile
That now he feels did not beguile—
There is no language that we know
To tell the joy that thence will flow.
Or, heeding but external things,
Of which no Poet now e'er sings,
'Tis still some vague impression felt
When earth into Heav'n seem'd to melt;
'Tis his own trip to foreign lands,
For the first time to Ostend's strands—
'Tis her Canal that will afford
This joy as on the trunks on board
He lies and basks beneath the sun,
And thinks the music's Heaven begun:
'Tis other joys brought back again
While never dreaming they were vain—
'Tis resting on the Windsor side
To watch how the bright Thames will glide,
While sitting raptured with a friend,
Who brightness to the earth will lend—
'Tis evening at the twilight hour
When Ambleton supplies a bower,
One tree, one bank, one slope of grass,
O'er which oblivion ne'er will pass.
'Tis morning with the birds awake,
All gladness there, and no mistake.

At the same inn above the glade,
Where Monkey Island cast its shade,
One chamber window o'er a lawn
Brighter than portals of the dawn,
'Tis light, 'tis darkness, everything
Through which a raptured flight you wing—
These were the moments that supplied
Sweet transports that have never died.
Why he of all men joys felt so
Is more than he at least can know;
But Heav'n is free, we must suppose,
To grant such moments e'en to those
Least worthy of them, we should say;
But then, who understands its way?
Those moments thus in memory last
When all the rest with time has pass'd.
So to the temple of the mind
Will some repair, what's gone to find
Of fair Euphrosyne the joy
Which God all gracious will employ
To cheer the hearts of mortal men
By showing Angels like them then.
"Lo! we are here," they seem to say,
"And may you follow on our way!
We come with gladsome tidings so;
At present seek no more to know.
Anon we meet to part no more,
And lay this up in memory's store.
Hear us through life within this cell,
And think of joy where all is well.

'Tis but our accents that you hear
When to your heart is Mem'ry dear.
Through cliffs and o'er the streams we glide;
'Tis we that talk thus at your side."
Such are the echoes of this hall
Which bring instruction for us all.
Remembrance thus has gleams as bright
As ever cheer'd the human sight,
When in the sacred hours of thought
More bliss is found than e'en was sought
From Pleasure's lap or from the noise
That vain Ambition e'er employs;
For Nature opens at the sound
Of what in Memory is found;
As when we hearken'd to her voice,
And found we had no other choice
But to feel thus supremely glad
With whatsoever things we had;
The present moment was so full
Of joy and of the beautiful.
True, Memory has habits, dates;
But then, as Fromentin relates,
It thus revives, and so bestows
The momentary joys of those
Who novelties would rather shun,
Repeating what before was done.
The Memory is Custom's nurse,
For keeping which we're never worse;
Though some seek Custom to run down,
And so the voice of Nature drown.

Yet Custom leaves us not less free,
Nor is obedience slavery.
The Memory will thus produce
A guidance for our daily use;
Our own identity secured,
And of ourselves the more assured—
A precious treasure for our mind,
As this great artist wish'd to find.
Then maid or youth, our Patmore cries,
Oh! look not with desponding eyes.
Your Memory is heard to say,
"Dance on, let innocence be gay."
For Memory's vast, noble hall
Should never souls like yours appal,
To scare you from your joys of earth,
Which may to endless bliss give birth.
Whate'er of music you have heard
From mortal lips or from a bird,
Whate'er of magic bright, though fleeting,
Once on a time has been your greeting,
Whate'er of beauty pleased your soul,
Whate'er of joy past all control
Did seize upon your heart and mind,
Come hither and the whole you'll find
Preserved, laid up, to light your way
To where the smiling angels stray.
Nought strange, moreover, if you think,
And in your mind let this fact sink,
The more you meditate which o'er,
The brighter shines this temple's store—

That joys which you find laid up here
Are what should be past language dear;
Since though they sprang from sources small,
From the main spring were these fed all.
For this each holy mass proclaims,
While grim censoriousness it shames,
Announcing but this simple truth,
That it is God who gladdens youth;
Not as man seems inclined to say,
Who saddens for it every day;
Who changes Nature at the word
Of gloomy pedants and absurd;
Who awes it with most erring fears,
Who seems to covet but its tears,
Who makes it think its joy is bad,
But thus in brief "who makes it glad."[6]

CANTO VI.

OF SOCIAL CIRCLES.—PORTRAITS.

Oh, wondrous science, when with beams of light
Man can call forth on paper to the sight
The portrait of a friend, as if the sun
To follow his directions could be won.
Man can indeed impart a higher tone
To the realities that we have known.

[6] Qui lætificat juventutem meam.

In that respect he can surpass the sun
As more intelligent when all is done.
While matter reproduces matter so,
Life copies life as all great Painters show.
Though still the scientific wonder stays
To fill beholders with a just amaze.
Yet far more strange it is when in the mind
All whom we ever knew portray'd we find,
We know not how, but yet so life-like there,
That no Velasquez could with them compare,
No Titian hope to rival them in tone,
No Raphael in smiles that youth will own.
Each so well finish'd, with such semblance wrought,
Yet without substance, a mere shade, a thought!
Yes, far more wondrous is this older art,
By which a friend is painted in our heart;
To find a place in memory for ever,
Where it may be mislaid, but injured never.
Not only friends but strangers here once placed
Can fully after years and years be traced.
Faces familiar to our eyes when young
We see upon these walls as freshly hung.
We hardly like to think what time has pass'd
Since we saw this or that once-known place last.
Suppose it to be Cambridge, there we find
Boatmen, Gyps, Fellows, Masters, all in mind—
The weird old hag who fumbles in dark holes,
The tall, young Hercules who brings you coals,
The stairs on which the former often sat,
The way in which the latter held his hat;

Others of whom for years you have not thought
Again are to your presence clearly brought.
For thirty years perhaps not once have they
Acted their part before you; and to-day
You see them strangely, suddenly to rise
Just as they once appear'd before your eyes.
The Keeper of the College Library thus
Steps forth with pomp intent on serving us.
The Porter with the letters smiles on all,
Each is portray'd within your Memory's Hall.
Where has this picture been so many years
Which now fresh from the artist's hand appears,
Unknown to you, long lost, forgotten quite,
Yet all the while at hand and still so bright?
"There stands each image," Saint Augustine saith,
"As if it were endow'd with living breath,
In wondrous frames arranged thus to be shown
As wondrously to those by whom it's known.
And if perchance we should forget the name,
We reject all that do not fit the same,
Until the right name comes into our mind
That wholly suits the image which we find:
And it comes back as now a welcomed friend,
As if, when call'd for, on us to attend."
Sooth, at this moment, and in his mind's eye,
Our friend sees many pass'd now standing by,
To whom would not apply those ancient lines,
On limits which to art the muse assigns,
As when a girl so well portray'd is shown,
Prometheus might avouch the work his own,

And it is said, " If but the painter knew,
How to give speech to her whom thus he drew,
O Agatharchis, thee we should admire,
Possess thee, too, now wholly and entire."
For in this hall not only forms he'll see ;
Words, accents, all are in his memory.
Not only colour of the eyes and hair,
Their lips, their eyebrows, fronts are painted there,
With their whole air and gestures, and the way
In which they smiled or laugh'd in merry play,
Their stature and the manner of their walk,
But e'en he hears their voice when they would talk.
Their mental features, too, are seen no less
Than are the styles and fashions of their dress ;
He hears the stories that they'd tell of old
Their looks revealing thoughts he can behold ;
Yea, their handwriting now is here again
With its distinctive character most plain.
Just think of what a file of letters there,
Each with its writer's class'd for whom you care !
Were these said writers living in his sight,
Their image to his mind were not more bright.
He would not more distinctly nearer see,
With eyes than thus by simple memory.
Can anything exceed this wonder? say
What is this mind in which such portraits stay,
Needing no varnish, cleaning, dealer's art,
Hung thus, for years, unchanged within his heart !
For his whole life, without one failing tone !
Go to, fond artist, blush now for your own.

Then we might sing of those who want a tomb,
Who yet in some fond memories find room,
A far more safe memorial for the dead
Than found Laertes, as old poets said;
For that, with rains and winds was worn away,
Whereas forget him, said they, no one may.
Leonidas will over young men mourn,
Who to no tomb on earth were ever borne.
But those who loved them, saith he, still can find
Their persons as if living, in their mind.
How many are the friends who now may lie
Where the lark sings within the morning sky,
To us unknown the hospitable spot!
But in our hearts they never are forgot.
Then others from their own tomb chase away
Those who lamented them, and there would stay.
"Remember us," is all they seem to cry,
"The tomb we prize is in your memory;"
And, sooth, as Meleagre says, "their voice
Can prove how greatly may the dead rejoice."
Charixones no friend thus e'er forgets,
Saith he, "What pity, and what deep regrets
Are left within the memory of those
In whose remembrance he can so repose."
We see then how this temple can be found,
E'en for the dead a safe and holy ground;
Ah, through its alleys winding, narrow, long,
Pass many spirits worthy of a song;
We have not, like the Greeks, as Plutarch said,
Our oracles and temples of the dead,

As where the ancients generally thought
Departed souls might back again be brought.
Melissa thus to Periander came;
'Twere needless many instances to name;
Callondas saw him whom he slew, in fight
Archilochus the Poet, dreadful sight!
Pausanias his poor victim must behold,
Fair Cleonissa, as she lived of old.
Then he himself soon after death was seen
By those who his own murderers had been:
Elysius of Terina sought his son,
Who back to his embraces then was won,
When he, Euthynoüs, in verses three
Said, "Father dear, oh grieve no more for me,
To whom more joys are given since my death
Than e'er I knew while drawing mortal breath."[7]
Ulysses, as we know from Homer drew
Whole troops of dead, most life-like visions true.
But we have not to seek with toil and pain
Cimmerian shades to see the dead again.
To no Tiresias must we now apply;
We need no sword to make them farther fly.
And what is better still, we need not fear
Offending God by making them appear.
When we thus with the dead have consultation,
The Heavens we know see no "abomination,"
Such as Isaiah to the Jews denounced,
When intercourse was there to be renounced.

[7] See Fréret, Mém. de l'Acad. tome xxxviii.

Without the aid of Endor's witch we find
Our Samuels again brought back in mind.
We all are Psychagogues or Priests of souls;
Each man or woman now the dead controls.
Through no dark subterraneous roads must we
Speed like the ancients former friends to see;
To no empoison'd caves on shores of Acheron,
Styx or Cocytus or yet Phlegethon,
Must we with terror anxiously repair
To see them thus; for they are always where
We roam or sit to feed our mental eye
With contemplation and sweet memory.
We find them in the sun-lit fields and bowers,
Within the cottage or the feudal towers,
They're with us in the music, in the dance,
In all the landscapes that our eyes entrance.
For lo! within ourselves the temples stand
Where all whom once we saw are at command.
Our true Ψυχοπομπεῖον is the mind,
Where apparitions that we love we find.
Our oracle and temple of the dead
Is now our memory which knows no dread.
"No dread" forsooth! alas my rash, fond lyre
Has other tones to sound upon its wire—
Long, solemn tones that raise within the mind
Visions of fear, although they all were kind!
For those we loved on earth and who loved us
May have a changed demeanour, seeing thus
Now clearly all things, simply as they are,
And from whate'er they thought them once so far.

'Tis not Infinity that makes man tremble ;
It is the thought that he once dared dissemble.
He can invoke what's higher than them all ;
The throne before which they and he must fall ;
He can invoke and humbly the Eternal,
The quire of angels and the joys supernal.
But when he sees approach the souls he knew
And loved on earth, the many or the few,
A sense of shame invades his faltering heart
When thinking oh how ill he's play'd his part
Since last they met, and they all pass'd away
From the thick darkness of the mortal day.
Alas ! for him, methinks now each will stand
In silence—silence, he can understand
That daughter's look, that fair one's alter'd eyes,
That son, wife, mother,—can he feel surprise
When they from him appear to turn away
To seek again the bright celestial day?
What could they say to him, though loving still,
Now that they see the measure of his ill ?
But no ! Perhaps they too are changed, and can
Behold what's inconceivable by man,
The mercy that will shroud from every sight
All elements opposed to true delight.
Oh yes ! It is the cross they see on high,
The cross that says with truth, "Thou shalt not die,"
It is the robe of righteousness that clothes
What stript of it their holy vision loathes.

Their arms then too methinks are stretch'd to meet
One with whom former days were once thought
sweet.
'Tis not what's in his memory they see ;
'Tis the new life ! 'tis immortality !

Somewhat too much of this for such a place,
Where still as living he his friends would trace ;
So as 'tis pictures that we here would see,
Let ghosts now leave us to behold these free.
Such galleries in each man's mem'ry so,
Of course will varied portraits always show ;
Of which the catalogue is often placed
Where each proprietor his course has traced
In memoirs special of his former life,
Recounting its vicissitudes and strife—
In men obscure a practice rather vain,
But of our friend you need not much complain.
For though he follows custom known with us,
When he invites you for a moment thus
To see some pictures which belong to one
As special gifts from memory not gone,
They are not shown with any other view
Than some instructions useful to renew.
Descriptions must be brief in such a list,
And, consequently, interest will be miss'd ;
But one such catalogue may serve as well
As any other the chief fact to tell
That each man has a hall within his mind,
A vast collection of a varied kind,

Where he can still consort with ancient friends,
With whom the joy of converse never ends.
How many youthful pleasant heads are here!
Beyond all price inestimably dear!
Then he sees others of a graver kind,
But these in other poems you can find.
Passing by Cambridge portraits, he will show,
Some in the world who once were even so.
Then first amongst these striking heads behold
One whose great fame in letters can be told.
An eloquent and truly fearless sire,
In whom at least you find no "wordless ire."
Thoughtful, and what there's no one to expect,
Full of unfeign'd and infinite respect
For the old Catholic and Roman Church,
Whose foes for him might flounder in the lurch,
When he contrasted, as he often did,
The goodness which in talk he never hid,
Of her great priests and bishops whom he saw,
With ministers who follow'd the new law!
For oft he had a passion to relate
What he had seen in Spain, and quaintly state
Impressions that were made upon his mind
By men that he well knew were wise and kind.
Thus he would tell how travelling one day,
Upon a mule, in quite the Spanish way,
He found himself with hunger rather faint,
When follow'd an adventure somewhat quaint.
High on a rock that crown'd a lonesome dell
He spied a church and house where some must dwell.

The muleteer, he said, might wait below,
But he would climb and see if it were so.
The door was shut, but knocking, soon he saw
A tall black figure that strong bolts did draw.
"I'm hungry," said he, "can you give me food?"
The stranger's looks denoted nothing good;
At least, it seem'd so when he slamm'd the door,
And for a moment he was seen no more,
Till he perceived him stealthily to glide
Down through a door that open'd from the side.
"He's gone to call some, me to rob and slay,"
Then to himself he nervously did say;
But what was his surprise when he saw creep
Into a pool of water that seem'd deep,
The man, who from a box did pull a fish!
It was the curate who thus found his dish.
"I wonder," his friend added, "shall we ever
See one of these grave ministers so clever,
Whom you extol above the Popish Priest,
Take such a plunge a stranger but to feast!"
Then while much silence he remark'd around,
Another tale as readily he found.
To some Archbishop he'd a visit pay,
Though who he was to you I cannot say;
Simonides himself could not contrive
That all things should in memory survive;
In this one point my own I find will fail,
But this does not the least concern the tale.
Call it Toledo, if you want precision,
But to be truthful still is my decision;

On all points through this poem I'm exact,
Resolved not to distort the smallest fact;
Or say 'twas Seville, though I'm sure 'twas not;
The real title has been quite forgot;
I only can assure you 'twas in Spain;
To say aught more about the see were vain.
Shown through his palace, by the pontiff led,
The rooms majestic told of artists dead;
Such as Velasquez, Zurbaran, and more
Of whose sublime productions he had store.
Returned to his small and humble cell,
The Prelate said, "My friend, all this is well
So far; but surely now you'd rather dine;
The dinner's ready. Would you behold mine?"
When from a drawer within his table he
Drew bread and cheese, and said with sparkling glee,
"I hardly think that you would like such fare;
But shudder not, I mean not you to scare."
Then ringing a gold sculptured table-bell,
A servant came, to whom he said, "Go tell
The Canon," such a one, "my ancient friend,
That I to him a hungry guest now send."
Then winking at him, nodding all the while,
"Follow," said he, "I know right well his style.
I promise you at us you will not scoff,
Or say with bread and cheese you've been put off."
He told the tale expressly to denote
That those who talk of "luxury" but dote;
Accusing Spanish prelates, as he said,
Of faults from which they had the farthest fled.

You see, then, how this great prose writer thought,
Not quite the same as when in books he wrought
Imaginary conversations, prose
Matchless, of which the errors he now knows.
Yea, days there were when he'd say with a sigh,
It would be well for him like such to die.
'Tis Landor that he sees. May God grant rest
To one who wrote and did what he thought best!
The next is Wordsworth, playful although grave,
Who quoting verses seem'd almost to rave,
So deeply did he feel the truths he sung,
While condescending chiefly to the young,
And like the other saying things by speech,
Which his own writings did not always teach,
Confessing had he seen an earlier day
That he like some would have been found to pay
Obedience to that scorn'd, most ancient creed
Of which he own'd he might have felt the need.
Oh, gentle poet, may some wreath divine
Around thy temples now for ever shine!
Lo, a famed lawyer, with an ample front,
Cautious and moderate, as was his wont,
The first of all the Catholics he met
To whom he owed what he can ne'er forget,
His introduction to a holy man,
A Jesuit, although the tidings ran
That he to that society was known
To cherish views that it would scarcely own;
Yet full of ancient lore and faith was he,
And still in heart to it no enemy;

Since thus for him who sought instruction then,
He chose for guide one of those very men,
Who stands beside him, ne'er to be forgot,
The holy saint, revered wise Father Scott,
Whose accents fell so potent on his ear,
That thenceforth Catholic he held him dear.
'Tis the famed Charles Butler he can see,
Skill'd in both law and school divinity.
Then next in mitred lowliness appear
Poynter and Bramston, Griffiths, to whom clear
Was every theme by holy Church approved,
By foes undaunted and by youth beloved.
Alone Maguire standeth from the throng,
By reasoning deep, invincible and strong,
So skill'd to every question to reply
Proposed by wisdom or theology,
That as an oracle he seem'd to rise
Quite far from earth, conversant with the skies.
For, a wrapt student, solitary there,
He lives secluded, speaking most in prayer.
But look again, prepare your soul to view
Great Wiseman, in whom ancient things seem new,
So well prepared for questions of the day,
Familiar most with every mental fray!
Presenting to the men of his own age
Colour'd as if for them each holy page,
Not to confound and startle friends and foes,
But to invite them to a sweet repose—
Musician, artist, poet, sage, and saint,
Whom no skill'd human hand could justly paint,

Yielding to none in theologic lore,
Yet than all schools prosaic knowing more
Sweet Heaven's great secrets and the heart of man,
Whose depths mysterious he would ever scan.
Oh, grace divine! to think our friend has known
One to such heights of glory lately flown.
But now he'll move on to a foreign land,
And before those he meets there pensive stand.
Are they of France, or Germany, or Spain?
Like poets, in the Anthologic strain,
To all lands we may say that such belong,
Themselves well worthy of a minstrel's song.
Chevalier first presents his hoary head,
Who to explore the land of Troy had led
The way for scholars there to wander long
Through scenes immortal in Homeric song.[8]
Legitimist and Christian to the core,
Yet knowing times and principles far more,
Perhaps, than some who kings and thrones adore,
Talleyrand's own Secretary, when
The age was hostile to all loyal men,
Still viewing revolution with disgust,
Though bow to tempests for a time he must,
Replete with anecdotes of evil days;
Through scenes of terror each who hears him strays,
A classic scholar with perhaps one fault,
That Quintus Calaber he always thought

[8] Voyage dans la Troade; ou, Tableau de la Plain de Troie dans son État actuel.

Was really Ulysses, whose wise pen
Recorded all the rest that follow'd then.
'Twere well if we could hear the tales he knew,
Now lost for mankind, or but known to few—
Thus, one most truly horrible he'd tell,
Which, with his gestures, is remember'd well.
Invited to a wedding feast he went,
Though not to follow his own wishes bent.
"The host," he said, "who ask'd me there was young,
Yet nothing good from him could e'er be wrung.
He had espoused the daughter of a Jew,
In hopes that his rich father-in-law new
Would pay his debts; though not a shilling he
Did get from him; but that concerns not me.
On entering the room, one glance sufficed
To show with what the talk would soon be spiced.
Those faces sinistrous I saw around,
Which in such circles then were always found.
Arriving late, no charm in any face
From those conversing loudly I could trace.
"How was the citizen," they bade me tell.
"Was Talleyrand, the citizen, quite well?"
"The citizen is well," I then replied;
They might have seen how he would then deride
The term they used, which in his sly grimace,
When saying "citizen," one still could trace.
'Twas there he heard the wretch who made his boast
That he at Fribourg friars slew the most—

How he had thrown them headlong from their rocks—
A tale which no good "citizen" then shocks;
"Though," said he, with a hideous grin, "no more
They'll sing their psalms as in the night before."
"I order'd some," he said, "to make 'report,'
That I might know to what I should resort."
"Report!" Chevalier utter'd, with a face,
To show to what "bureau" the word he'd trace.
"'Twas said that they ate fish, were much devout,
Quite Roman Apostolical, no doubt"—
Each word then drawing from his mouth a sneer,
Which show'd an inward hatred to cause fear.
"But soon," continued he, "I heard enough
Of all their clerical and stupid stuff.
So I went up one morning with my men;
You should have seen the sport we witness'd then!
Ha! ha! I think there's no sight can compare
To that of monks sent flying through the air!"
All this had at the banquet been deliver'd;
Judge how Chevalier, hearing him, had shiver'd.
Then he had tales of Choiseul and Belgrade,
To which by order he went retrograde;
As if they wish'd the plague might stop his book,
On which, he said, with jealous eyes they'd look.
From having publish'd that they just had been
Upon a site that they had never seen.
Then he would tell the dangers of those days—
How he found foes whichever way he strays—

How he conversed with Joseph at a mask
Imperial at Vienna, where his task
Was to relate to his attentive ears
The ground there was in Turks for future fears.
And, sooth, if here Mahometans should press,
They'd find our Europe in a curious mess.
Unlike our Fathers, from their hideous raid,
How could we ask from Christ forgotten aid?
One fact he used to single from the whole;
He saw De Lambelle's head upon a pole.
He sought no more himself to justify,
He but resolved from Paris then to fly.
"'Twas not the moment," as he said, "to seek
To any minister of France to speak."
He told from all these horrors how he fled
To England, where on landing he had said
To those who question'd him about his store
Of watches, trinkets, an offence then sore,
That 'twas for eating, they were in his trunk,
All other goods of his then being sunk;
When the bland officer of customs there
Said that to his house he must repair
For food and lodging; and with whom he stay'd
That night, where first acquaintance then he made
With English hospitality, which proved
His aid, said he, when from poor France removed.
Librarian then of famed Saint Geneviève,
A cordial welcome him he always gave;
Though many English travellers he met
Were not just men on whom his heart seem'd set;

He styled them "cobblers." Showing once, he said,
Of Scottish Mary the beloved head
To one of these, who seeing it exclaimed,
"Ha! it is doubtless her who has been named
By all our nation well 'the bloody queen,'"
'Twere well if but his look you could have seen.
He call'd a servant, then turn'd on his heel;
And said to him, "A rising wrath I feel;
So take this cobbler quickly from my sight;
Pray show him round as you may fancy right."
But I must needs my wish and hand restrain;
For long details I know are counted vain;
Though now another form revered behold;
It is De Haller who so well has told
The folly of the sophists who o'erthrew
All ancient rule, and would begin anew
To leave without a government or law
All Europe, as their tendencies he saw.
"Of civil science" thus "the restoration"
He would proclaim to help each wretched nation.
From Berne then as a convert he had flown
Whose senators would Catholics disown;
And so to France and to her king he came,
Where he enjoy'd a truly honour'd name,
Till Soleure at the last became his home,
Whence until death he would no longer roam.
Soleure and Fribourg, then alike could boast
Of having each of French a polish'd host
Whose sons had with the Jesuits been placed
When the tenth Charles had their schools effaced.

For look you now, e'en kings when growing old
Are apt to dote, as grave De Maistre told.
Th' Count O'Mahony had salons there
To which the noblest circles would repair,
Enchanted with his hospitable way,
Receiving both the wise and good and gay.
Such exiles for the sake of education
Would lustre shed, I think, on any nation.

Then next he sees a placid face and small,
By youths respected and beloved by all.
'Tis one who all "the sanctities of old
Would help to re-establish and uphold."
The Latin country, as Parisians name
The mountain quarter to which students came,
Knew well his house which on the summit stood,
Where young men learned all things that were good.[9]
The Place de l'Estrapade might harshness sound,
But there this mildest, gentlest man was found,
Directing them to study where they ought,
And yielding more than e'en their parents sought,
By dropping words of holy inspiration
Before some thirty lads of every nation.
Words, looks, and manners, all to correspond
With the pure type of which the Heavens are fond,
Become familiar there to every one,
Which were remember'd well when each had gone.

[9] Maison des bonnes études.

To watch whate'er he did in least details
Was to receive a lesson that avails
Each day and hour still through their later life
Far more than hearing all scholastic strife;
You saw in church how he revered with prayer
The sacramental Presence that is there.
For though but to see pictures he was bound,
You saw him always kneeling on the ground
Before he would attempt his eyes to raise,
A masterpiece of art to see and praise.
Perfect good breeding comprehends the sphere
Where e'en religion well taught must appear.
'Twas he who secretly and first of all
Did found the conference named from St. Paul;
And when he heard that others would lay claim
To that great merit, he'd conceal his name,
Committing to the flames before he died
The Prelate's letter which the proof supplied.
How many were the students there he knew!
But, thanks to sweet Heaven! still are dead but few;
So that their portraits cannot now appear;
That of Du Lac alone he'd mention here—
That silent Frenchman, wrapt in deepest thought
While doing all things as he felt he ought.
D'Esgrigny's picture must be left unhung,
While elsewhere of his friendship I have sung.
That friend of friends with Bailly first was known
To him who claims him ever as his own;
Though living still, perhaps he too might be
Seen as enshrined in tender memory,

Since distance, though of life he draws the breath,
Seems for such intervals a kind of death.
It was through him besides that he first knew
That other friend, accomplish'd Montagu,
In whose proud castle he could often feel
At home, as perfect ease would quite reveal
Amidst a circle beautiful and gay,
In which a month would seem one summer's day,
Rowing his boat alone upon the lake,
Or stopping it at times for sketching sake;
While to them both alike he then did owe
His thorough knowledge of the French château—
Most sweet remembrance, like a potent charm
To chase all foolish thoughts that mortals harm—
In fact, a kind of close initiation
Into the noble manners of a nation,
That while to all the graces ever given
Has never lost in fine the thought of Heav'n.

Now follows here a series grave and long
Of portraits that would suit the Muse's song.
Montalembert comprised a world alone,
Its scope the universe, and Heaven its tone.
Mere gratitude alone makes him desire
To tell of friendship that would e'en admire
His "Lover's seat." Montalembert did blame
Those who condemn'd it. I need no one name;
The praise he gave it I dare not repeat;
From such a pen the words must have been sweet;

But thus much can be sung, when at the end
He styled himself a true, devoted friend,
"For ever grateful," too, he chose to add,
For the same pages others said were bad.
But what's the blame of critics when we know
That he was pleased with what they counted low?
Montalembert will outweigh all their store;
When he approves what mortal can ask more?
Alas! how soon that spirit pass'd away!
It was to save him from a bitter day.
In Paris by his illness found detain'd,
In autumn, where of course so few remain'd,
His visitor, on leaving, hoped that he
On his next call would in the country be,
"Say in my country true," was his reply;
"'Tis thither, there alone that I would fly."
Then Ozanam he sees, and near him placed
The Russian lady, Swetchin; for he paced
Within her salon, where such men were seen
As Lacordaire, Bonetty, Lamartine.
One, and one only, sophist now he'll keep,
Whose fall methinks might make historians weep;
Though since he thus but mentally is dead,
Of him 'tis only little should be said.
He to seem humble seem'd almost to try,
Unless when something holy met his eye,
When it was found by far too hard a task,
And tore off suddenly was then the mask.
And yet before some hundred French lads he
Had named the book on Catholicity

That our friend strung together which he praised;
Whereby the author's spirits were much raised,
Who deem'd it a great honour to be named
By one who then at least was justly famed,
His History having pages that were full
Of truth and poetry most beautiful:
But here I quite transgress my own pet rule,
And sing like any literary fool.
The next is Hurter, who had him for guide
In Paris, where he listen'd at his side.
That things of practice it takes time to learn
From what he said to him he could discern;
For on their stroll as from a church they came
(Saint Thomas, styled Aquinas, was its name),
He stopp'd him on the steps, and said he ne'er
Had known a fact which he discover'd there—
Namely, that two together can confess;
"With his own eyes he's seen them. 'Tis no guess."
Though on this one point curiously deceived,
He was soon after to the Faith received;
Schaffhausen then a mother proved for him
Of little love, to whom his grace was dim.
He told him as he left he could not trust
His life to her just then, and that he must
Proceed to Austria another way,
However roundabout he'd have to stray.
'Tis Russian portraits that he'll next behold,
Like him, all converts to the ancient fold.
Young Prince Gallitzin, Theodore he'll mean,
Assisting poverty with zeal is seen;

Then Schauvaloff, so polish'd and so gay,
Appears, preparing for his holy way.
But of all memories within his breast,
'Tis that of Yermoloff, perhaps, is best.
'Tis not his friendship he'd have me record,
Though for that song I'd need the sweetest chord;
It is his genius versatile, and wit,
His conversation with true wisdom lit;
Like the good General, his brother, saint,
A convert too, for doing good ne'er faint.
Well he remembers how upon a day
When he to dine with them one night would stay,
A servant speeding whisper'd in his ear
That he was wanted by a friend quite near;
To the next *corps de garde* he'd have to roam;
They then were living in the Place Vendome.
He went, return'd soon, and then laughing said,
'Twas well that he to that same friend was led.
Arrested he just was upon the spot,
And for a reason not to be forgot.
A young French tutor he in Russia had
Whose treatment in the end was truly bad.
Long in that distant country had he been,
While still no money had he ever seen;
At length advised by Paris friends, he'd ask
Some portion small of what might claim his task;
When instantly expell'd the house with shame,
Back to his parents and on foot he came.
The journals now announced some days before
What pleased them quite as well, if not e'en more,

That this same potent prince had just arrived
In Paris, where they very soon contrived
To have him seized, to be constrain'd to pay;
But that, he said, was not the Russian way.
Ere leaving Moscow he had notice given
That in his absence he would not be driven
Then any one to pay, although each debt
He likewise said he meant not to forget.
Hearing where Yermoloff his friend might be,
He had then sent for him his plight to see.
With furious rage he this would all repeat,
Till crowds collected outside in the street.
"Pooh! pooh!" said Yermoloff, "'tis not enough,
And never will in Paris pass such stuff.
So pay at once." He paid upon the spot.
Curious the story quaint; say, is it not?
At other times, when youth he would delight,
He had his tales to suit a winter's night,
About the Empress Anne, and how she saw
Herself a spectre, chilling guards with awe,
As on her very throne they saw her sit,
Until she rush'd in with a taper lit.
The captain, said he, was of his own race,
So 'twas a tale traditional he'd trace;
And how they at the spectre fired at last,
Charged by the Empress, who stood pale aghast;
They struck a glass, it scatter'd far and wide;
But two days afterwards the Empress died.
But what excited real interest there
Was proof of persecution, not then rare,

When princes once converted lost their name,
And so to be known but by a number came,
As penal captives, while a still worse fate
Befell some others, as he did relate;
For to a lady order'd to attend
The Russian Church, whom no great dangers bend,
After of aide-de-camps her third neglect,
There came a carriage she did not expect,
Which, to be brief, convey'd her to a place
For all mad people. So she leaves no trace!
However, did he pause thus before each
Of these long halls, the end he'd never reach
Still now a portrait known to all behold
Of one familiar e'en to him of old
In whom transferr'd to memory you see
The type most perfect of theology.
Need I announce now who is smiling there?
It is the holy, gentle Lacordaire,
Whose words of flame did fire his youthful breast,
In whose remembrance fond his age would rest.
For where, oh where else could you ever find
Such neutral tints of thought, so deep and kind,
That while the holy Christians would admire
To hear him speak no sinners e'er could tire,
As if 'twas them he loved on earth the best,
And hoped they'd be for ever with the blest.
Lamennais too he sees, and feels some fear,
To find a brilliant star so disappear.
You'd think no shining orb could vanish so—
That, once illumined, it must always glow.

Don't be too sure of that, one should reply,
Some glorious lights pass thus e'en from the sky,
To make us fear both for this whole world's fate,
And for what sometimes will great men await.
His portrait rests in memory no less
To teach a lesson one need not express.
He never liked his passion, so like pride,
And e'en his famous book he did deride
When first he read it, as it seem'd to be
Fraught with but terror and austerity.
He took it back, exchanged it for another;
His feelings of dislike he could not smother.
Yet, soon appeased, the author he would see,
Moved less by love than curiosity.
He saw him seated stern with those around,
Who of their softest voices fear'd the sound.
Decoux was there, and others he could name,
But still his own impressions were the same.
Discoursing long, the Angelus did toll,
Lamennais talk'd on still—the speaker sole.
The bell toll'd from the Carmes, which stood so nigh,
That if you'd disregard it you must try.
Theology show'd there no condescension;
To bells it did not pay the least attention.
But just arrived from wild Swiss valleys where
That call he noticed raised up Priests to prayer,
E'en from their meals or cheerful conversation,
Whatever interest might have the relation,
The contrast great he hardly understood,
Presented thus by one he thought so good.

Pride, as the learned Champagny has said,
Has far more often to great errors led
Than ignorance herself, or passions such
As those of which men feel the common touch ;[1]
The conversation though it here transcends,
Seem'd not for what was lost to make amends.
But who are we to comment on a face,
Which once for many a fair wreath did grace ?
He's gone to Him who knew his provocations,
All which are weigh'd when souls must take their stations.

But now he'll hasten to a brighter part,
Of this great Hall where nothing wounds the heart.
For as he passes through a foreign land,
Where sparks of social love must needs expand,
As Rogers sings, where in another's smile,
"The stranger greets each native of his isle,"
He oft was drawn to close affinity
With some whose portraits still he loves to see ;
Though now endow'd with melancholy grace,
Each with its well-known character and trace ;
Each seems so candid, though most noble styled,
Subtle though simple, careless as a child,
With unproportion'd courtesy to mould
All minds, and manners, never stiff or cold ;
But "artless," as a poet says, "in art,"
To sweeten language and to win the heart.

[1] Les Césars du 3me Siècle, tom. ii. 268.

There is, for instance, one who now may seem
The fairest type of that famed old régime,
As far at least as courtesy and grace
May be consider'd its peculiar trace.
Expressing awe first to his presence led,
"He's like a child," his own grave porter said.
Bishop and saint, what strikes attention most
Is his right noble air that makes no boast
Of social greatness, though no other race
Can from an older source its fountain trace.
'Tis Forbin Janson, Nancy's Prelate still,
Though furious parties contradict him will.
With wealth ancestral, splendours at command,
Nought but strict duty will he understand.
To save the lives of Chinese infants he
Will found a vast express society,
For which with failing strength he will employ
His time and sacrifice all other joy.
Physicians said he must no longer preach;
But him, not fearing death, in vain they teach.
No, never can the mind forget his look,
When leave of him in his own house he took,
Resolved to preach through all the South of France,
In order that its interests might advance.
'Twas clear he valued not his life a pin,
If lives of Chinese females he could win.
He had been famed for travelling of old,
A well skill'd horseman, like a courier bold,
Who, on some secret royal mission sent,
Dauntless, unwearied, as if careless went—

Trait of his youth to be recounted here
The sense of his last words to render clear;
For after preaching in some Southern town,
Lo! all at once remaining strength broke down,
Just as foretold by doctors skill'd and grave,
Who vainly sought his present life to save.
The Count his nephew, with a sad surprise,
Seeing, while seated near him, how his eyes
Did close upon the paper while he wrote,
Heard from his tongue these words that now he'll quote,
"'Tis but another journey, my young friend."
It all was finish'd so: his course did end.
Of old the way he look'd at death was such,
One could not fail to wonder at it much.
For when his bosom friend of Strasbourg died,
To give cool order seem'd almost his pride.
That Prelate lay within his own Hotel,
Where him while life remain'd he tended well;
And though 'twas clear how Death had torn his heart,
To give directions still he play'd his part—
Arranging all things with so calm an air
You'd think no coffin of his friend was there,
Which he would help to move and settle right,
As if it were the most familiar sight.
Well, now another gracious face behold,
Though quite unformed by that ancient mould.
Olivier, curate, pontiff, is the man,
His grave expression join'd with mirth just scan.

Fearless and cheerful, eloquent and gay,
Unskill'd to utter what he ought to say,
As some will think whose formal rules restrain
From aught that foolish men regard as vain,
Whose jealous spleen his mirthful ways provoke,
This indefatigable curate of Saint Roch
Would often drive his cab through Paris streets,
Saluting gaily all the friends he meets,
While daily round his pulpit he could see
Assembled thoughtful men of each degree,
Not rhetoric to hear as drawn from rules,
So vainly taught within some formal schools,
But to catch from him sparkling words of fire,
Explaining all the Gospel to inspire
Their hearts and minds by them heard ever yet;
For accents such men never do forget.
No eloquence more thrilling e'er was known
Than his unstudied, short, and graphic prone.
It was as if our Lord Himself just spoke
To rich and poor who heard him in Saint Roch.
Once on a time when summon'd in the night
To speed to some rich patient, he deem'd right
At first to such proposals to demur,
Since, as he said, he was unknown to her,
Who living in another parish ought
Another curate to have call'd, he thought;
But being urged to come without delay,
He rose and to her dwelling took his way.
In an apartment vast he seated found
A pompous dame whose health seem'd wholly sound,

Who then began philosophy to speak,
In words denoting not that strength was weak.
At last grown weary of such idle talk,
Which seem'd her purpose and his aim to baulk,
He said he was prepared at once to hear
Her in confession, but his time was dear.
The lady laugh'd, and said for him she sent
With other object, not with that intent.
Of his great zeal for souls she often heard,
Which seem'd to her excessive and absurd;
And so she sent for him that she might know
If really his rule was practised so.
You can divine the rest; but in the hall
Low at his feet he saw a damsel fall,
Lamenting much, who him besought with tears,
That he would come again to calm her fears
For that Voltairian lady's mental state,
And not against her feel the smallest hate.
"She only sent for you, alas!" she said,
"To see if you would rise up from your bed
To seek another parish not your own,
So full of vain suspicion is she grown."
Some few years later Evreux's ancient See
Beheld how great a Pontiff he could be,
Where still his cheerful simple ways did last,
Till soon from all grave critics he was past.
The portrait next that comes within his view
Is that of Affre whom he once well knew.
He o'er the Paris flock his crosier waved,
By whose hard labours many sheep were saved.

With him as with a friend he often walk'd,
Who to him young and careless freely talk'd,
Through the deep forest of old Saint Germain,
Where for some summers he would then remain.
He'd speak of all the trials he incurr'd,
When to the King's proposals he demurr'd.
One little thought it was an armed mob
That Paris would of such a Pontiff rob.*
But there suspended was the martyr's crown
For him who sought to save that reckless town.
Before that time, De Quelen he had known,
Of whom a certain practice should be shown,
His custom, when assisting at High Mass,
Of which the memory can never pass
From those who saw him standing in his stall,
Which might, indeed, be fitting for us all.
For when the choir, responding, sang aloud
Dignum et justum est, his form he bow'd,
Down kneeling, while they sang it very low,
As if his inmost soul he needs must show;
Which proved how he at least would ne'er elude
The debt of real boundless gratitude.
He might proceed with you to see on high
Still holy Priests whose image ne'er can die.
Migeon and Brady memory can show,
The last the chaplain of the Dame Lézeau,
Whose holy Sisters lived within that wood,
Screen'd by the forest that around them stood;
Or while in Paris in the Rue Barbette,
A man whose goodness no one can forget.

He might point out that cheerful, playful air
Which always follow'd such men everywhere,
As when a holy Curate[2] who foreknew
That days for him on earth would be but few,—
Would follow him politely to his gate,
Where between them both ensued debate;
Since he had tried to stop him long before
He reach'd his garden at his outward door;
When archly he replied and pointed round,—
"Ha! ha! But here my choicest pears are found;
And it were well perhaps that I should see
Clean, wholly out, beyond my farthest tree,
One who has just the cut and air of you.
To leave you there alone would never do."
Such men could ne'er suggest a contrast sad
With ancient sages which might oft be had
Elsewhere. Their heart seem'd not on money set
Like some in London that one can't forget,
Whose pious purpose scarcely makes amends
For talk that never turns to other ends.
But with the best to linger might be wrong;
So gaze we now on a promiscuous throng.
Besides too for himself abash'd he'll feel,
When o'er his field of vision such shapes steal,
Attesting what a grace has been abused
By one who never such occasions used
As others would have for their endless good;
But means like these he never understood.

[2] Of Pouliguen.

Jules Janin also was a friendly man,
Who'd welcome him as only Frenchmen can,
With tones and looks not easy to describe,
So gentle even in the learned tribe,
Where men are as polite as they are clever,
As if to please you were their chief endeavour.
There were who look'd on Janin with mistrust;
But still remember him he ever must
As one of those through revolutions pass'd
Who yet were sure to prove their faith at last,
Like him of whom observant Byron sings,
As not rejecting sacerdotal things,
Saying that meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining then the priestly aid.
In fact, where Janin paints the total end
Of ancient France, to which he was a friend,
He leaves a picture of such aid in death
As would immortalize a parting breath,
So true to Nature, beautiful and grand,
That none methinks its power could withstand.[3]
Contributor most famous to the Press,
He wrote, his indignation to express,
At recent acts against the Pope display'd,
On which a charge against himself was laid
For having dared such rhapsodies to write,
As if he did not know what's wrong from right.
He told our friend that they refused to print
His article so penn'd, and with a hint

[3] Le Fin d'un Monde.

That Belgian Independence would deny
His future claims a notice to supply,
Unless he sought for pardon on the spot,
When such a grave offence might be forgot.
We need not ask perhaps what was the end;
But this is certain, he remain'd a friend
Like Burke himself, at least in conversation
To all the ancient glories of his nation.
He had no spite 'gainst "ancient Priestly things,"
'Gainst Church or State, 'gainst Pontiffs or 'gainst
Kings.
Alas! there has a progress been of late
To make all these the objects of men's hate!
"The mind," we are assured now, "of the age
Beyond all Priesthood has advanced a stage;
The sacerdotal principle is just
The one sole thing that it will never trust."
But for this boasted mind what man should care
With all its stages when it thus will dare?
Byron himself seems quite behind our age,
So little shows he of its fresh-fed rage
Against whate'er is ancient and divine,
Even when 'tis not paid so much a line.
But to return to a brighter world
Than that through which at present we are whirl'd

To all the portraits then that here can be,
Belong'd a tone of great civility;
Ionian elegance was often shed
Around at least the youthful air and head,

But little known to circles of our day,
That rather prize and keep another way.
A certain strange simplicity was there,
At which these later times would only stare;
As when they witness manners quite Homeric,
Of which the thought alone makes them hysteric;
Although each primitive and homely thing
A charm most sweet to life will ever bring;
As when fair damsels, matrons, and their friends
Of either sex, with merely cheerful ends,
Are seen in streets while seated at their door,
Chatting and watching all that pass before
Their courteous eyes, like dogs, perhaps you'd say,
Who love to gaze thus on the public way,
Each at its own door seated, to see pass
The great and little, or but lad and lass.
Such friends, I think, and of whatever station
Seem always join'd as in a close relation.
A certain link connects them all together
Stronger than iron, light as any feather;
Like Arab youths that Fromentin describes,[4]
To whom some traits in common he ascribes,
Who their own necks on some near shoulders place,
To sleep there even with a certain grace;
And just as if to show how Love will linger,
Still hold each other by the little finger.
They were not like the Sybarites in dress;
They never then admired a rich excess.

[4] Un Été dans le Sahara.

Their Ladies needed not long preparations
When for a ball receiving invitations.
They were not ask'd to come a year before
As were those women vain—and then your door
Received them to a feast alone of wit,
Whatever night they chose to chat and sit,
Which never afterwards a shame entail'd
Like that which at new Thurium prevail'd,
Where sage Charondas pass'd his famed decree
That a dark filett all the town should see,
Encompassing the heads of those who spoke
Against another gravely or in joke.
No crown of heath had those you met to wear
For calumnies reported nightly there.
Sooth none, while in these circles they remain,
Will feel what Piron said to Des Fontaines—
The need of aught that wounds another's heart,
As if they had no choice but send their dart,
Excusing what he had been known to utter,
Which did that Abbé's spirits grieve and flutter,
By saying that for Poets of all times
There ever were "necessities of rhymes."
All these were rather in their conversation
Such as you find described in a relation
Of a French soldier and his custom'd ways,
Of whom our friend Fromentin only says,
While traversing Sahara's burning plain
Together, often in a thoughtful vein,—
"To speak yourself when it is he who listens
Is just as pleasant as to mark how glistens

His sparkling talk, which is like music's sound,
And you yourself keep silence most profound."
Saint Austin, you might think, had known them well,
When the best charms of life he thus would tell—
"Exchange of gentle thoughts with lively sport,
Kindness, and all expressions of that sort,
Affectionate civility; dissent
Most rare, and to offend at no time meant,
But such as with oneself one may have had,
Which never renders social circles sad,
But only makes their unanimity
Still pleasanter with some variety;
For absent friends to have our feelings burn,
A joyful welcome on their safe return,
With all those kinds of testimonies thus
Which loving hearts produce each day in us,
By lips and tongues and eyes and countless modes
Of tenderness, of which each always bodes
That true affection which in friends we see,
Reducing them and all to unity."[8]
Then mark that affability for all
Which ne'er the humblest present would appal.
Each had that "*entre gens*," as Frenchmen say,
The little virtues for each cheerful day;
Which though perhaps without the highest ends,
Succeed in keeping all the whole world friends.
And yet he's rather tempted to repeat
What in the holy ritual we meet,—

[8] Confess. lib. iv. c. 8.

That "God it is who causeth those to dwell
In one house, thinking all alike and well,"
Those who gain strength and virtue from His grace,
Which in such unanimity we trace.
Nor were there limits to those manners set,
As if a friend deceased could them forget;
For some attentions still were duly paid
To those departed, in the memory laid.
Between the dead and those alive on earth
A union felt and understood gave birth
Not only to the prayers that Christians know,
But e'en to the civilities we show
Each other in this life, the social bond
Extending thus mortality beyond.
They show'd politeness even to the dead,
As if they thought what the Greek Poet said,
Leonidas, who once Tarentum graced,[6]
Whose kindness to the poor can yet be traced,
That mutual regards must still be dear
To those removed by death, as practised here.
Idyllic fancies, things to ponder on!
Now that the old humanity is gone,
And that to the dead attentions thus
Would seem a folly not befitting us.
Such thoughts and ways exist, alas! no more,
Though happier, I think, we were before.
With hand upon your conscience, does it seem
To you that rails, trains, telegraphs, and steam,

[6] Antholog.

The godless journals through the people toss'd,
Exceed in value things that we have lost?

Behold, then, in his Hall of Memory
How men and women thus could gracious be.
The Dillons had in Paris left a trace,
And being then connected with that race,
He sees within it there an ancient dame
Whose husband of Beau Dillon bore the name.
Ambassadress in Florence once, she knew
Unnumber'd facts which wore an interest new
When in the street of Matignon now told
To young connexions of those loved of old.
De Rochefort's Countess, boasting of that race,
He also sees, whose portrait he would trace,—
Aged, but still sprightly, beautiful e'en yet,
And one whom no one ever could forget.
The Sixteenth Louis she remember'd well,
And how he loved her husband oft would tell.
She had her anecdotes to make you tremble,
At least when young folks would round h
assemble;
And oft she'd tell of strange historic things,
All orally first known to her of kings,
And of the ancient nobles pass'd away,
Comparing theirs with manners of the day.
She had her tales of terror and its reign—
How she had tried, and that too all in vain,
To get her husband through his prison bars;
But her best project something always mars.

She told how they at last the frontiers pass'd
With many others; but what all surpass'd
In interest was the pictures that she drew
Of scenes romantic she herself well knew.
There's one he cannot pass in silence quite
Of Perigeux's Cathedral, and by night.
A friend, she said, one day was strolling there;
Some funeral he'd follow'd, not for prayer.
He walk'd thus straying, gazing round about,
Until the dead man's train had all gone out,
When, what concern'd him then a little more,
Was finding shut and lock'd up fast each door;
So there he "guess'd" that he must pass the night,
For any one indeed a sorry plight.
A soldier and inured to hardships, he
Perhaps might sleep,—at least, he said, he'd see.
So in the choir, with cushions propp'd around,
His slumber very shortly proved most sound;
Until awoke, and to his mortal fright
A noise did break the silence of the night.
It was a door that open'd; some one walk'd;
Then from the distance a white figure stalk'd
Before the altar, falling down, there knelt:
Judge for yourself what then the live man felt.
His elbow at the moment touch'd a book;
It fell; the spectre heard, and turn'd to look;
When to the other's great and glad surprise
'Twas but the Bishop thus before his eyes,
Whose custom it was ever thus to pray
Within the church long before dawn of day,

And who now made him promise on the spot,
As if what he had seen were all forgot,
To keep it close within his bosom so,
That what was still his custom none might know,
At least, he added, till his own decease,
When from his promise he might have release.
She had her recent anecdotes as well,
And not less personal with warmth to tell.
Thus as she travell'd, while the horses changed
Another carriage by her side was ranged,
Meeting her own, of course inversely bound,
With all the curtains closely drawn around,
Of which a window hastily let down
She saw within it, speeding then to town,
The Duchesse so revered of Angoulême,
Who knew her instantly and did exclaim,
"In Paris how did you leave all things? say."
"Madame," she answered, "well; but on my way
I stopp'd three days with such and such a friend."
The other would not hear her to the end.
"So far the contrary," the Duchesse said,
"That all is lost. Postilion, mount, be sped."
On then she flew and left our friend aghast,
Who knew not at that moment what had pass'd.
From Vichy came the Duchesse, having known
By telegraph what she then knew alone.
Of course you know it was "the heathen come,"
As he himself predicted then to some—
The fatal days that overthrew the throne,
When future horrors were so surely sown;

Which we have lived to see now very nigh,
His old prediction thus to verify.
Then mark De Tuissy, Montmorency there,
The last a Saint quite given up to prayer,
Who tried to make his peasants pray as well
By means that it were idle here to tell.
The former having views, from England brought,
Of men and measures with some shades of thought
That would have served French Royalists far more
Than those which only suited times of yore,
Or rather days when all men would rebel,
And all repressive measures were deem'd well;
For these the seneschals of old Champaign
Had fled to England, where they could remain,
Avoiding so the Revolution's power
When for worst men in France it was the hour.
The Marquis who had even felt its rage,
Had first at Versailles been a royal page,
And when return'd to France and Saint Germaine,
Of past misfortunes ceasing to complain,
He used to point out spots of which he'd tell,
Gay traits of youth that he remember'd well.
His frugal habits to his latest years
A theme might furnish useful for some ears.
"Don't come to me on Friday," he would say,
"For mark I tell you that it is a day
When though in England you can have your fish,
Some beans or eggs are here your only dish."
His sons, well read in politics and art,
With sterling common sense would play their part.

No harsh, wild theories to them seem'd truth;
They thought like wisest statesmen and like youth.
Adjoining these, and of the cautious school,
He sees the Walshes, ever calm and cool.
Who, when their salons show'd a chosen crowd,
Would say to him, though not indeed aloud,
That days would come when he too must collect
Assemblies just like theirs and as select,
In hopes of gaining for a daughter's hand
Some honest bridegroom in his native land.
In these high circles you oft heard reports
Most quaintly told, romantic, of all sorts,
So graphically given to the eye,
They rested ever in the memory.
The nephew of a Minister of State,
For instance, would this anecdote relate.
He told him that when Bonaparte did reign,
Who privately oft cherish'd credence vain,
It was his own intention on a day
To Miss Le Noir then famed to take his way—
That sorceress of whom it oft was said
That e'en Napoleon by her was led
At times, and not without some grave results,
When all in secret with her he consults.
As early, then, one morning he would go
To this same witch, 'twas in the Rue Duphot
He met his other uncle, who would pass
To the Assumption Church to say his mass.
Archbishop then he was of Bourges, a town
For its Cathedral of such old renown.

Then question'd why so early thus he stray'd,
A frank avowal on the spot he made.
The holy prelate, both surprised and shock'd,
So wild a purpose stigmatized and mock'd;
But finding that his nephew would persist,
He said he hoped his object might be miss'd,
That he for him most earnestly would pray
While saying mass, and so he walk'd away.
The nephew, not abash'd, proceeded then,
And found the Witch all ready in her den—
Some circles drawn, some lines writ on the spot,
Some cards and other things, you know not what.
All of a sudden did the sorceress cry,
"Ah, me! Ah, me! in vain to-day I try,
That man in black, that man in black I see,
'Tis all his art that now preventeth me."
'Twas while the prelate sage was saying mass
That this strange scene and horrible did pass.
The interview was ended even so,
The fact is certain; more he could not know.
Nor would he here omit of some to tell
Who although English would in Paris dwell;
Such was aged Berkley, hospitable, kind,
Whose portrait still with others he can find,
His house a centre for all English guests,
A staunch true friend on whom his memory rests;
For somehow all who have lived long in France
Have cordial ways that greatness will enhance.
And somehow too the spirit of that land
Has much of the heroical and grand;

Whereas "the Positive," that reigns elsewhere,
Produces manners that can make one stare.
Let me an instance ludicrous relate,
For contrasts often yield instruction great;
And though to be discursive is a fault,
There's no such great harm telling it, I thought.
Chateaubriand, soon after his conversion,
Reflected on his past thoughts with aversion.
In Essex, while they reign'd, he spent some years;
And now, embracing Truth, he felt some fears
Lest the grave Minister residing there
Had been afflicted by his former air;
And so to him he thought he would announce
That he from henceforth wholly would renounce
The errors that he entertain'd in youth,
Converted now in France to Christian truth.
What transports thought he would that grave man feel
When reading what to him I will reveal?
The Minister replied that he was glad
To hear that he renounced what was so bad;
And since the Christian faith had one great law,
"To owe no man anything," he saw
That he could aid him that law to fulfil,
And so he begg'd to send a baker's bill,
Which had been left unpaid, a trifle small,
He must admit, but what was faith and all
That might attend it if he did not pay
What was forgotten when he went away?

Now here you have the genius of old France
Contrasted with the prose that will advance
To trample on all feelings but its own,
As if insensible to all else grown.
The one of soul and spirit would be nurse,
The other heeded above all the purse.
The genius of the French seems in the air,
'Tis often caught by those residing there.
The latter elsewhere whatsoe'er it bring
Will hardly tempt the Muse at least to sing.
So thus returning to our friend, I see
That with the former would his thoughts agree.
Yet would he not be understood as though
His mem'ry could not London circles show.
There he sees others in a lighter crowd
Whom time from him can never wholly shroud.
What gay assemblies can he there recall,
The grand reception or the midnight ball—
In Lansdowne House the once loved circles fair,
Whose interventions often led him there,
To meet again in theatres so bright,
More joyous still, where pass'd a magic night.
The "taking leave" he sees, departure vain,
For the next night, lo! there was he again,
Having slipp'd down the mail, while on it went,
His place prepaid and all his luggage sent,
Before him to the place he now gave up,
As having drunk from Love's enchanting cup.
Trudging back then some ten miles on his feet,
That once again he might the same face meet.

Then sees he also what no grief involves,
His sudden, unexpected, firm resolves
To follow one who had to Thanet flown,
Who finally near there became his own—
Insipid themes for others, I'll confess,
But why we sing them coldest hearts can guess.
He might recall traditions of the past
Which through aged English lips came to him last,
As when the Barrington that Durham knew
Liked to recount of tales like these a few.
When first he went to France he saw some pride;
'Twas then an upstart which he would deride.
The Duc de Choiseul was the statesman there
To whom with letters favour'd he'd repair:
But he was told that it would be in vain,
Since he would ask no stranger to remain.
He went, however, and when ask'd to dine
He found great courtesy was not the line
Of all the guests, since between two he sat,
Who, when he sought to have a little chat,
Declined to answer, did not say a word,
A trait of manners that he thought absurd.
The dinner over, Choiseul then walk'd up
Just at the time each held his coffee cup,
And said he wish'd to serve him any way
That he might choose, as long as he would stay.
No sooner had the Duke then turn'd his back
Than round the Englishman there flock'd a pack
Of sycophants who fawn'd upon him then
With servile bows befitting all such men,

Whose sham politeness, all like sordid earth,
He said he took for just what it was worth.

What gracious beings sees he round him here,
That charms possess which were to him most dear.
And yet in memory there still will dwell
Another type, known, valued, loved as well—
Of one that still would deal in common sense,
Detesting all that sounds like mere pretence—
As best described in journals of the day,
Of which the name I do not dare to say.
Then mark sweet woman when confronted thus,
With what at least can be conceived by us,
The contrasts which she yields to pompous art
Of high and tip-toe poesy a part.
The time is night when all would now retire ;
The useful lesson surely you'll admire.
A young man in a high dramatic way
Leaves her he loves to whom he thus will say,
Raising aloft his chamber candlestick,
With words that would make any woman sick,
" In golden slumber may'st thou take thy rest,"
Saith he, " thou fairest of the fair and best,
May wings of angels winnow round thy head,
May their sweet breath shed fragrance o'er thy bed !"
The other knows no language but her own,
And hates, no doubt, such poetry, high flown,
" Good night, but now be sure," the girl replied,
" To turn the gas off, and then leave outside

Your dirty boots, just at your bedroom door,
And as the walls are thin, don't, pray don't snore."
The portraits, therefore, he sees round him here,
E'en when unlike each other are all dear;
For of this last who won't forgive the style
If he will only think of it the while,
Recalling as it may one he has known
And such as he did love, he'll freely own.
Ah, me! now after seeing all the rest,
Perhaps for peace there's nothing like her breast.
Positions even that will oft imply
This turn of mind must needs attract the eye.
Pindaric praises, for the rich reserved,
Should not efface what others have deserved.
Young Dedalus, for skill mechanic famed,
Was grandson of a King, yet not ashamed
Of hatchets, saws, planes, or of any tool;
Then why should we have such a stupid rule
As that by which we estimate what's low,
In humble life which we disdain to know?
Ah well, such folly leaves no traces here,
Nor do we such positions shun or fear.
As Phidias would carve a fly or bee,
So what is far from great I'd show to thee,
Mix'd with the noble figures seen before,
Which the proud world, of course, admires more;
Although the sculptor's fame at Athens rose
Still higher for the little things he shows,
Whose art I'd humbly imitate and try
To hold their beauty up to every eye.

Take but one instance shown as in a glass
Which any day before your eyes may pass.
An impulse natural when not suppress'd
By one who is with taste, and beauty dress'd,
Where it might be you'd think the least expected,
And yet, though somewhat vulgar, not rejected,
Produces sometimes a strange, sweet surprise,
Which I, for one, would never analyze;
Unless to hint that what is thought correct
May argue, though decorous, a defect,
If not high rank but Love, be sought alone,
Which has, methinks, permissions of its own,
At which, perhaps, we feel quite free to laugh,
And even use at times good-humour'd chaff,
Provided there's no danger of offending,
As if we had a wish for aught amending.
The fancied rank of course will fade away,
But all the more may what is better stay.
'Tis not great people that make loved a town;
It may be some one of a class low down,
Whose eyes proclaim she's found a secret store
Of love and joy, and that she wants no more;
Watch'd for a moment, casually there,
'Tis she that makes a whole vast city fair.
The Muse, like Flora, wishes at her Fête
To see made happy those of poor estate.
"'Tis the plebeian chorus she invites
To be partakers of it," Ovid writes.[7]

[7] Fasti, lib. v.

"'Tis common youth she loves." So look not fell
If some of these you meet with here as well.
But more of these to study I must cease,
And grant to you, much wearied, a release;
For having glanced at some upon the wall,
You may be said in few to have seen all.

CANTO VII.

OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURES.

AGAIN another gallery appears
Fraught with past pleasures, with great hopes and fears;
And portraits as just seen in series long
No longer now must occupy our song;
Although, indeed, of memory no flight
Can ever bring before our anxious sight
A knowledge half so tempting and so fair
As what we found hung up and marshall'd there;
Since nought exists within its mighty span
So fruitful as is ever man to man.
But now with touches hasty, sketchy, light,
His memory will bring before his sight
The incidents of former restless life,
With all its movements and its varied strife.
So here adventures, so call'd, will be found,
For all such accidents most likely ground,

While thus both pleased and yet still daunted he
Will haunt the walls and walks of memory.
He is no traveller, he well might say,
To follow in the wise Fromentin's way;
"One who has wander'd" would the fact express;
But as for the results he must confess
Like him that no one from his journeys gains
Aught for which another spares no pains.
Of science from his travels nothing new
In geography, history, comes in view.
What he has seen and heard can scarce be told,
Conceal'd as oft they are in memory's fold.
But then the more interior is its dwelling
The better it will serve for what I'm telling.
Though most decided ne'er from truth to swerve,
Imagination tinting things will serve
The purpose of a meditative song;
'Tis preferable, and yields nothing wrong.
The chief result from travel he can trace
Is that it makes us love the human race;
So similar are sweet and noble traits
In every land through which a wanderer strays.
Here are preserved, distinct, and never mix'd,
All species that there enter'd to be fix'd,
Each by its special door, as by the sight
Colours, material figures, and the light,
Sounds by the ear, then odours, tastes as well,
By the sense fitting each of which we tell—
Hard, soft, hot, cold, grave, light, or sweet, or rude,
None can the grasp of memory elude,

But down each sinks into this depth profound
Where each, when wanted, can again be found.
Ineffable and labyrinthian folds
Containing all until the mind beholds,
What it desires, ranged in order wide,
Each in its proper place on every side.
Such wonders are attach'd to common things,
Of which the trivial poet even sings.

We hear at times of revolutions vast
That change in fine all matters of the past;
But nought, perhaps, can now be ever thought,
With greater, stranger alterations fraught,
Than all the modes we call of locomotion,
Of which, indeed, our fathers had no notion.
Regarding these the ancients were less proud
Than we who our own praises sing aloud,
Ascribing all inventions to our race,
With which we think that nothing can keep pace.
Whereas of old 'twas thought we owed to Heav'n
All skill, all arts that are to mankind given.
Whate'er was found within a mortal head
Was taught first by Prometheus, they all said;
But we say that we taught ourselves with pain,
E'en language, and, less strange, the railway train.[8]
Our novel ways of travelling seem thus
Than all the ancient more to honour us.

[8] *πᾶσαι τέχναι βροτοῖσιν ἐκ Προμηθέως.* Arch. Prom. Vinct.

And yet with all their faults and wants confess'd,
In some few points perhaps the old were best.
To have once travell'd as all travell'd then
Seems just as if he'd lived in former men;
And when like old Pythagoras he'll boast,
'Tis this remembrance which surprises most;
As if he'd been Euphorbus and to Troy,
In just such chariots as the Greeks employ.
He might for other reasons think he moved
In animals, as some events had proved.
Though this 'tis true not strictly will belong
To the precise point of our present song.
Pythagoras most confidently said
He'd been to Hades where he saw the dead;
Our friend might say he had spent nights in Hell
(The diligence could represent it well),
That he had once been Pyrrhus in his boat
So rude was that in which he first did float;
That too, like Hermotimus, he had seen
Apollo's temple; where had he not been?
Although a Buckler, or in whole or part,
He never found as armour for his heart;
But as for flying faster than the wind,
He cannot say like him that he can find
In memory that anywhere he past
For son of Mercury to speed so fast.
He might perhaps expect you to assent
(Judging from the manner that he went);
As in the heavy ships that look'd the same
As those in which the Argonauts once came.

That he had been Ethalides, to whom
A God vouchsafed that he should find still room
For laying up in Memory's vast store
Whatever he had seen in times of yore.—
So well does he remember least details,
Down to postillions and their powder'd tails.—
The ropes for harness, and what still less suits
The present race of men, their huge jack-boots,
Down into which lads might have wholly crept
More easily than when in them they stept—
Still room he finds for their adjustments bright,
With which they quite astonish'd mortal sight—
Their screeches, horns, huge waggons, and the pace
With which they slowly moved from place to place.
Yes, he had lived in Merovingian ages,
If not in Greece and heard its seven sages.
But such strange transmigrations must not here
Detain our truthful course from showing clear
The travelling of old and its events,
Not one of which our friend says he invents.
And yet he will persist in saying thus
These queer old fashions might have suited us.
Of course some dangers in the way might lie,
A fact that he attempts not to deny.
But then the merits also should be told,
Belonging to these many things of old.
The dangers of them he himself well knew;
Let me record here simply but a few.
So now o'er Anglesea's wild land he'll fly;
The Royal Mail and horses he'll descry.

Alas! the driver all control has lost;
He sees where they must quickly pay the cost;
For after dashing on with reckless speed,
As gallop would each swift and frighten'd steed,
He marks descending from a long straight hill,
The turn abrupt where they must have "a spill."
Then down they come, and with a hideous crash,
They fall, and see the pole and harnes smash.
Bare, sharp rough rocks before had lined the way;
But all the spot was green where now they lay,
So verdant, soft, that as was quickly seen
Their under-clothing and their flesh were green.
Though still the whole affair was past a joke,
For the poor coachman had his right arm broke;
As for our friend, you saw laid bare his skin
Like a Greek statue; but he knew within
The coach he had to hide such nakedness
A coat; so on to London he might press;
Though otherwise and still but in his teens
He could not farther go by any means,
There being not two inches sound and whole
Of broadcloth left without some rent or hole.
The others wounded and strew'd all about,
Did a quaint secret hear and then let out;
For in the upset coach a man was found
Who lay, poor wretch, the nearest to the ground,
While on his batter'd face were marks of blood
To show where a young wench's heels had stood,
Essaying through the upper window so
To join them on the safer grass below.

Her hobnail boots had left a hideous trace
For many a week upon his luckless face,
She heedless of his cries, when he'd implore
That she would tread upon him so no more.
The horses, quickly disengaged, had fled,
The guard and driver seem'd, forsooth, half dead.
While they lay sprawling on that plot of grass,
Bangor's law-bishop chanced that way to pass.
That pillar of the statesman's British church
Roll'd on and left them lying in the lurch;
He never once his handsome landau stopp'd,
But spied through glasses where they all had dropp'd
Upon the roadside, while he gently pass'd,
And only but one tranquil look had cast.
Such accidents as this of course would be;
But then just please to think and say to me,
Has science served to change the whole of this?
Does nothing now befall us so amiss?
As an old coachman lately to me said,
And shook expressively his honest head,
"Of yore you fell, of course, and there you were;
But falling in these days, where are you? where?"
Your cutter too might oft, I know, be left
Of means at night to enter ports bereft;
As when he saw old Dover Castle past,
And anxious eyes indeed on Deal were cast,
To watch if boats that might observe their plight
Would land them there before the fall of night;
When two of them arrived; and then befell
A queerish accident that I must tell.

For while he careless stepp'd between the twain,
A vast white wave did part them then again,
When down he plunged into the foaming sea,
To find how pleasant even that could be;
For icy cold upon the deck and wet,
(He thinks his teeth must chatter even yet,)
Once in the waves, he swam through summer heat,
A sudden change most acceptably sweet.
Of course he heard a female's plaintive scream,
From some sweet, tender, beauteous soul, I deem;
Misfortunes must be very close and sly
That do not hear a woman's pitying cry;
But though he sought awhile to swim about,
The sailors seized and pull'd him quickly out.
The incident though small I'd mention so,
Just to prove here to you and clearly show
That e'en by water, and no less by land,
Entire perfection we could ne'er command;
Though then to winds and waves I trow were not
Collisions added for our human lot,
Such as the so-called Pyroscaphic way
Presents with horror to us every day.

But what no doubt denoted simpler ways,
Each like an errant knight rode in those days.
Then journeys upon horseback were thought best
For seeing things at leisure and with zest.
And this I find will open such a door,
That pardon will be needed more and more;

For which occasions many will be found
To furnish for expostulations ground;
Since of this temple some will here complain,
For taking cognizance of secrets vain.
As in the halls of science you can see
Arranged some things that seem to disagree
With what you deem'd of any worth before;
So in the mind lies here an ancient store
Of specimens perhaps that if you found,
You'd leave them, where you saw them, on the ground.
Repair to Kensington, and there you'll see
What yields, perhaps, some fair excuse for me.
This temple too has many private nooks
At which a stern man with suspicion looks.
It differs no less from all others so
In letting enter both high things and low.
Whatever to Dame Nature appertains,
Thus class'd or in disorder it contains.
While seeming to neglect all rules of art
That would select and only show a part,
The ruling powers here find room for all
Things elsewhere swept away as mean and small.
What refuse in the Memory is seen,
As in wise Cardan's or with Lamartine!
Their lawsuits and their ravings there they find;
His rubbish, not exactly of that kind,
Can never be palm'd off for things as grave;
And if he wish'd appearances to save,

It should have all been clear'd away ere this;
But somehow rubbish e'en at times we miss.
To find true gems in it he long may wait,
Or what belongs in any way to state;
We might of course at once get rid of all;
But then you'd lose one feature of this hall;
For alien to it nought can ever be
That savours wholly of reality.
'Tis litter, I admit, that here you'll find
Within this vaunted temple of the mind;
But what as useless remnants many hold,
Still lying here and there we must behold.
A microscopic world within us lies,
Of which details may please though not surprise.
'Tis like a dust of atoms without number,
That in the Memory collects to slumber;
Until some movement or some light seen near
Will cause them thus to rise and reappear,
For always something sparkles in each mite,
Which can explain why it attracts the sight—
A certain germ of beauty, you might say,
If it but meet with a responsive ray
That can a colour yield to things of sense,
Which otherwise might only prove offence.
This germ at once artistic eyes will spy,
While vulgar apprehension passes by,
Still pointing at the surface with a shout
As if that surface it had just found out;
Whereas in truth beneath it often lies
Some grace, some beauty for fair mental eyes,

Which proves that whatsoever pleases well
Is not the ugly thing of which some tell;
Though should you these excuses now reject,
There's yet a reason why you must expect
To meet with coarse reality, and see
What in these nooks and corners still will be.
So as he glances at these trifling things,
And some will wonder why of them one sings,
The simple reason is we find them here,
And so, howe'er you scream, they must appear.
Besides, 'twill serve some persons to unfold
What thus has gather'd since the times of old;
That they may know how common mortals plod,
As firmly b'lieving as the saints in God.
They think that none have faith but the demure;
But of the fact I'd have them not so sure;
And, who knows? It may even do them good,
If this plain truth by them be understood —
That those who will appearances least save,
Give the same evidence as did the grave.
Each then, become a witness indirect,
On other minds can therefore most effect.
This is the secret that explains the whole,
If you deem parts would need more strict control.
Perhaps indeed it is these very parts
Which prove how good lay deepest in their hearts;
For Tartuffs French or English worship pride,
With which their minds and senses too are dyed;
While these fond wand'rings of the eye and ear
Can only be where simple things are dear.

Of follies even there may be a choice,
While of the most disdain'd we hear the voice.
Visit some other halls so full of whim,
And then you'll not be so severe with him.
Grave Petrarch has the candour to attest
That what he always can remember best,
Is when a thing, however small it be,
Has to himself been promised.[9] So you see,
With all his vaunted wisdom and his boast,
What was the treasure that he valued most,
Which may not be ridiculous I own,
Like what we find here; but who'd wish it shown?
Just hear grave Cardan while he loves to trace,
When erysipelas attack'd his face,
What money he had won at playing dice;
What meats or sauces seem'd to him most nice;
When irritation spread upon his skin,
From what great authors he could praises win.
The things at least which with our friend you find
Are always wholly of another kind;
On whatsoever ground they seem to border,
Thank Heav'n, I say, they are not of that order.
If things ensued at times that wanted grace,
It may be said at least they were not base.
Perhaps, young people whisper sometimes, hush!
But then, do say, at what will some not blush?
A chime of fancy, wrong or right, he'll find,
Or stray experience of a vacant mind.

[9] Var. Epist. 30.

'Tis lowly pleasures, homely sympathies,
Or manly boldness that with them agrees.
This temple suited to its neighbourhood
Has never lowly things misunderstood.
It stands, you know, to very poor things near,
Which not the less to it are ever dear.
The neighbourhood is low we must confess;
Yet nothing that is there we can suppress.
Poor things, forsooth! ay truly you do well
To call them such; for look just where they dwell.
And yet the Builder of this temple high
Did choose that they should thus to it be nigh.
We pull down unpretending parts around,
That such near structures fine may not be found;
But never will He let us thus get rid
Of these low things that after all are hid.
This temple on the summit still will stand
In close proximity, however grand,
To things that morbid minds deem coarse and rude,
While memory to them owes gratitude,
Slums call'd by some, though Paradise's Row,
They're named by others who their beauties know.
But Memory not one of these derides;
Whatever's offer'd safely there abides.
Careless and unassuming is the spirit
Which those who will consult it must inherit.
From the green lane or from the busy street
It welcomes all, and will their coming greet.
From the gay shop or attic up on high,
A ready entrance it will ne'er deny.

There's not a place to which it feels not bound,
However mean and humble it is found.
This temple knows no supercilious scorn
For any items which with us were born.
Though seeming the result of hearts at leisure,
It holds such acquisitions lawful seizure.
Howsoe'er poor, despised the thing and low,
'Tis always good enough for it to show;
At least to such as you who hear my song,
Who never are the first to find out wrong.
Recurring then to Chivalry's new type,
For which your boys of sixteen would be ripe,
I needs must tell of those who booted go
Homeric-like, and things quite à propos.
For formerly whatever way they went,
Their inclinations could this way be bent.
For know that there were types as if to fire
The youth who to such moulding would aspire.
The post-office had boys to carry letters,
Who rode as well as any of their betters.
There were the lads who also bore despatches,
Whose rapid riding what we read of matches.
Employ'd by Government or by the press,
They had relays sent thus as an express;
And until lately could this ancient mode
Be seen, at least upon the Dover road.
The boys would gather round them at each change
With looks that show'd they felt an envy strange;
They'd watch in silence, pointing out some spots,
And seem more pleased when finding there were lots.

Then butcher boys each day would ride you past,
And no one seem'd to think their pace too fast.
What childish things in Memory will rest!
Take as an instance one not of the best.
Ought I to show it? Yes, you say; why not?
Then let not your permission be forgot.
The picture seem'd so joyous in its way,
That in his memory he found 'twould stay.
'Tis not high "Christian art" to suit a Rio;
Yes is there somewhat pleasing in the trio
That he still sees portray'd within this hall;
Though them I'm rather puzzled what to call.
The incident is pleasant in its way,
It seems to have just pass'd the other day.
So now let me, as wanting sense, sing on;
'Twill make me tell a wiser tale anon.
He says two young ladies he saw in the street
Who one of these blue friends on horseback did meet;
He pull'd up his nag and they chatted with glee.
I own that I watch'd them with pleasure, saith he.
You ask me how came he attention to lend?
He stood at the corner to wait for a friend.
If you will ask rude questions, 'tis not my fault
When the answer responds to no lofty thought.
Although they beheld a fourth standing so nigh,
Of him they felt sure that they need not fight shy,
One just like themselves as their smiling implied;
So still they continued to chat by his side,

While now and then glancing e'en archly at him
As if they thought he would be pleased with each whim.
The one seem'd high-spirited, frolicksome, gay,
The other at first scarcely knew what to say;
Too timid by half and compassionate, shy;
And contrasts yield pleasure when thus they're seen nigh.
Her friend, while the ridden horse stood thus near her,
Would quietly keep her eyes fix'd on the spur;
Her seeming indifference did not conceal
Her glad expectation sly glances to steal;
At what she foresaw in her own secret thought
Ere long was so sure to be seen and what ought;
For though at first motionless, kept far away,
She knew that the steel would have somewhat to say;
Yet what there was in it to please her so much,
Who can tell? but watch she would each slightest touch,
Pretending in haste to be looking elsewhere,
While perfectly conscious of what went on there.
For all came to pass as she hoped it would be;
There was rearing with alternate sideling to see.
Great pride to see master'd as always is right,
Although in a horse cannot fail to delight,
Or orders quite wanton to witness fulfill'd,
When strength much superior might have been self-will'd.

The horse only made more obedient shows pluck ;
And that's why she rather liked seeing him struck ;
Without which she knew he could never be taught
To do just each moment the thing that he ought.
For though she said nothing you saw by her stare
That she was by no means displeased to be there.
While nudging her friend hard each time as if she
Might chance overlook what was pleasant to see.
Her elbow that friend would then furtively taunt,
As much as to ask, " Is not this what we want? "
Each time 'twas a sudden and clear-meaning laugh ;
No words could express as much pleasure by half.
And then there was something so quiet the while,
Still in the young rider she liked his whole style.
Perhaps this accounts for the pleasure she took,
When thus at his spur she continued to look ;
The lad could not play with it e'en on the sly
And escape the quick glance of her merry eye.
The two girls said nought, though they saw that he
wore
Nought on his left heel, and it pleased them the
more—
The tender one thinking 'twas one side to spare,
The other of something more real aware ;
The two are for ornament seldom applied,
The one is for him who will fearlessly ride ;
Neither foppish nor timid the girls will say,
And to win their approval this goes a great way.
So the three now stopp'd short, two like sisters agreed,
Then talk'd to the rider, who stroked down his steed ;

The gay one but wink'd and the shy one look'd down,
As if just to settle some pleats in her gown.
The boy slapp'd him hard as a finishing trick,
As much as to say, "Little horse, you're a brick."
Some sly, silly secrets appear'd then to pass,
To judge by the titter at least of one lass:
'Twas doubtless of songs lately heard in the hall—
Their own Metropolitan, and that was all.
They smiled and they giggled, look'd arch at each other,
As if some gay fancy they each had to smother.
The lad saw what pleased them when they did so stare,
So he just bent his heel in and left it still there.
'Twas clear that a rider who did things so cool,
Had never been train'd in too morbid a school;
The horse is accustom'd to meet with rude hands
When trotting on highways or while he thus stands,
A docile and rather a good-looking hack,
A fairish but somewhat bold boy on his back.
To the girls the whole seem'd a matter of course;
At least they affected to have that resource—
Familiar perhaps to the feminine mind,
When puzzled a little excuses to find
For what it feels certain is no grievous fault,
When all has been said of it, all has been thought.
In silence they watch'd him as if but one word,
Now ought one to say so? their pleasure disturb'd;

When one of them seem'd somewhat frighten'd and
shy;
The other half whispering thus did reply,
"Well such softness as yours would a girl provoke;
You see how his horse he continues to stroke;
Don't you see that he treats him quite like a friend;
That real affection upon him he'll spend;
E'en when 'gainst his side he continues to press,
You see there's not wanting a hand to caress—
Both arms round his neck too see smilingly thrown,
How you'd scream if you saw them encircle your
own!
There's nothing so dreadful at all in his way,
When fond words of coaxing you hear him still say;
So do not affect now, young silly, or bawl,
That pressing his heel in's the way with them all.
Besides, you should feel that he serves him quite
right,
For putting a creature like you in a fright."
"Yet," said the other, "had he let him alone,
His horse would have stood as stock still as a
stone."
The gay one replied, "I don't trouble my head
As to who first began, let what will be said;
Of course I can see that he left a slight spot;
The horse well deserved, I think, all that he got.
Besides, don't you see that he looks rather pleased?
'Tis I by your screams, I do think, that am teased.
How he arches his neck and paws with his feet!
Which shows that he finds even punishment sweet.

Although I do think that the horse scarcely knows
What 'tis that his rider would do or propose.
Then thus growing brave, too, and merry and free,
She wish'd she could get herself off on a spree.
"A pretty horsebreaker," she said, "I should make,
I'm sure you'd be pleased with him soon for my sake."
The other look'd doubtful, and shaking her head,
"I'd be sorry to see you on this one," said,
"A quieter nag, my dear girl, you'd require,"
She answer'd, 'Tis this very one I'd desire;
He can't bear a touch, you say? Well, hear my whim,
I'd see for myself just, and ride only him;
And would not I make him obey me and feel,
The nice little toy that I'd have on my heel?"
You'd have thought with the horse she was fallen in love,
And having a secret she seem'd far above.
She patted his neck and she smooth'd down his mane,
While wishing his rider would touch him again.
The more he would touch him and slily provoke,
The more she esteem'd it a capital joke.
"He did do it that time," she said; "well, I never!
I thought he'd have thrown him, but Harry's so clever!
Yet if he will keep contradicting him so,
He's sure some fine morning to have a bad throw.

How frighten'd we were both that time when we run!
To have stood on the road would never have done."
The tenses will sometimes get rather confused,
And past things seem present whereby we're amused.
Then she who too clearly had liked the thing most,
Began of that brown horse's beauty to boast.
"Poor thing, ain't he handsome?" she said; "but he's hot,
Each time that you touch'd him you left a small spot.
I hardly can think that you know what you've done."
The lad only laugh'd then, and call'd it his fun.
In truth all the time he could tell by her look,
That her own secret wishes might be mistook,
Of course she knew well how he made his horse prance;
But 'twas for that method she liked him perchance.
Then touching the steel prick with her little hand,
She wonder'd the horse would so quietly stand.
"Well, jesting apart," she said, "I should not like,
If while my hand rested there he were to strike."
While both of them spoke they kept looking to see,
If with them the strange young man would not agree.
I don't think that any face there wore a frown,
Though one of them, troubled, still kept looking down.
The roadster, in fact, only stood still the more,
Though pressure continued the same as before,

Without intermission one moment, while they
Look'd quietly on as if watching the play.
Ought one to say it? But the plain fact to know,
They'd longer have stood there to see him touch'd so,
For more and more pleased still seem'd both girls, he thought;
The taste seem'd to grow on them once it was caught
For now they no longer pretended to feel
What their bright, joyous faces did not reveal.
And she that was softest now liked the thing more
Than even the other, though timid before.
'Twas only, said they, just to teach him what's best,
To stand as he holds himself there quite at rest;
To show how his temper can always be tax'd,
While punishment is not one moment relax'd.
But however needlessly hard seem'd the touch,
The gay one said she did not pity him much.
And somehow for her part she could not find fault
With what she knew every horse must be taught,
At times, just his spirit to tame or to raise,
In which they found nothing for them to dispraise;
Since they themselves even liked something to feel
When torpor and laziness over them steal;
And when they have no such sharp contrasts to cull,
They honestly own that they find things but dull.
So thus all they saw, as so lately I said,
Was the germ of beauty that kindled each head—
The secret sly charm that thus could explain

Why neither once dreamt there was cause to
complain.
At length, as if nothing were left them to say,
Their friend nodded laughing and rode fast away.
You'd know by the sound of the hoofs in a trot,
That none of these practices then were forgot.
"Now mind you come soon to us," both of them
cried,
"Though mother says our way you never will
ride."
Then left to themselves, they both kept talking fast,
Their heads turn'd once or twice till he was pass'd;
And he who had stood near and heard all they said,
Could never the gay group get out of his head.
They were at the time just what all will forgive
Though afterwards things but as follies may live
In memory; yet to eternal bright classes,
And needful they rest with us as lads and lasses,
As pleasant to think of, for all you can say,
As state-prying fellows too busy to stay.
The longer we think the more certain we feel
That Nature's variety good can reveal.
The gay serve the wisest, the weakest the strong,
Without whose vagaries the grave might go wrong,
Absorb'd in what each some deep argument deems,
Till startled by frolics they wake from their dreams.
Their thoughtfulness is but a sleep to enthrall,
Unbroken, you'll see what will come of it all.
There may come some morbid conditions of mind,
Until to all common sense readers grow blind,

There may come of it sophists, partly gone mad,
With thoughts that would quite shock a lass or a lad;
But streets are no place for reflections so high,
Reserved for the incidents here passing by.
Not many days after he saw at a door
Tied up a brown horse like the one seen before.
He thought it was some one who moved in that line,
Said he, "If it were, 'tis no business of mine."
I mention this circumstance only to show,
That friends can be civil though stations are low.
Thus civil to call, though they ne'er had a card,
But merely to friendship still paying regard;
I mention it, too, just to show what small things
A juvenile memory frequently brings,
When seen with bright suburbs that stretch on for miles
In view of trees, hedges, green fields, paths, and stiles.
In classical anecdotes 'tis said we miss
Too oft traits of nature, quite simple like this.
Now once more I say it, just their mirth compare
With gravity such as our sophists oft wear;
For all that appears most unlike what they write
Will seem to me something that ought to delight;
Though call it you may, perhaps, vulgar rude stuff,
That one trait suffices; for me 'tis enough.
Such fanciful things are not always the worst,
Whatever you think of them say from the first.

It is not in them that the spirit will dwell
Which comes to our reason, commission'd from hell.
Besides, who could quarrel with such youth the while
Who once versed in knighthood had known its old style?
Young Bayard, we read, was much praised for this game
When thus before damsels his horse he would tame;
Those Dauphiny girls never once sought to hide
What they liked to see when they saw a boy ride.
We're told though they saw here and there a small drop,
That him they were far from attempting to stop.
"Well done!" they kept crying out; "give him the spur!"
And that is what he never heard said by her
Whose wishes could only be guess'd by her smile,
Since no word escaped from her lips all the while.
These juvenile riders their horses loved much;
But some nags there are that can't bear the least touch;
And therefore to rough lads were often consign'd
Such horses to mount which but few felt inclined;
The thought of a heel would awaken their ire;
Their eyes and their nostrils would both emit fire;
They'd dash up the necks with their heads in the air;
'Tis only good riders who play with them dare.

Then they'd rear up and plunge, still kick, and would kill
The lad on their back, who'd keep touching them still.
The proudest at last would be found to submit,
Avoiding occasions again to be hit;
A triumph then there was of skill to behold
Which e'en by a minstrel most famed might be told.
Yet still to the butcher boys must we return,
With one of whom now has been too long sojourn.
But thus it is sometimes that tongues one can't stop,
However we want them wild stories to drop.

Our hero had a fancy for the tribe
Which first began as he will now describe.
One of these azure lads was riding by,
When a great crowd assembled caught his eye.
A staunch policeman said it must move on;
When instantly the multitude was gone.
A foreigner who saw it, laugh'd aloud,
And rudely scouted all the docile crowd.
"You Englishmen are cowards!" still he cried;
Our butcher boy was not to be defied.
Down from his saddle slipp'd he in a trice;
'Twas clear that he was after some device.
Bidding another boy his horse to hold,
He strode up to the foreigner right bold.
Challenged and bade him fiercely turn again;
But, sooth, his invitation proved in vain.

"What, won't you fight us cowards?" ask'd the boy,
His face quite flush'd with honest pride and joy.
The passers-by applauded, as they might;
But off he rode, and soon was out of sight,
Leaving our friend, he says, now with a mind
Some likeness in himself with him to find;
Almost as if he thought that corduroy
Was the best clothing for a valiant boy.
Such lads had often challenged him to trot
On country roads to such and such a spot,
Not caring how the heels might be employ'd,
Provided a good match could be enjoy'd.
But then indeed in town and country both
At that time for such sport seem'd no one loth.
Men nobly task'd for cruelty preventing
Could not take all spurs off with them consenting.
Besides 'twas clear that women, as of old,
Would sanction what denoted riders bold.
They liked to see it, or, with careless eye,
Heard those who blamed it, and made no reply.
Affected sensibility was not
A female feature with the common lot;
They never seem'd inclined to hide their thought
That young gay friends did all things as they ought.
This meekness hypocritical has grown
Only of late years, as our Lamb does own,
Who thinks our older tale-writers would spurn
What morbid, stupid seems us all to turn.

With now these fancies brooding in his breast,
Journeys on horseback seem'd to him the best.
Then too the hacks of origin Newmarket
Excell'd all later. Many have remark'd it.
Thus, as an instance, he will here relate
That sped from Cambridge, stopping then to bait
But once, at Wades Mill, he has reach'd the square
Call'd Manchester, and then dismounted there
Just as the clocks about it one had struck;
But nought could e'er surpass that horse's pluck.
To Oxford rode he, Newbury and Bath;
But then he was as light as any lath.
At Chippenham, last stage, he had a fright;
For snow had deeply fallen in the night;
But soap well rubb'd into his horse's heels,
He rode on, though no track remain'd of wheels.
As if to make him like a knight of old,
A pair of spurs, though not indeed of gold,
Were given to him by a gentle friend,
And, to say truth, expressly for that end,
Which proves they are not that vile, cruel thing
That sentimentalists will say and sing:
Though farther on they led him to a fray
With singing boys about the close of day,
Within the aisles of Salisbury, where he
Stroll'd in, when they his spurs did quickly see.
They flock'd all round him, and had e'en the face
To say for wearing them in such a place
There must a fine be paid, at which he laugh'd,
And, as he thought, them rather finely chaff'd,

Bidding them see the tomb of one whom they
Had never challenged thus a fine to pay,
Commanding them to see, the saucy curs,
Where lay a knight who also wore his spurs.
He thought with this he fairly shut them up;
So to the "White Hart" back he went to sup.
But, sooth, he had adventures riding so,
Though future times may not all want to know,
And though had they been known in days of old,
They ne'er by Pindar's Muse would have been told,
E'en had she seen him stretch'd upon the plain
And rising unscathed to be off again;
For though of hunting he disliked the sounds,
He just could say that he had follow'd hounds.
Though none would cross the fields more straight than he,
The road had still attractions to cause glee;
For even then, though grass and turnips shine,
He liked still more the human face divine,
Although it might not always indeed prove
That real type which moulds the face you'd love,
As in an instance he sees painted now,
Which might have ended in a famous row.
Approaching London on a winter's night,
A farmer join'd him and a cunning wight.
To chat about the weather then began
That artful dodger and deceitful man;
Till at a gate near Shoreditch our friend drew
His rein, when th' other rode on and went through.

"Ho!" cried the keeper, "for him do you pay?"
As speedily he spoke and answer'd "Nay."
He slamm'd the gate and left him to stand there
Till after some time, coming forth more fair,
"Then if you be a gentleman," he said,
"Just after him immediately be sped,
Apply your horsewhip to his back and thighs,
That he may pay a forfeit for his lies."
A horse that had from Cambridge come that day
Was not the steed to bear him to the fray;
And once for all he'd say a horse that's tired,
Through the long city streets so deep bemired,
Must needs be treated with discretion too;
For recklessly to ride on would not do.
Another time while through a Cambridge fen
He rode by night, returning with some men,
They gallop'd fast and felt prodigious merry
Till to the river come, they'd cross a ferry;
When halfway pass'd, the river being deep,
One fiery horse would kicking, plunging keep.
He thought to hold him down, but rearing high,
In the black water soon the two you spy.
They swam together, he still at his side,
Till safe on shore to Cambridge on they ride.
A scene far different befell him later
Who of unfeeling roughness was a hater;
For stopping once to rest at Basingstoke,
He saw a man that him did much provoke.
A funeral he follow'd to the yard,
Where stood a minister whose face was har

Some women and some boys were all in tears;
But what is this harsh scolding that he hears?
The mourners standing near him o'er the grave,
This proud, rude hireling began to rave
Because, forsooth, the surplice that was brought
Was not the sullied one that he had sought,
As fitting such a place and skies that lour;
When he drew contrasts telling from that hour.

Nor was it only in our native land
That he a nag for journeys would command;
For e'en in France a post-horse he would ride
Across the sands or through the rising tide,
From Avranches to behold Saint Michael's Mount,
Which among foreign rides his best he'll count.
That holy pile "in perils of the sea,"
As it is styled, a noble theme might be.
The post-boy, who kept riding close at hand,
Bade him ne'er stop an instant on the sand;
Or else the horse would settle down so fast
That 'neath its banks would be their graves at last.
With these French post-boys would he often vie,
And some of their devices even try
With, to his own contentment, great success,
As you at once, he thinks, will quickly guess;
As when his trotting horse he would not stop
While from his saddle down he'd let him drop,
Or mounting up again regain his seat,
And think he had accomplish'd quite a feat;

Though all this leaping up and slipping down
Was rather like an English circus clown.

But leaving all this now as sooth is meet,
Since men "In chariots will conceal their feet,"
As said the Grecian Muse in days of old,
Let us the chariot of those days behold.
The posting also such as then was known,
Would ever vying with the wind disown.
Three days, 'tis said, the Sybarites aye took
When one sufficed, that they might not be shook,
Or shaken too much if you won't allow
The Muse to use her freedom anyhow.
And at the times I sing of men moved slow,
Though not for reasons Sybarite I trow.
Short distances then seem'd to have no end,
And Time would never to men's wants attend.
Three days upon the road they always spent
When from the port Boulogne-sur-Mer they went
To Paris, seeing all things well and nigh,
Which you had time to sketch ere passing by.
Thus walk'd he to Saint Riquier to draw;
Also to Corby, which with love he saw.
The former's fame Dacherius could tell,
Whose Spicilegium chronicles that cell;
The latter dear to every student's mind,
In whom least mediæval lore you find;
Both still majestic in their grey remains,
And worthy surely of a minstrel's strains.

From Abbeville and Amiens lies the way
To these vast scenes of interest pass'd away.
'Tis true through other lands as you advance
Were dangers not then often found in France;
Unless through quite the South you slowly glide
To see "gens-d'armes" riding by your side.
Posting to Darmstadt from Frankfort town,
They had to stop before the sun went down.
The forests were so haunted at that time
By brigands, that as soon as five did chime
You were forbidden to pursue your road
Without an escort that beside you rode.
This posting slowly left you time to stop
And hear what might by chance from some lips drop.
So thus while near Vienna he heard tell
Of young Napoleon remember'd well.
To Schoenbrunn the good Emperor would go,
That his great father's death the boy might know.
He shed some tears, and then to Francis said,
"Why had he been to such a distance led?"
"He injured many," was the grave reply;
"Me more than all." Which seem'd to satisfy
The lad, whom Francis loved as his own son;
But questioning him still he had not done.
Thoughtful and sad, he ask'd with scanty breath,
"By fair means did my father meet his death?"
The answer calm'd him greatly, they were told;
The Duke of Reichstadt then was nine years old.
All this he heard from one who knew the fact,
Who by his place could speak and be exact.

Now to the road again, and let us hear
Of things which to adventures approach near.
For oft did follow such that seem'd quite new
To him and to his friends. Let's hear a few.
To Salzburg and from Lambach's post-town lay
Now many years ago these young men's way.
They heard the Emperor himself had started
For the same town, and just as they departed;
Or rather say it was an hour before,
A dreadful inconvenience they fear'd sore.
But yet for all their dreary expectation
They still found horses ready at each station,
And even waiting for them harness'd there,
As if for them alone men did prepare.
Then all wide open as they drove did fly
The long white barriers that they passed by;
Till as they roll'd beneath the last they heard
A question that their minds somewhat disturb'd.
"Say are you also of the Cæsar's train?
If not, stop now, 'tis here you must remain
To pay this barrier and all the rest
That you have pass'd, as we do here attest."
Accounts then slowly settled, on they drove,
And Salzburg city saw them cease to rove.
The Emperor himself, it seems, had been
The cause of this mistake, as now was seen;
For hearing that they meant to follow him,
It was his own Imperial charming whim,
Or rather kind and wondrous condescension,
Of them at each post to make always mention;

As if their own hired courier he became
Through love for England and its cherish'd name ;
And then he always bade hosts take great care
That horses for them should be ready there.
The Diligence so-call'd for other folk
Would often with its long delays provoke.
When from the sunny capital you sped
To Bordeaux city you were nearly dead,
Arriving there not until the seventh day,
Jolted to jelly, melted on the way,
So weary that an iron nail might lie
So as to press your drowsy, wounded eye ;
And yet you could not wake up then, although
You knew what 'twas that press'd and pain'd you so.
The carriages themselves were hideous things
In France ; their speed was never that of wings.
From Avignon he would to Vaucluse go ;
'Twas all arranged for the next morning so.
" But," said the waiter, " there's an Englishman
Who'd travel with you, if he only can."
Agreed was he ; so at the dawn of day
Our friend beneath the porch would waiting stray.
The sky without a cloud, one pale gold light
Announced the near departure of the night.
At last the silence of the streets was broken
By wheels that Morpheus' self would have awoken ;
The sound like distant thunder nearer peals ;
The stranger down the stairs now quickly steals.
The silence of the town, abrupt and great,
Reign'd then again, when, stopp'd short at the gate,

The huge machine its presence only tells
By now and then the horse-neck's tingling bells.
A vast and cumbrous vehicle appears,
So black as to awaken deadly fears;
Drawn round it curtains of thick, foul-greased leather,
Not quite required, thought he, by hot weather.
The wheels, springs, roof, and sides were all so vast,
That the poor stranger seem'd to feel aghast;
When slowly walking round it twice or thrice,
He wonder'd at the cumbersome device.
He then our friend accosted, and thus said,
Who to find out his country was soon led,—
"I fear a dreadful *hating* we shall get,
When once within those curtains fairly set."
The look he gave it also was so droll,
That yet in Memory remains the whole.
But even then the French could justly boast
Of their unrivall'd, famed, and swift malle-post.
Still of this travelling, slow, he grants, but sure,
Which he while grumbling did so oft endure,
He can with perfect justice always say
For many persons 'twas a better way.
Perhaps you'll smile when he will only add
That by these means a knowledge could be had
Of smallest matters met with on the way
Of local genius—an inscription, say.
Inscriptions often indicate much taste;
But who can read them that will fly with haste?

At Ems upon a lofty tower he found
These lines, which for some thought will furnish ground.
"You see a small and but to few known town,
On which no less eternal God looks down
With love and care."[1] At Salzburg too he saw
Words that could any one's attention draw
Inscribed upon a rock through which he pass'd
By an Archbishop—shorter than the last.
"Of thee, Lord, speak the stones,"[2]—and that was all;
The maker's name was not upon the wall.
At Constance on some ancient monk's retreat
These beauteous words inscribed you still can meet,
"Here sacred, sweet tranquillity is found;
The spot prepared for it you see around."[3]
But true adventures will this method slow
Of travelling cause you at times to know.
An incident at least in one sense high
I cannot pass in silence wholly by.
The scene is now the rich, vast Lombard Plain;
You see him mounted, journeying once again;
But this time truly not with chaise and pair,
But rather like a simple prolétaire.
It now is on a diligence he'll lie,
And to a young conductor seated nigh.

[1] Aspicis exiguam nec magni nominis urbem,
Quam tamen æternus curat amatque Deus.
[2] Te saxa loquuntur.
[3] Tranquillati sacræ.

They've left Verona, now for Milan bound,
A glorious landscape stretching all around.
You know how youth with youth will talk away;
You can conceive, then, how they pass'd the day.
The journey made, they roll'd through handsome streets,
This young conductor greeting all he meets;
Who make him such a gracious, friendly nod,
Our friend began to think it rather odd
That one in such a station thus appear'd
To swells and swellesses so much endear'd.
His wonder greatly was increased when he
His young companion later chanced to see
At the great opera that very night,
Whose presence seem'd to yield a true delight
To a large circle that was quite select;
And then, what he did never there expect,
He saw him greet him as the very best
Among his friends as if of all the rest,
Saying, "When perch'd up with you scorching there,
I suffer'd from the dust and sultry air.
And you? I think with pain you likewise felt
The heat which both of us did seem to melt."
Aristocratic grace was quickly seen
Engraved upon his noble front and mien.
Some few days later asking, he was told
That young man's family was great and old;
But that late wars and frequent revolution
Had prompted his bold present resolution

To meet its ruin, as he nobly did;
While nought he ever ask'd and nought he hid.
Such scenes, in truth, had a romantic tone,
But so had many others he will own.
What stirring incidents by day and night
Occurr'd to fill him with some fresh delight!
What sweet companions often too by chance
He met in England, and no less in France;
What invitations sometimes intervening,
While youth knew not, in truth, their real meaning!
What opportunity for many pranks,
And for which others vainer would give thanks!
With wayside inns what insight has he gain'd
While for a night he there perforce remain'd.
Then he knew much of Zurich's ancient "Raven,"
Of Bruges' "Fleur de Bled," that safe fair haven,
Of Freiburg's justly famed Zahringer's "Hof,"
Nor from Cologne, I think, would he be off
Till he did rest to sketch for many an hour
In its quaint, antique hostel, "The White Tower;"
Then Rhineneck's "Crown," and the famed "Eagle Gold"
At Constance, as the place itself as old,
"The Golden Goose" at Lindau's island town;
These and a thousand others he'd note down.
And then their hosts were not men to disdain,
Though now unknown to the remorseless train;
For no one now with any landlord stops,
Or into cosy hostels ever drops,

Such as, like ancient Innspruck's "Golden Eagle,"
To stop for days were sure him to inveigle,
Where Louis Benoit Nider Kerçher's name
As one of these good hosts he would proclaim:
Who all things knew, from crystals on the rocks
To alpine pale flowers and the goatherd's flocks,
From the wild chamois on the mountains high
To what will skim the plains—the butterfly.
His tale too had this pleasant, honest host,
And one to please an English guest the most.
Sir Thomas Ackland but the year before
Had left his Inn to enter Hoffer's door.
Finding him poor, with many children too,
He said that such a thing would never do.
Back to Vienna, to the Emperor's ear
He told his visit. Next day did appear
In the Gazette an order to allow
One thousand florins as a pension now
To Hoffer aged, whose family should be
Enroll'd, it said, among nobility.
An extract he saw posted on the wall
Of his own room, proclaiming it to all.
Then at Poligny's post-house he must praise
The landlady's fair daughter and her ways;
For as he saunter'd through her courtyard there,
At some small puppies he would stop and stare,
When he was bitten by her pointer bitch;
And then her sorrow rose to such a pitch
That she and mother parsley took and salt,
As if their only fear was he should halt;

They bandaged up the wound well, for the night,
And when he left, that he might feel all right,
They pull'd and gave a rose for him to smell,
Which as the puppies he remembers well.
In memory still rests, he finds, the name
Of all the inns to which he ever came.
What recognitions also might be had
True or imagined as were of this lad!
When in the South of France, one day he met
A lady's eyes that were upon him set,
Who cried that he must be her long-lost son
Who from America, she said, had gone,
Evincing such a lively transport there,
As made him rather naturally stare.
And then, although of nothing else he'd tell,
How slight amusements chanced to please him well!
With time for always seeing this and that.
What playing with the dog and even cat!
What converse on the road with earth and sky,
As he pass'd slowly watching, thoughtful by!
And then as you moved slowly o'er the plain
You mark'd the pleasures God has made to reign
For all the humble creatures of His hand,
Whose varied joys you can't but understand.
The cottage by the road, the fields so green,
The heaths and woods and rocks that intervene,
The waving bright corn and the placid pool,
The sunny hedge sides, and the shadows cool,
Have all their own inhabitants, who seem
To pass their lives as in a happy dream.

The fowl seem so well pleased to pick up things
Their chief must often stop to flap his wings,
Quite proud, and somewhat saucy even grown,
As if he thought the whole wide world his own.
Where do they find a bar that forms a hitch
To check their rambles through the hedge and ditch;
Yet, though they'd surely think it rather hard
If not allow'd to wander from their yard,
These stragglers e'en will love the cottage door,
While ducks and geese will coast the quiet shore
Of some green pool that borders their domain,
Or azure streamlet sprang from recent rain.
The cows and oxen that while grazing still
Will roam, and never dream of future ill,
The frisking lambs, the sheep that browse away
'Midst lovely pastures all the live-long day,
The kitten that has always its own toy,
Its tail which for that use it will employ,
The dogs content with others and themselves,
The hog that in the mud so grunts and delves,
Or sees with blinking eyes from out its lair,
So unconcern'd, whatever passes there,
The sparrows all intent upon the feast
That pigeons leave while troubling them the least,
The heron gravely standing in the marsh,
The woods that slumber where no cry is harsh,
Unless it be the distant owl that screams
And flies about when man himself but dreams,
The goats with such a meditative air,
So charm'd to saunter where the rocks are bare,

The rooks that know so well the time to fly
To their safe mansions 'twixt the earth and sky,
The doves familiar, perch'd upon the roof,
Nor anxious e'en from men to stand aloof—
Yes, all these happy creatures clearly show
How Heav'n has will'd that bliss should reign below.
You pass'd no hamlet, grove, or heathy waste,
No ditch, no pool where this could not be traced
At leisure, we might say, still moving on
All was so watch'd, ere each fresh sight was gone.
O Muse of motion! say, was there not here
A charm in journeys that to thee was dear?
If these are things that some will now disdain,
Let them go on and boast their express train.
But leave him with these ancient pictures quaint
Which in this Hall he sees grow never faint.

Still, on the other hand, he needs must own
Some grievous inconveniences are shown
Emblazon'd even on this very wall,
Howe'er one would forget and hide them all.
What will not men like him at times forget?
Of books and paintings their whole once loved set,
Their past misfortunes, ay, e'en too themselves!
But in his Memory's Hall are certain shelves
On which lie many things within his reach
That dangers of the old ways clearly teach.
"Speed has suppress'd adventures." This is said
By Fromentin, through many countries sped,

At least adventures of the ancient kind,
Though others wholly hideous you may find ;
As when you read of men and women chopp'd
Into small pieces, here and there too dropt.
But if speed has its own material shocks,
It never wafts you o'er a sea with rocks
'Gainst which perhaps imagination dashes
With, what the heart should fear, interior smashes.
The old style gave you time, you know, and leisure,
And so exposed your thoughts to frequent seizure.
For whether you but saunter'd in a town,
And saw the faces that were looking down,
(Supposing, still, of course, always the best,
And quite ignoring certainly the rest,)
Or through their outskirts only took your way,
Quite carelessly just towards the close of day,
Enchanted with your pleasant, lonely walk,
Where only birds and brooklets seem'd to talk,
Though you would envy both the bush and stile,
And think how in a very little while
There might be passing from some humble door
One whose light steps would please you even more,
As giving more of life unto the whole
That you might not be the spectator sole—
Or elsewhere when you anxious look'd about
To see if others also were not out,
Who in the town before had been seen straying,
To you unknown, of course, and nothing saying,
To wander to its ancient "Castle Hill,"
Just as the country folk below grew still—

And that "there's nothing like it," some would say,
Who saw the moon upon the ocean play,
Or whether, as you saunter'd, came in sight
Some fair one who would cause a Moor to cite,
(Although he saw it only from afar)
The Proverb of the East, "Good face, good star"—
Or whether riding, and some bright ones near,
Your horse seem'd somewhat on the road to fear,
Though he was taught so archly on the sly,
They saw nought else while passing smiling by;
The horse's way their whole attention draws,
Though they might think perhaps about the cause,
And consequently feel the while aware
Of what, no doubt, had been experienced there;
For while they secretly the thing admired,
Of course they'd all know what had been required:
('Twas easy to throw blame upon the steed,
When thus to please some strangers you would need)
Whether, he'll say, you rode thus all alone,
Or to some foreign country you were flown,
Perchance when leaving England, far too young
Alone Italians to be thrown among,
Having then with some hired veterino,
Found some one rather used to a Casino,
And needing some distractions on her way,
Where travellers like her must sometimes stay,
Who seem'd, perhaps, inclined to play her part,
As if she thought to meddle with your heart—
Or whether, back again to England flown,
You'd think each town you came to was your own,

Till from some lodger that lived opposite,
A dart would fly, to slay you then outright—
Or whether at the play you'd silent sit
Near some one who seem'd ne'er to think of it,
With dress described as like "the running water,"
As Indians say of each chaste gauze-clad daughter—
Or whether staying in your own room whistling,
And not at all disposed to any listening,
You in the next one heard the merry laugh
Of giggling damsels, who each other chaff—
Whether he'll say, 'twas this way, then or there,
Without you ever being quite aware,
To whatsoever place you chanced to go
While travelling by these methods that were slow,
Some inconvenience often would arise
Which always took you wholly by surprise;
For when in fact you thought of it the least,
From perils you were never quite released—
E'en when some silent shy one brought your dinner,
Of sympathy each seem'd to come off winner;
For though you could not say there e'en was chat
(And no harm surely would have been in that)
Though innocence herself was ever there,
There was a something in the very air;
And not till long months afterwards you knew
What then was whisper'd only to a few;
Though at the time were looks to cause remorse
Perhaps just as you mounted on your horse.

'Tis certain in those ancient and slow times
Were things that would not strictly suit these rhymes.
So that, upon the whole, he thinks, least vain
May prove at last the flying railway train—
Say the express; you're always sure to be
From such entanglements at least quite free,
"Wait till the train stops!" being always there
The charge, and, when stopp'd, who has time to spare?
You'll nothing see, of course; the fact is so,
Of what to see you only want to go;
To whatsoever place you ever roam
You might indeed as well have stay'd at home;
But then, by aid of these grand new inventions,
You're safe from what, of course, one never mentions;
And therefore in this Memory's grand Hall
You should no doubt prefer and praise them all.

But now much graver sights he can behold,
That here can be brought back and simply told.

A witness of events in Paris he
Seem'd destined from an early age to be.
Had he been ask'd, he'd say he'd rather not;
What skills it seeing things you'd wish forgot?
Men talk of Paris as if there alone
Howe'er attended social joys were known,
As if it were another Ida's mount
Of love, although of dangers too a fount;

Whereas, in truth, will others plainer see
Its fruits of false or misused liberty,
The seat of dark conspirators and all
That must a gentle mind simply appall.
No doubt there's genius and with it the rest
That very knowing people deem the best—
There is the man who loveth above all
The brazen tubes that men to battle call,
Who "kindles love of fighting with a song"
Like Virgil's hero, come what may of wrong.
For all there is attraction manifold;
He who denies it must be over bold.
Yet is there wanting somewhat in the air
To give us rest and tranquil pleasures there.
Perhaps it is simplicity of mind,
Which in the fair sex there you'd wish to find.
Perhaps there's too much art, too great a skill,
Nothing like Nature and a harmless will.
This makes you feel e'en on the Boulevard
Our life in London is not half so hard.
The world in France is tyrant of the masses;
Unknown alike seems Nature to all classes.
There are no Idyls, no ideas free;
The world has banish'd thoughts of poetry.
There is no stream of common, simple life,
Wholly unknown to politics and strife,
Not knowing even that it nothing knows
About the world through which it daily flows;
Unlike Philosophers that Plato blamed,
At winning glory so, it never aim'd:

In Paris such a class does not exist;
And wholly therefore is this perfume miss'd.
Contented with their private, humble ways
Are few; but most in public pass their days.
There's wanting that sensation of repose
Which London feels from intercourse with those
Who know no more of politics or strife
Than they would know if in another life.
In Paris 'tis not Peace with Love around,
'Tis rather plots and dangers that abound.
The faces even that you meet denote
How 'tis not on each other people dote.
Elections, journals, clubs—'tis these that sway,
And the fresh "bon mot" of each passing day.
There are who'd gladly play Sempronia's part,
But they can't lose what they ne'er had—a heart.
They'll to the Bois, to plays, to mask'd balls fly,
But one can ne'er another satisfy.
In vain you'd seek the deep and tranquil breast
In which true love can find a placid rest;
And sooth the scenes that I must now unroll,
Suggest all this if they don't show the whole.
The incident, however, first he'd cite,
Only displays a grave and solemn sight.
So from Besançon passing in the mail,
He heard at dawn of day a startling tale—
That Louis, King of France, was very ill,
And, the same evening, that he was so still.
At Dijon they reported, if not dead,
He was in danger, and the bad news spread.

But some leagues farther passing Citeaux, thought
Flew back to other ages as it ought.
At Troyes next morning he saw crowds for prayer
Assembled in the church and kneeling there.
But innkeepers and vulgar merchants said,
Or rather hinted, that the king was dead;
"Though the whole truth to publish was afraid
The Government, who fear'd some sudden raid."
You've seen the knowing air such people take;
Such he saw now as they their heads did shake.
At Provins in the evening 'twas disclosed
That theatres in Paris had been closed.
At Nangis, after sunset, at his door
A baker sat, who seem'd to know still more.
The cool of evening he would there enjoy;
But not the less his tongue he would employ.
He thought that yesterday the King had died,
For a great general from there did ride,
Summon'd thence from his shooting. 'Twas the last
They heard that night; for onwards then they pass'd,
While risen high the moon hung pale and bright,
Which into Paris would their last stage light.
He always thought it solemn drawing near
To any capital; and so 'twas here.
The Mail, so certain in its steady flight,
Seem'd to bring laws of nature to his sight,
As if from nothing else could ever be
Such sure and constant regularity;
But never felt he this impression more
Than now, as he can read in Memory's store.

You know those endless avenues which shade
All roads to Paris. Theirs that night was made
More solemn still when they at times were pass'd
By some express who gallop'd by them fast.
No other signs of life in all around,
Such solitude upon the road was found,
By trees o'ershadow'd, with vast plains in sight,
And scatter'd hamlets clear in lunar light.
In mind he wander'd o'er the landscape there,
And felt some change was pending in the air;
While, as he gazed upon the moon so high,
He thought of Louis, then about to die.
For, after all, howe'er we spend our breath,
There's more than common in a monarch's death.
Arrived at last, the king was not yet dead;
But the last prayers around him had been said;
While he, expecting death, did calmly lie,
Evincing great and noble constancy.
The court and gardens saw a pensive crowd,
Who certainly lamented him aloud.
The clergy then appear'd familiar most,
As if they thought (and 'twas an honest boast)
That where death prowl'd about to leave his trace
They were the proper persons for the place.
While still the king's house shone with gold and glitter,
Although the moment seem'd so very bitter.
The guards, in most splendid uniform seen,
Pass'd to and fro, the prelates priests, between.

The church of Nôtre Dame contain'd a mass
Of poor, who pray'd, and men of highest class;
The poor quite prostrate on the pavement found,
With looks that show'd their feeling was profound.
Saint Roch was crowded even to the door
With those who mercy for a soul implore.
That evening he saw pass along on high,
Through a long open gallery and nigh,
The court returning from the chapel there
Where for a parting soul was said the prayer.
Fronting the palace gate was his hotel,
Which gave him means for seeing all things well.
Next morning about six he heard a shout
Raised by the people, who saw driving out
King Charles the Tenth, proceeding to Saint Cloud;
For from the Tuileries he then withdrew,
King Louis having died two hours before,
In point of fact five minutes just to four.
At ten, the royal palace open thrown,
In rush'd the crowds as if it were their own.
Then did the solemn bells of Paris toll,
Imploring prayers for a departed soul.
The "Bourdon" of our Lady then did sound
Above them all as from a depth profound
For two days thus the dead king lay in state;
Then the procession to his tomb was great.
He saw it pass across the crowded plain,
On to Saint Denis moved the solemn train.
Some hundred poor men, clad each with a hood
Monastic (why he never understood),

Walk'd with their tapers in the long, long file,
The loud-toned bells still tolling all the while.
It took two hours passing—that is all
That's painted of it in his memory's hall.
"The Restoration," epoch quickly past,
Had many features that deserved to last;
At least as he thought, when he travell'd young,
And deem'd that it was worthy to be sung;
Since he had read in Æschylus's "Seven,"
"A prosperous city does most honour Heaven,"[4]
That the ideal then consider'd best
Is where the people under rulers rest.[5]
"A people that will honour magistrates,"
The Greeks deem'd happiest of human states;
And this "the Restoration" seem'd to know,
And while it lasted this continued so,
At least as far as strangers could perceive,
Who knew not then the plots that some would weave.
Ah well, of course, a minstrel who would sing
Such glories past will now be thought to bring
His incense to a despicable shrine,
And to the rulers of a hateful line.
The fate of Ovid has such poetry;
For Getæ and Sarmatians all will be.
Nor Peace nor grandeur lost make them lament,
Since Revolution is their sole intent;

[4] πόλις γὰρ ἐν πράσσουσα δαίμονας τίει. Sept. cont. Theb.
[5] Supplices.

And truly since these chiefs have had their way,
Nor one nor other of the twain will stay.
Respect for these, and Pity seldom came
To tongues that would the Restoration blame.
For hark now, 'tis the sound of shields we hear!
'Tis not the rustling noise of one sole spear![6]
The thoughts of such a traveller will seem
The idle boasting of a childish dream.
"They're not inscribed on tables," he knows well,
Nor on the leaves of books composed to sell;
But you shall hear them now from one free tongue
That speaks like ancient Poets to the young.[7]
Though no ear should attend, it will deceive
The length of days and songs for his own leave.[8]
Though Quarles may see in this life all things dark,
There are within it bright sides to remark.
Of course 'tis certain that no age can be
Wholly exempt from human misery.
The Muse will be the foremost to confess
That wrongs existing cried loud for redress,
Just as the nation rose with direful hate
To change the fabric of the ancient state;
Though things perhaps were never quite so bad
As some make out, however times were sad;
And much has been imagined no doubt later,
To please "the man of sense" who is a hater

[6] *πάταγος οὐχ' ἑνὸς δορός.* Sept. cont. Theb.
[7] Æschylus, Supplices.
[8] Ovid.

Of all things mediæval and Pauline,
As when the rights of Rule are call'd divine;
Imagined too that titles might be found,
For the great doctrine of our progress sound,
Securing the adhesion of the crowd,
And make applausive cheers to be more loud,
To prove how modern thought elate should be,
With the praised fruits of its own victory.[9]
But this he will say of the Restoration,
It show'd a free and gracious happy nation;
For what in Paris lately had his blame,
It sought to soften down and mould and tame.
You needs would think whate'er in Faith is old,
Whate'er in Kingly rule was pure as gold,
Homeric in the government of one,
Only the cause for wrath, injustice, gone,
Whate'er in churches had been ever found,
For highest aspirations favour'd ground,
Whate'er in manners of a people proved,
A smiling, courteous thing that should be loved,
E'en what you liked in English faces most,
Implying charming natures without boast,
Whate'er in ancient customs pleased your mind
You saw and heard around you while combined
With freedom personal, and chief of all,
The absence of what once oppress'd the small;
In brief, what's best in modern thought united,
With what in ancient manners most delighted.

[9] P. Cahier, Numismatique des corporations Parisiennes, p. 244.

The foes profess'd "reviving thraldom" cried,
And all things to disparage daily tried.[1]
Some noble spirits with them would agree,
And only said "the future shall be free."
But these did not express the mind of youth,
Whose undistorted eyes could see the truth.
Had our friend read but journals like the rest,
He might have thought their views of all things best;
To travels therefore did he chiefly owe
A knowledge of what social bliss can show.

Thus too came back to his admiring eyes
The mediæval virtues to surprise
One who now witness'd in French life around
What he had thought in books alone was found.
When he saw France first truly were not few,
But many like those Petrarch said he knew.
The Restoration, among other things,
Revived the men with whose fame history rings,
Such as the man "most useful to the world,
A glory to his country's flag unfurl'd,
The hope of friends, the staff of the infirm,
Temple of virtue and model to confirm,
Quite simply honest, type of races fine,
Studious, respecting others in that line,
Praiser of genius, estimating well
All merits that to private notice fell,

[1] See De Maistre, Œuvres inédites, Bienfaits de la Révolation.

Envying no one and supremely just,
In whom the weakest could at all times trust.
Pious, meek, humble, affable and brave,
His will aye constant and his aim to save,
Magnanimous, munificent, and still
Most circumspect all duties to fulfil."
He, too, like Petrarch might exclaim, " Alas !
To think how quickly such great men must pass,
While he, " with praising weary, still could find,
No words to paint their high and noble mind." [2]
Such were the men that nicknames overthrew,
For thus preferring old ways to the new ;
Though " Ultramontane " was not then the word,
" The Congregation " made them seem absurd ;
For such is still the art of every age
When partisans will gratify their rage ;
There is invented always some new name,
To clothe the noble and the just with shame.
'Tis one of the pet arts now of the Press,
Which soon or late is sure to have success.
So goes the vote, the voters only know
That they themselves will and must have it so.

The Restoration tended to produce,
As an example for men's daily use,
The Christian family, with all its charms,
Its perfect freedom from domestic harms,
Its dignity, and cheerfulness, and peace,
And from what can disturb them its release.

[2] Fam. Epist. lib. iv. 7.

Exempt from faintest marks of affectations
As could be none, you'd think, of other nations,
It was so wholly safe from them, 'twould seem
The ideal beauty of a Poet's dream.
Most innocent, most happy, and most free,
'Twas life almost in Paradise to see;
So void of pride and sly ambitious aims,
You'd say that what's found elsewhere now it shames;
Such were the manners of the French château;
Provincial nobles to the last were so;
As when at Klin near Guerand he once knew
The kind Du Minehys and their portraits drew.
For many were the types it offer'd there,
The sons so courteous and the daughters fair,
And fair with that inimitable grace
In which no consciousness of art you trace;
The matrons worthy of your veneration,
And yet so gay you felt but admiration;
The father loving country life so well,
Content with goodness ever there to dwell;
While all together left you with impressions,
For which no words yield adequate expressions.

But still permit me longer here to dwell,
That I may of that epoch's authors tell;
Which by the means of travelling alone
Became to him then for the first time known.
Chateaubriand, of course, all England knew,
And possibly some others, just a few;

Such as De Bonald and De Maistre e'en,
Whose books in Universities were seen.
But it was still French journeys that first show'd
The works to which he later so much owed,
Such as Laurantie, Michaud, Goube, Floquet,
And then oft well inspired poor Michelet,
A grave man then respected at the Court,
To which he used as teacher to resort.
Of Knighthood's writers there was a whole class,
Such as Rochejaquelin, Gallais, and Mazas;
Then Villeneuve-Bargemont, Guizot and Barante,
The gravest learned men would justly vaunt;
Azaïs and Charles Nodier were famed,
And with applause by all French readers named;
Saint-Victor, in himself a noble host,
Of his vast work on Paris might well boast,
The best of all French histories yet known,
As Gregory the Sixteenth loved to own:
Then Beaudeloque, Duputrain, Alibert,
De Lacy, Lamartine, all famous there;
De Haller and Jules Janin, critic keen,
Were in their lines respective honour'd seen,
As were Gueranger, Pitra, Fauriel,
Who gives us wings in the sweet south to dwell
With ancient Romans, knights and troubadours,
Where Gaul meridional for aye endures.
While Marchangy's great work "Poetic Gaul,"
Would cast a certain halo o'er it all.
So Vallery, Du Mesnils, De Bouillé,
Villemarque and Audin, Poujoulat, Bosquet,

Le Roux de Lincy, Monteil the exact,
To chronicle with grace each ancient fact—
These, with De Monton, Vitet, were the men
Who raised the tone of literature then
To be so wise, judicious, and with grace,
That no bad sequel could its good efface.
Most names recorded here you'll find belong
To men who never sought the throne to wrong;
But some were its great enemies I know,
Commemorated here alone to show
That even in its foes the system then
Produced great authors and distinguish'd men.
For where deep truths of life are seen around,
Their very foes must ape a language sound.
Theology and science then could boast
Of some whose genius honour'd France the most.
Bautain and Fraissinous and Lacordaire,
Gerbet, Salinis, Picot too were there—
The last best known for labours he would spend
In sending forth each week "Religion's Friend;"
While Science Cuvier, Guy Lussac would show,
With Thénard, Rémusat, and Arago,
Cauchy, and for warlike tactics famed,
Jominy who with praise was always named.
Then for vast Oriental, Grecian lore,
Burnouff and Boissonade ranked all before.
No less the Muse of History could sing
Of those who to her seat would incense bring;
For Saint Priest, Ségur, Daru, and Custine,
With Mignet, Thiéry, renown'd were seen.

Yes, of e'en Thiers might that epoch boast,
Who on the Revolution then wrote most,
Who though e'en then against the throne he'd rave,
May now regret the rest and peace it gave
To men like him who cultivated mind,
Though to that good he was as many blind.
Then too were men laborious whose renown
As editors of works applause would crown.
Like Buchon and in fact with him a host
Who loved the mediæval writers most;
And Petitot's collection would alone
Demonstrate what was literature's tone;
Of these we might say their judicious choice,
Show'd the direction of the public voice,
When works inestimable, curious, rare,
Came back to light, so loud demanded there;
For when that public calls for the best page
It seems reflecting credit on the age.
Nor were the Poets left without a train
Of those who sought their mountain not in vain.
Famed Victor Hugo pension'd by the king,
Shakespearian sonnets might be said to sing.
De Vigny, Guiraud, and sweet Delphine Gay,
With De la Vigne pursued that arduous way;
Le Brun, along with Musset, Ancelot,
Were heard already on the plain below;
Désaugier, too, surpassing all in song,
Famed for his lyre, followed with Deschamps.
Soumet was gentle, Borchoux rather droll,

While Béranger, though with an honest soul,
Misled by party zeal would all control,
Opposing kings to whom he owed the rest,
Which gave him time, and peace, to sing his best.
Brizeux and Merg, too, were in the hand
Of many a youth who loved the Muse's land.
Then orators abounded, such as Greece
To hear and honour would not ever cease.
De Broglie's duke, and Roger Collard knew
The eloquence that can be claim'd by few.
De Serres, Casimir Perier, Villèle
And Foi could always with the crowd prevail;
All Legists show'd their Berryer, Dupin,
To prove that each can be an honest man;
While Hennequin the famed, respected so,
In style was known to equal Cicero.
Then too might letters boast of many a name
That might our age of slipshod writers shame.
Ballanche and Cousin, Villemain and Carrel,
Could weave at that time a most potent spell;
Joubert, though loth to publish what he knew,
In depth was never equall'd but by few;
Grave Ozenam would Poet's tracks explore,
And Rio painters in the days of yore.
Sainte Beuve and Fiévée, Cormenin and Scribe,
Who could their wit and talent e'er describe?
Polite, yet just, the first stands quite alone,
To teach what should be a skill'd critic's tone;
While the famed Viscount held a fearless pen,
To paint with genius senatorial men.

D'Eckstein the Baron, Salvandy, Sabran—
On writers such all conversation ran;
While Xavier de Maistre, Duras, Karr,
Behind them left our romance authors far.
Balzac himself had breathed that epoch's air,
With whom, though later, no one could compare.
Then at the time would highest art advance
With all the fruits of peace in happy France.
How might we sing of Boieldieu and Auber,
Succeeding Della Maria and Paer;
While Painters hail'd their Girodet and Gros,
Their Gérard, Ingres—whom all time will know.
Nor would I scruple other names to add,
Who their first youthful inspirations had
From the repose and genius of that hour
Which has a just claim to their later power,
When Flandrin so revived the Christian art,
In which e'en Ary Scheffer took a part;
While Horace Vernet, after armies sped,
To Africa the Restoration led,
And Eugène Delacroix for colour famed
With skill'd Paul de la Roche was then first named.
I think, at least, that authors then well known
Owed some successes to the ancient throne.

But what a sequel was there! To resume
The strain, that to compare men would presume.
Shall I name some? Heines, Merimée—but no,
The names that might follow we all of us know.

My courage will fail, and my harp be unstrung;
No adequate force will remain to my tongue,
To say what has follow'd, or, what is still worse,
What's likely to follow of false and perverse.
Let others attempt it in "talented" prose,
And tell what I never in verse could disclose,
That then came a period of Reason gone mad,
All sick and debauch'd, anti-Christian and sad,
Despising our nature with hatred and scorn,
A wish quite transparent, they ne'er had been born;
A judgment the very reverse of good sense,
A progress in thinking that's merely pretence,
A deeply intolerant mind in which broods
Hypocrisy hiding beneath its dark hoods.
Such were the fruits of all Faith cast aside,
Of a free Christian monarchy chased and belied.
So true it is that when respect has ceased,
And men from all obedience feel released,
The Muse must needs depart, and with disgust,
Since hordes barbarian wound her feeling must.
Whereas whene'er a Christian state has rest,
Come forth and flourish writers who are best;
At least where Faith though contradicted reigns,
Which will reject all foul and hateful stains,
Co-operate with taste, remove pretence,
And genius reconcile with common sense.

Such men and authors thus "the Restoration"
Gave then to France to glorify the nation,

All strangers who went thither to supply
With recollections that can never die.

But now the days these men foresaw draw near,
And so the good alone have cause to fear.
The storm that had been gathering will burst,
And sophists will have time to feel their thirst
Increasing still while they gain means to try,
For quenching it all methods to supply.
Therefore to other scenes he must advance,
To show what, later, he beheld in France.
Not solemn now, but simply hideous, strange,
So e'en the note upon my lyre must change.

Intensely hot had been the day;
At sunset forth he went to stray.
Avaunt all books! so now he said,
Off to the streets he's quickly sped.
You know how Paris looks at night,
The sky still pale with golden light,
The heated walls so high and dark,—
All this the English can remark.
The pavement will burn still your feet,
But breath of evening! 'tis so sweet!
He lodged then in the Rue Grenelle,
Saint Germain, pray distinguish well.
Down to the Tuileries he'll stray,
And will just pop in on his way
Where famed Desmarcs his café keeps;
Each customer at journals peeps;

And all the men you mark there seem
Like nobles of the old régime.
A waiter who well knew him there,
Whisper'd this, "Monsieur, pray take care
The Palais Royal to go round;
Be not within its precincts found;
For on the people there they fire,[3]
You'd better to your home retire."
He wink'd and hurried then away
With ice or coffee on his tray.
Such was the first announcement made
To him of that sinistrous raid,
Which ended, as three days did show,
In the old Bourbon's overthrow.
He sallied forth each night and day,
And cautious watch'd the deadly fray.
All white and well wash'd in the Seine
Floated down many corpses slain;
One was no doubt a prolétaire;
His dirty blouse was left him there;
That other—who knows? a good liver
Now naked join'd him down the river.
All seem'd like lilies on the stream,
When on their breasts the sun did gleam.
But those that in the streets did lie
Grew black as they did putrefy.

Young friends he met whose breasts now wore
The colours they despised before.

[3] On tire sur le peuple.

He smiled interiorly to think
How some men's highest spirits sink.
For his part, he disdain'd to wear
Their tricolour, though well aware
The risk he might incur thereby
From furious bands when passing by;
So when they came, lest they should note,
Immediately went off his coat—
A somewhat over-prudent way
Not to be drawn into the fray,
While still he had not bow'd the knee
To what he deem'd iniquity.
He met a learned scribe, who said
That to his printer he was sped,
That his hieroglyphic page
Might not be stopp'd at such a stage;
But that the moment seem'd not quite
Propitious to receive its light.
So he would only hasten back,
Whate'er his printer then might lack.
To Merlin then his friend he goes,
Who would his precious bookshop close;
For then along th' Augustin's Quay
The mob advanced, intent to slay.
In fact, a ball that just was sped
Lodged in a book quite near his head.
Each night seem'd short; for ere the dawn
Commenced the din of battle drawn.
A colonel of the Swiss famed Guard
He heard was dash'd down to the yard

Of his own barracks. He pass'd on;
'Twas in the street of Babylon.
He knew not then indeed his name,
Or for his flight he should feel shame.
Alas! 'twas but the night before,
Within his friend De Haller's door,
That these two had the evening pass'd,
And little thought it was his last.
Through bloody mire of dead and dying,
He pass'd where friends and foes were lying,
Incidents he'd now curtail,
For what avails the hideous tale?
But now the king and court have fled,
The dead may bury all their dead.
A change of measure even in the song
To such confusion may, I think, belong.
Some startled Irish students wish'd to fly,
At least not to be noticed, passing by.
He gave them short coats, colour'd ties quite small;
He stripp'd himself, but he disguised them all.
I think the metamorphosis was great,
Which only made these young men more elate;
And so they parted as right joyous friends,
And this part of his story with them ends.
He knew them not before; but those were days
When each to help another sought some ways.
He knew not if they left the college so,
For afterwards they never let him know.

But 'twas a merry item in the row,
Which with some pleasure he remembers now.

The Sunday came, and some would dare
Within the church to say their prayer.
Alone the clergy courage felt;
The others trembled as they knelt.
'Twas the ninth after Pentecost
When that great kingdom thus was lost.
The Gospel for the day was such
That many it did startle much;
It told how Christ had wept to see
Jerusalem's futurity,
Had prophesied its speedy fall,
Its trenches, horrors, ruins, all;
But whatsoever each one thought,
About this no one utter'd aught.
'Twas left for other days to feel
What sieges later did reveal.
There were in Paris then who thought
That some advantage could be sought
From what had pass'd for holy Church;
But others said, "She's in the lurch,
And mass will never more be said;
Such old things now like that are dead."
'Twas ask'd him gravely whether prayer
Would ever once more be said there;
Parisian youth so well saw through
The aim of revolutions new.

Return'd to London, no one seem'd
The king like him to have esteem'd,
Though with him, the plain truth to say,
His tranquil hours seem'd pass'd away.
Some even to his great surprise
Look'd on his fall with raptured eyes.
Of course the journals led the way;
"For France it is a glorious day,"
Said all who boasted of good sense,
The fears of others chasing hence.
"The future now," said they, "is sure,
'Tis nonsense when you look demure."
Those still averse to what was new
Seem'd but to constitute a few;
'Mongst whom his banker, sooth, was not
Whose words and looks he ne'er forgot.
He had a most expressive smile,
Though very busy all the while,
Saying, "So you did see the fight.
We here in town were in a fright;
At first, we fear'd might fail the stir—
All's right now—there's your money, sir."
The whole though said and done so fast
Did in his memory thus last.
But now more years have pass'd away,
Through Paris once again he'll stray;
And would that I had not to tell
How very long he there must dwell;
Although for students I will own
It stands unrivall'd and alone.

Its vast collections are so near
To every one to whom they're dear;
Its libraries are so free
From what is found a bar to be
Elsewhere where still are such delays,
That scarce with many patience stays;
Its lectures all the while supply
Instruction varied for the shy,
Who their first studies would renew,
While unexposed to public view.
Then Boissonade, himself a host,
Gave lectures that did please him most.
The galleries of art in reach
Of even strangers much can teach;
As when to paint he used to roam,
And feel the Louvre was his home.
In fact 'twas there he first would paint
For churches, martyr, king, or saint,
Or legend as at Argenteul,
And elsewhere where they still are full,
Of works of his to serve the end
For which henceforth his time he'll spend
So that in Belgium and in France
His zeal would, if not fame, advance;
E'en Africa amidst her sands,
Where now Saint Cyprian's village stands,
Sees in its church a picture tall,
Which shows at least he paints for all;
While Ireland and England too
Had proof of what he'd try to do.

Ever so far beyond the sea,
America his works can see,
As can Australia and the Isle
Of Alderney; and all the while
Great thanks to him were often given,
As if these works had dropp'd from heaven.
For even maires, priests of all ranks,
Would letters write to give him thanks,
Until a hundred churches now
Have realized his secret vow;[4]
While still all England might command
The future products of his hand.
But to say truth, the English priest
Is one who values pictures least;
He's known one constant to this whim,
Begging he would not paint for him.
Perhaps they think that some object
To pictures hated by their sect;
They think too pictures spoil the wall
Whose lines should be distinguish'd all;
And then, besides, what cost them nought
Is always something worthless thought.
Some there are too that art disdain,
At least who of his skill complain.
He can't command, of course, 'tis true,
The genius of great Montagu,
The Marquis who thus every day
To make such presents finds a way;

[4] One hundred and twenty-five.

But though no masterpiece may shine
He can do somewhat in that line.
I hope you'll pardon this long strain,
You know that artists are all vain.

Well these facilities for art
As Paris could so oft impart,
To leave in silence all the rest,
Suffice to make that town the best
For those who cultivate their mind,
And care not other joys to find.
Still one of such men ne'er was he.
In London he can feel more free;
And now I have again to show
Occasions that would prove it so.
It is not that he wanders there
And still finds nothing that can scare;
Nor even, what is elsewhere hard,
That there none need be on their guard,
Against sly traps that men will lay
To catch you on the public way;
Which with such dangers may abound,
As he himself in Paris found.
For as the Louvre court he cross'd,
A strange young man would him accost;
He wanted to be shown the way
To the Rue Dauphine, where he lay.
Told that our friend was going there,
To part with him he did not care;

They walk'd together while he spoke
Of what suspicions soon awoke.
"A stranger surely you must be,"
He wish'd to be of use, said he.
He had at home some tickets rare,
And one of these indeed he'd spare
For him, who with it could behold
What draws all Paris young and old,
He needs but follow to his door,
A moment wait, he ask'd no more.
Mistrusting all he'd do or say,
Soon as 'twas found he knew the way,
Our friend resolved to wait and see
What he prepared to do and be.
Come to a door and told to mount
Along with him, take no account
Of the dark passage or the stair,
Too narrow one was well aware;
The third floor reach'd, our friend would stop
And more acquaintance with him drop;
But being much urged on he went
To find what might be his intent.
Who to another room did pass,
From which he came and cried, "Alas!
My absent wife has got the key,
But just a moment stop with me.
Here you can see a table stand
For billiards, all at your command;
Though first, I pray you, take a drop
Of wine with me just while you stop."

'Twas lifted to his lips at once,
But then he thought that for the nonce
Enough was known about his ways,
That danger waits for him who stays;
So while the strange host quickly ran
To fetch for them some other man,
"A guest who chanced with him to stay,
And who might like with them to play,"
He slipp'd down through the outward door,
And trust him to be caught no more.
It is not then that traps like these
In London no one ever sees,
And that in Paris they are found
Laid cunningly for all around,
But that the discords which are there
For strangers hateful things prepare.
What life more odious than when each
Would politics profess and teach?
In Paris there were, as he knew,
Haunts well kept hidden from the view,
Where in deep silence and by night
Pass'd things that peaceful men would fright.
Societies call'd secret then
Had their secluded evil den;
And for an instance let me tell
A fact by him remember'd well.
He knew there a skill'd Abbé Count,
Who thus his story did recount.
"A friend," said he, "did lately call
To leave with me purse, watch, and all,

Saying that he was bent to pry
That very night in secrecy
Where these conspirators would meet
In Saint Génévière's new street,
Where chiefly vine-topp'd walls are found
Dividing solitary ground.
He left these things and took his way.
What pass'd was heard another day.
He had the first word like a key,
Arm'd with which he would be free
To pass quite unsuspected in,
As if a brother of their kin.
Beyond a little garden there
He found the strong and grim repair,
Where, seated like the rest, he hears
What soon awakens deadly fears.
"My friends," the President then said,
"By information I am led
To know there now is in our sight
One who to enter has no right;
So now the second word pass round,
That the said culprit may be found."
Judge of the stranger's deep dismay!
He kept his cool and off-hand way,
For, nudging his next neighbour sly,
"My stars," he said, "what memory!
I feel that I must seem absurd,
But just remind me of the word."
'Twas told him. Question'd, he replied;
On safety thenceforth he relied.

But then the scrutinizer came
To one who answer'd not the same,
Who instantly in some den nigh
Was heard with dying tones to sigh.
An agent of police was he,
Who'd dive into their mystery.
Who expiated there and then,
His efforts to betray the men.
Another time reports were spread
That well might scare an English head.
'Twas said on an approaching day
That Paris would behold a fray
As terrible as any known.
That he was troubled I must own.
Directed by an anxious friend,
To Garibaldi he must wend—
The Internonce, with no great fuss,
Whom carelessly he question'd thus:—
"Pray, think you, is there real ground
For this opinion now around?"
That Genoese, sagacious man,
Then look'd on him as only can
One versed in diplomatic lore,
And an Italian ever more.
He answer'd not, but gravely rose,
The door that led without to close,
Then bade him draw his chair near him;
His fears almost o'erflow'd their brim.
The rooms were vast in that hotel;
The very silence seem'd a spell

Connected with the solemn air
Which the sly Nuncio chose to wear.
He seem'd afraid of his own voice;
A finger raised seem'd more his choice;
At last he spoke. "Young friend," he said,
"I cannot wonder at your dread;
But I a fact will now disclose
Which no one here, perhaps, well knows.
Lend an attentive ear, mark well
The secret I'm about to tell.
If aught should happen on that day—
Tremble to think of it you may—
I am for nothing in the fray.
'Twill be no deed of mine. Know that."
He laugh'd; our friend then took his hat,
Leaving him merry with his joke,
Which him he knew would not provoke.
But where, then, did not our friend feel
The fears that o'er all spirits steal?
While many call'd on them each night,
To bed he went with hideous fright.
For to their salon there would come,
As to a safe asylum, some
Who rather scream'd than talk'd for hours,
Depicting how the moment lours.
There like pure ignorance sat he;
And looking simpler nought could be.
For all his thoughts, howe'er express'd,
In whatsoever colours dress'd,

Were sure to meet with a reception
Most pitiful without exception.
They're so daub'd o'er by politicians,
Who will insist on their additions,
They've made so great a mess of where
But to advance them once he'll dare,
His whole interior contradicted,
As if of being null convicted,
Having these orators to thank
For making such an utter blank,
In all his views, however settled,
However he himself felt nettled,
Just as if colours they had mix'd
That were upon his palate fix'd,
Until the whole then to the sight
Became confused a dirty white,
He says to such a mental fusion
Was he reduced, to his confusion,
That hopeless was it to essay
To any anything to say
Respecting any subject then,
Such contradictors were these men;
While those who knew and heard them best
Found as dark omens as the rest.
An English friend now known to fame
Would shout like them and all men blame,
Demanding, "Will they be content
With pillage, or on murder bent?
Will they now all our lives destroy,
Yours and my own with my poor boy?

For pillage I am well prepared
If such should prove the object dared ;
For in a mattress have been sewn
All the chief jewels that we own."
What charming music, was it not,
To go to bed by on the spot !

Monotonous is all the strife
That now belongs to Paris life,
A change-loving society [5]
Admits of no variety.
Democracies that rise and fall
Denote sufficiently to all
That somewhat very like decline
Awaits us in the civil line.
So hark again, the cannons roar !
And monarchy exists no more !
O'er barricades of greatest height
He has to climb his way by night ;
And that too on an errand bent
The most unlike to their intent ;
Politely treated, he must say,
When guards had heard what made him stray,
Who with a lantern would guide,
Attending closely to his side,
Still in succession as he went,
From each to each on purpose bent.
But still 'twas no great charm to see
Revived the French democracy.

[5] "Rerum novarum avidi."—Tacitus.

Physicians some days later told
'Twere better to be not so bold;
'Twere safer for the one he loved
To be from all such scenes removed,
Which threaten'd daily to become
More sad and perilous for some.
So one in still a weaken'd state,
They had without the least debate,
Or waiting longer than a day,
To pack their trunks and haste away,
Rolling up paintings from the wall,
Stripp'd of their stretchers, frames and all,
Effacing e'en their fleur-de-lis,
Lest raging mobs their shield should see
Upon their carriage as it pass'd,
Until they had escaped at last,
And had regain'd the shores so dear,
Where peace would no such discords fear,
But bows and arrows would supply,
By means of poet's phantasy,
A contrast to the guns and smoke
With which poor Love is there awoke,
To find he has no longer place,
Where a new Mars, of still worse race,
With hideous shouts and flags absurd
Will let no other voice be heard
But his own cries of "Liberty,"
Forsooth too and "Equality,"
And what will prove as false as hell,
"Fraternity," as France can tell.

They sped from him to myrtle groves,
Where each of these in person roves,
Without pretensions or a boast,
Though these 'tis England prizes most,
While proving none need feel a shame
For things of mythologic name.

CANTO VIII.

OF LOVE.

PENSIVE he walks, so many portraits seen,
Grave, solemn, grand, with some fair ones between,
But such as wore too that majestic air
Which plainly said that love must not be there.
Though neither they nor you, perhaps, can tell
What is Love's nature intimate quite well.
That love is felt, of course, can many say;
But what love is, in fact, none ever may.
Its course one may accelerate or change;
Its source for each remains for ever strange;
The force of the great torrent some will own,
But what impels it must remain unknown.
Some think that love is for another clime,
The bliss he grants intended not for time;
Others, like Balzac, say it breathes an air
Which proves to genius a pernicious snare.

Dark spirits from the soul of Nature far
Thus led astray can't see things as they are.
Others intent on strict and social rules,
Look down on all but fashion's formal schools,
And no distinctions ever seem to know
Unless those that they call of high and low.
Draw back the curtain, enter with him there,
And other paintings you will witness rare,
All masterpieces by the hand divine,
However censors choose them to define,
Most dear and e'en inestimable grown,
Though each such gallery will have its own.
Affections of the soul in memory dwell;
But how? Augustine saith, "he cannot tell."
How moral sentiments can thus endure
He can't explain, although the fact is sure.
How pure realities once pass'd away
Can here be found, he thinks no one can say.
But so it is in matters of the heart,
From which, by Memory's aid, they ne'er depart;
Else would e'en many names grow obsolete,
As that of Love would be, however sweet,
As the word "health," unto the sick would sound
As in some strange vocabulary found.
The seat of Memory, the ancients said,
Was in the heart, they thought, and not the head;
The word, remembering, in Latin show'd
'Twas from the heart alone its treasure flow'd;
Which thought of theirs, indeed, can best explain
Why Memory will chiefly Love retain.

Some things are here too deeply felt veil'd so;
Which you'll forgive him if he will not show.
There must be close retreats where souls can fly,
Ay, e'en the presence of their Memory,
To find themselves as if quite wholly lost
In thoughts conflicting and affections cross'd.
Yet know that there within that curtain lies
One still who our analysis defies.
The good and fair in her came forth to sight,
To worship God, e'en here her chief delight.
Nought was there wanting but that final glaze,
To fix for ever that on which we gaze,
Which there imparted has to her now given
The everlastingly fix'd grace of Heav'n.
A world with her of pure joys pass'd away
Must therefore yield to that of but to-day,
O'er which, perhaps, she tenderly looks down,
With the same front that never here could frown.
But leaving this deep-veil'd and holy spot,
Let us repair to what is not forgot—
To things of fancy, natural to all,
Which may, as such, be found within this Hall.
And though through order strict led not their ray,
Who knows? The fault may elsewhere die away,
While only past realities remain
From social dangers left without a stain.
Celestial pity! who will limit place
To what it will pass by, forgive, efface?
Irregular to sight howe'er things be,
As outward nature seems so often free,

The kindred impulse need not be denied,
Though alien to nought else, but only pride.
And so the pilgrim through this world may find
Some Beatrix appearing to his mind.
So noble seem'd the theme in days of old
That one of the first printed books e'er sold
In France, most Christian then, was said to be
That "of two Lovers," and their history.

What might not in Euphorian's mem'ry dwell
Whose tomb said, "All through life he had loved well."
There would be trains of thought from time to time
Beyond all puerilities of rhyme,
Beyond what hackney'd sentiment supposes,
With all its hateful talk of wine and roses;
There would be generous and faithful deeds,
Sprung from soft Pity for some special needs;
There would be the old instincts of our race,
Where Love, not heeding money, we could trace
Before the genius of great Balzac tried
To prove that nothing with pounds sterling vied.
There would be wishes true love to deserve,
And never from his dulcet lines to swerve;
There would be hopes for faults to make amends,
By casting to the winds mere selfish ends.
Whatever be the objects of that flame
With or without aristocratic name,

As in the oldest Poem of the Greeks,
Which to immortalize some women seeks,[6]
There would be then for woman true respect,
Which at no moment could itself suspect.
But there would also be desire to please,
A custom too of being pleased with ease.
And pleased with what you'd think no muse would sing,
The mere attendants on that sort of thing.
Such as disclosures, laughable and free,
Or owning what they rather like to see,
However slight, traits common unto both,
To tell which other people would be loth,
Queer fancies, themes for talk, in brief, the style
With which fond lovers can an hour beguile,
Unlike all others, caring not a straw
To speak of aught save what they lately saw,
Which thus related, as in Love's recess,
Now woven into song, he'd here express.
At least, as these belongings suit some ears,
For still to change with persons each appears,
Even with nations, too, I think, they must;
Lamartine can so thoroughly disgust,
At least, our English sense of graceful mirth
To which true Love, without bombast, gives birth.
But then, what's rather strange, our English speech
Can more than other tongues Love's object reach.

[6] Entitled ἠοῖαι μεγάλαι.

With outbursts of its own, well known to those
Whose depth of fondness need no empty shows,
Nor aught of that unpleasant affectation
Which here is so abhorrent to our nation.
There would, in fine, be freedom from restraint,
But such as would not warrant a complaint,
A certain honest liberty, although
With care that none its latitude should know
But those to whose familiar ear alone
It was unveil'd, and without danger, shown.
For Love abhors the wretch who would betray
His secrets on the common public way;
Though he will smile at words that merely tell
What those who hear already must know well,
Who not the less may choose to glance at what,
Like summer rambles, they have not forgot.
Love had his songs, well known in days of yore,
As those report who study Grecian lore.
The songs thus of Eriphanis were famed;
Those, too, of Stesichorus were named;
And Harpalyces, also, grave men tell
Had songs which might have suited us quite well.
Joy and great enthusiasm, even grief,
Supplied the words from whence they drew relief.
Our Lovers, no Arcadians, seldom sing,
Yet matter for the Muses will they bring.
Of which some faint idea he would give,
Which, howe'er light, he hopes you will forgive.

For, though we always shun what's not quite proper,
This Muse will have her mirth, and who can stop her?
Her themes have their necessities, like rhymes,
Which may cause some embarrassment at times.
As if the rites of Ceres we must publish,
Though what we sing is only harmless rubbish;
Its only merit being that it lacks
The stamp of certain fiction-writing hacks,
Whose pictures of contemporary manners
Can make us fly to any other banners,
We care not what, provided only they
Are never found in Novels of the day,
Which ours are never, since they all belong
To files quite common, fit for rustic song,
That never in your drawing-rooms appear
Where they would look plebeian and most queer:
So that at least will novelty be found
To constitute with us true Lover's ground.
Oh blame not Poets if they turn away
From kings and nobles of the present day
To seek the people, and with them to find
Love, thoughts, and language worthy of mankind.
But think not he would wish me now to sing
As if on a bold Harpy's sullied wing,
I sought to cast what's vulgar o'er the mind,
Whose food, though simple, should be still refined.
All know how passions can affect the heart;
How even in the mind they'll play their part.

We see not always objects just the same;
We praise one moment what the next we blame.
Not only divers persons often see
The self-same object with diversity,
But the same person finds the object changed,
From what he once liked totally estranged.
Yes, in an instant, 'tis another world
Into which, thus transported, he seems whirl'd.
No doubt at times will enter in conjunction
Discordant elements with other function;
For passions have been known to wear a mask,
To set some noble mind a servile task.
While what some blame alone, or more than all,
May not for greatest anger always call.
Nomenclatures themselves may oft require
A sense their framers would not much admire.
But here, as in what follows, I would be
Not wrapt in clouds of dark obscurity,
To puzzle those whose talk I would describe
A very simple though a sharp-eyed tribe,
Who often think of more than they need tell,
So true to Nature is their well-loved spell,
Imparting thus an insight that oft shames
Those I allude to fond of calling names.
But will they understand this? Well, so so;
As if they did not, they would bid me show
The meaning, at least, later to their mind,
Being so far of Monsieur Jourdain's kind;
Which meaning I will leave them to collect
From what will prove congenial, I suspect.

Still, be this what it may, he can't but think
That Heav'n, at times, on their light chat will wink;
It is so far from all that need offend,
So free from selfish or ambitious end.
And this thought now emboldens me to sing,
As through low bushes I my flight must wing
Once more, though now it is in Memory's Hall
That he finds laid up, often hid up all
In which, at least, lurks no false proposition,
And still less, systematic opposition
To what we honour with respect profound
Howe'er we ramble o'er the Muse's ground.
If you will fancy there's a hostile whim,
You'll own that nought is compromised by him;
And, after all, whatever words you spend,
The worst whim tells an injudicious friend,
Who his grim folly gives for solemn truth,
Offending thereby age as well as youth.
The wise, deep thinkers of the ancient fold
For recreation would let much be told.
Although, no doubt, in books they would preserve
A certain stately absolute reserve,
They took for granted, we can't always be
Averse to song and soft hilarity.
But had these lived in later times, as now,
This fact itself they would perhaps avow
To generations that can best be won
By freedom such, when all is said and done.
Yet still he would not contradict the stern,
Although he thinks that they have much to learn.

His whole set theme will now to them seem low,
But then they're so wrong-headed, ever so!
Just only mark their long and wrinkled faces,
Their thin pale lips, with obstinacy's traces.
Nor much more mercy has he to expect
From men who worldly sentiments affect,
Who give no praise, unless where they can trace
"The best Society," that yields each place,
So coldly rational in all they do,
And wanting others to be like them too,
Ready with haughty Armande to exclaim,
"Oh minds of a low story—fie! for shame."
If some won't heed them, what deep harm in that?
If they say "great," I'd only take my hat.

For Love is not unworthy of a song
Which to a good old side will still belong,
No small advantage truly in an age
When on all other ground men vainly rage,
While here, at least, might disputations end
With finding there can be one real friend,
Who speaks more to the heart than to the head,
No such great evil when the whole is said;
Though rather light and careless in his way,
And many airy things inclined to say,
This minstrel for his theme thou shouldst not blame
As if involving Memory in shame,
Supposing unobjectionable pairs
To represent the course of love affairs,

As far as talk and manners they effect
Which they oft would far more than we expect.
If thou shouldst think the painting is too free,
Oh, like Ulysses, he would beg of thee,
Another Nausicaa, just to throw
Thy own fair mantle o'er what lies below,
That for intentions, he may yet be known
To have no wish but what thyself might'st own.
Let us then dwell on things to many dear,
Which he, our hero bids me sing of here,
Things that can yield at times a certain charm,
And cannot any common mortal harm;
Since Love is known to be of all things best,
In which assurance we can ever rest.

But Love in masquerade will sometimes glide
Where one is seated at another's side.
An hundred ways of loving men have gone;
Whereas sweet woman knows of only one.
De Virmond even has made out the list
In which no ugly hideous form is miss'd.
'Tis more a Demon, then, that dares to shew
His odious coils as winding from below;
For there's no serpent crawling upon earth
More sure to put an end to all true mirth
Than he, the villain, who at first will try
With Love himself for a brief space to vie.
Well known in Heathen times, 'tis Ovid's page
That best can prove the horrors of that age:

Saith he, "By Lovers let no foe be fear'd,
But only dread him who is most endear'd.
Fly those you trust, and safe you'll always be,"
Oh what a contrast to our chivalry!
The wretch exists, perhaps, the same as then,
But now he seldom moves far from his den;
And when he ventures, there's a certain rule
By which he cannot ever Love befool;
For he betrays his real flag, though furl'd,
By tones and words that all bespeak the world.
From what you heard him boast, his worthless aims,
You ought to know him under various names;
While Love too has a language of his own,
Whereby no less he can be always known,
Whatever words escape the outward lips
Of one who rapture from another sips,
Who may fling off what language deems its best,
And in the sense of naked truth take rest,
Not like the far-famed novelist of France,
Who tries to tear from Nature her romance
With hideous science and a well-filed tongue,
Most hateful to the delicate and young,
While turning human nature to an art,
And with what vaunts! which make some poor things start—
Experienced Physiologist, who boasts
That of young women he had studied hosts
With cool deliberation, and had found
For loving them there is no real ground—

But one without a drop of venom such,
Who, if he thinks like them, esteems it much,
Who to the fact, that simply he nought knows
Of literature, e'en might boast he owes
His power to Love, as the great Hebrew said,
He for that reason was to true force led ;[7]
For sooth, although the fact is very strange,
Enough some specious views to disarrange,
There seems in over-mental cultivation
A consequence that might be call'd privation,
Whereby we lose the faculty of Love,
And from its whole domain ourselves remove.
The talk, and even looks of such a wight,
And his whole air put all Love's thoughts to flight,
And shut them out with just as fix'd a rule
As would the base demerits of a fool.

But leaving all this misery to slumber,
For who could even half its evils number?
Let us go rambling on with this and that
Just as your Lovers like at times to chat.
These are not shepherds. So far well and much ;
Since in most songs like this there's only such.
What here I'd sing of, is the fact that they
Have singular exemptions in the way
Of conversation, confidential, glad,
Which never any other mortals had—
A certain privilege that they enjoy
Which, if assumed by others would annoy ;

[7] Ps. lxx.

For when together seated they may choose
To play with wing'd darts, and as such to use
Words that convey a perfect understanding
Beyond what orators have at commanding,
Though on the ear the words themselves will fall
Just as the common prattle used by all.
To analyze them no one need be sped;
They add a sound to what the eyes have said,
Denoting an instinctive verbal skill
To leave all free to think just what they will,
Imposing titles never upon things,
But speaking as a gentle Poet sings;
Since then we are most popular, least rude,
When words to shun Love utterly eschew'd,
Discarding old mythology as well,
To yawn down what would others that way tell;
Yet using hints like Nature in her way;
Although, of course, some things themselves must stay.
For theirs is not what's called the noble style
With which some Lyric Poets will beguile,
Which signifies just nothing all the time,
To say which seems the object of their rhyme;
Whereas, we needs must own these Lovers' speech
Means always something though they'd no one teach;
Which fact need none acquainted with them scare
Since no outsiders are the wiser there.
But hints you do not like, for, as you say,
A sense of somewhat wrong they must betray;

Yet many points we hint at in discourse
Which passes always as a thing of course.
The art of hinting need not much displease,
For who does not fall into it with ease?
What boastful hints, and broad, by you are given
At your disdaining what is loved by Heaven!
How oft you hint at having lately sat
With this great Lord and Marchioness, or that!
At visits, invitations, just to show
How Princes you familiarly must know!
What hints at recent honours, hoards of pelf!
Then keep your harsh aspersions for yourself.
As Sganarelle once said, you may suppose
"Fagots there are, and fagots;" but for those
Who here are furnish'd with a rich supply,
That they're for use, of course, they won't deny,
Just when their conversation's growing cold,
And some bright sparkles they would near behold.
'Tis strange how soon they make a cheerful blaze,
And never to have learned does amaze.
That Lovers thus can hint they will confess,
Assuming that art as a fitting dress
For language; but their words they don't select
In order to pass censures indirect:
'Tis not the faults of friends that they imply,
Like those fine ladies who in speech are sly.
On something else, I trow, their talk will run
When speech is only nods and winks and fun.
Perhaps at times they do think that becoming,
While what can injure no one only humming,

But then, at least, in that sense they are free
From what some wish to find—enormity.
In brief, survey the vices of the tongue,
You'll find the worst are not their faults among,
Though e'en a double meaning may be used
Without offence, at times, when not abused.
But all these arts of speech that would succeed,
Of Love and great simplicity have need;
For at their faintest use by other breath,
They chill, disgust, and torture more than death.
It all depends, then, on who may be there,
Whether they charm to ecstasy or scare;
For that's the only word to represent
What follows elsewhere from the same intent;
So true it is that Love has of its own
Both ways and power, without it quite unknown.
But there's a deeper cause for all this fuss
When blame is lavish'd on "the like of us;"
For pride, you know, can never seek such play
As pleases tongues that nothing grand would say.
That utter what flies to them, fearing nought,
Though trenching on the part of eyes and thought.
And sooth 'tis no rhetorical debate
When such are they who form the tête-à-tête.
An orator, and Consul above all,
Would hardly like to join in talk so small,
Where to preserve a style no effort's made,
And no regard seems likely to be paid,
Except to choose the plainest common word;
For any other would be thought absurd;

As if Pan's sister, Ignorance, would sit
Along with them to keep off too much wit,
When there's thought beauty even in a fault,
And grammar quite correct is not what's sought,
At least when cumulative terms are used,
And neither thinks the language is abused,
When the speech instinct is still found more strong
Than the sense logical which deems it wrong;
As when a double negative is heard,
And schoolmasters alone are thought absurd
For seeking to stop wildings on their course,
Which rise against them with elastic force.
When both find too that they can then less say
Than what they could upon that very day.
It is the Roman Poet too who says it,
If for Hibernian speech you give me credit.
But now a rather curious fact we'd state,
Of which the truth admits of no debate,
For when two thus sit quietly alone,
'Tis found that but few fancies are unknown
To either of the twain, though elsewhere vow'd
In silence all such visitors to shroud.
Of course they know them to be rather wild,
But without such say where's the smiling child?
And then you see they feel so solitary
That thoughts from common life are apt to vary.
All solitude is solemn, people say;
So but imagined here, they needs must play.
Though throngs may haunt with them the bright
parterre,
For them it is the lonely green wood there;

Excepting that they feel perhaps quite nigh
Some presence that escapes the keenest eye.
Doubtless 'tis not Minerva that stands near,
But some one else who steals upon them here.
They both lack sense together Dorine said,
Such unsubstantial things are in each head.
I dare not say an unseen Seraph waits
Beside them there determining their fates;
Though Heav'n has doubtless often had its winnings
From just such small, inadequate beginnings.
Perhaps 'twould suit our humble theme much more
To speak as not untaught in classic lore,
And say 'tis one who laugh'd the while to see
How sure to wound us he can always be.
But here I think I'm getting into clouds,
Which what I want to show from many shrouds.
Would the unseen had enter'd not my head;
For this is contradicting what I said
About discarding images like his,
Who wears so clear a mythologic phiz,
To whose strong chains they stretch out conquer'd hands,
Preferring them to motiveless demands
Of Gallic sophists whose distorted eyes
Pretend to see what at the bottom lies,
While aping moralists with such an air,
You'd think that it was Virtue who was there.
For Christian captives, though chain'd face to face,
May find some solace for their wretched case;

Since a sweet laugh or a more moving smile
Can e'en the thought of bondage quite beguile.
At least the calm endurance of a pain
Can lighten more the sorrows of the twain,
Without much danger of offending Heaven,
Than grave discourses all to malice given;
And malice often dictates conversation,
When no one can suspect there is flirtation.

When speech flings off its stiff and formal dress,
What's left at times there are, of course, who guess.
Just as in sultry weather we don't care
For thick protections from the outward air,
So will speech strip and cast some bonds aside
As bent what is not wanted to deride.
It even seems to give to each a kick,
As if it should belong but to the sick,
Since here at least with them it can dispense,
As silly things opposed to common sense,
The flinging off of which it thinks a treat,
To fetter'd tongues most acceptably sweet;
So this and that are torn and dash'd away
As if not one periphrasis must stay;
And when such fine adjustments one by one
Are flung aside until they all are gone,
The simple words remaining are not found
To open hurtful or unpleasant ground,
Like those of sophists wrapt in thickest folds,
Through which they hope their sting no one beholds;

At least there's nothing left of latent pride,
But only what will suit when side by side
Those who may think the world should hardly be
Entwined with even speech eternally
With things it has no right so to control,
While claiming for itself the power sole.
For what's the charm of this sweet open air
If etiquette and drawing-rooms be there?
If lips are closed excepting to their tone
When only two are seated thus alone?
Protection's needed even from the best;
Then how much more confronted with the rest!
A drag seems wanted e'en for heavenly men;
What worldly wheels should have I ask you then.
If Virtue's self, e'en saints, will need a check,
Without which what is best may prove a wreck,
Surely our reason and good sense should be
For worldliness a clog in secrecy?
'Tis that great concentration of man's pride
That would merge even lovers side by side,
From which there must be never an escape
Let come what will to it in any shape,
Which ne'er would suffer them to fly away
Although but for some momentary play;
Unlike what's best, which often winks assent
When cause for some distraction we'd invent.
Methinks the world itself cannot feel sure
That its alliance brings advantage pure;
For one condition ever seems to be,
That it should metamorphose things we see.

If e'en Religion sometimes might admit
That mundane gifts and ways have sullied it,
And really 'tis boldness to deny
That hateful things have thus approach'd it nigh,
One cannot wonder if we hear complain
Poor common Love of substitutions vain.
The air that comes from worldly views of right
Is apt at all times tender germs to blight,
And their effect when motives are the best,
The truth of such predictions can attest.
Whatever most escapes from this great harm
For human hearts must need possess a charm;
Yet this is what the good will seldom see
Although proclaim'd by even History.
A fighting Bishop and a base, false Lover
The end of such conjunctions can uncover;
And so true Lovers fly from the embrace
Of even good that wears a worldly face.
The world, no doubt, should have its own domains:
But the worst is in them it ne'er remains.
It is not now, of course, as once of old,
When its oppressions were more plain and bold.
Ah, gracious Heavens! so many laws and rules,
So many fines and costs and tyrant's tools,
The rack, the torture, cunningly devised,
The wide distinctions all so highly prized,
At every step a court, an act, a chain,
A warning, dungeon, and for ever pain.
It is no longer now by mutilation
The world maintains its unjust domination;

But still it has its galleys and its threat
For all who its prescription once forget;
Its bars conventional reserved for those
Who are the weakest as it always knows,
Who for one long past fault must never dare
To breathe with strong offenders the same air.
Still are they bound to glebes with harder toil
Than e'er belong'd to those who till'd the soil.
It has its outlaws and its prohibitions,
Which need from pagan customs no additions.
What hear we and observe from to-day?
The world's proud kingdom and its cruel sway—
At every turn its cries, its laws, its blame,
Its harsh fell edicts for awarding shame,
Refusing others with a cruel hand,
Though gifts of nature it cannot command,
With false scales weighing every ounce of treasure,
Kept for its own so slyly without measure,
Its sentences irrevocable, stern,
For those whose youth could not its dictates learn,
Its pitiless severity for all
Who did not for its honours early call.
Chain'd, rack'd, and cribb'd the faculty divine
Is circumscribed within a narrow line.
No place of refuge from the world's dominion,
Which claims exclusive right to an opinion,
All things must be so thoroughly subdued
To suit its recognized and standard mood;
Though no great virtue hides within its robe,
Howe'er the loves of others it would probe.

It heeds no Muse, no wish, no sigh, no tear;
Forgiveness, mercy, it will never hear.
While boasting that it has the voice of Heav'n
Against itself we know of nought forgiven.
It tramples on the fallen as accurst,
And keeps its envied vouchers for the worst,
As some may be whose motives are not higher
Than to obtain those vouchers to aspire.
If it relaxes once, "'twas through mistake,"
And all the town shall know 'tis now awake.
From its harsh lips indulgence never fell;
Its rules are those of Satan and of Hell.
Yet e'en its victims seek not this to show;
They would not more than it be thought to know;
While the oft outraged Muse will seem to start
As if she could not understand her part,
Consoling many in her secret way,
Inviting them through her lone fields to stray
Where feelings though *subjective* doubtful call,
What rules *objective* will lay down for all.
Still breathing but a moderate complaint,
And only such as would become a saint.
"The World," say Poets, "stays with us too much,"
The sum of what they urge is only such.
Whatever be their own strange complications,
Not deeming them e'en worth commiserations,
(For some must prosper, some with sorrows stray,
Thus with time swiftly runs the world away.)
They would respect, and have all others serve
The laws which human happiness preserve.

But they love no exceptionless extremes,
And take for granted sometimes that which seems ;
At least 'gainst others they've no spiteful grudge,
And over them will never sit as judge.
They would have thoughts well clad they will confess,
But not for ever smother'd in their dress.
Times and occasions teach to draw the line,
While Love not man's proud saying is divine ;
So that a leaning sometimes to that side
Need have no evil consequences wide.
At least it hardly seems a grave offence
When Lovers think so and without pretence :
They scarce can wish "their flesh had been of snow
Instead of earth, and bones of ice, that so
They might have thaw'd to nothing," pass'd away
And never felt on earth a summer's day,
As Quarles once wish'd with a distemper'd mind,
Complaining of "the Builder of mankind."
Prefer to flesh marble, Balzac says he must ;
And Cardan swears flesh fills him with disgust :
But Lovers, though some rail at it and storm,
Will not charge all faults on the fleshly form,
Though not thereby confounding good and ill ;
The gulph between which recognizing still ;
For no sound critic plays so well his part
As the keen judgment of a woman's heart.
So thus they'll sometimes prattle as if free
To yield and catch a momentary glee.
'Tis one thing towards some others to direct
A stream that might injuriously affect

The crops they cultivate, who want their land
To be unwater'd and as dry as sand;
For all grounds, Virgil says, can't all produce,
Though each kind's wanted for the gen'ral use.
'Tis quite another, letting freely flow
Over what elsewhere cannot injure so;
As when a sudden flood at mills will rise,
And the poor millers no one should surprise
By suffering to bubble through their sluice
What, pent up longer, would be of no use,
But only serve their banks to undermine,
However silent the deep pool might shine.
To do this Virgil's Georgics would allow;
But where for mind is there a Virgil now,
To say to us it need not harmful seem
Howe'er discolour'd be the rapid stream?
'Twill pass so quickly when the solid shore
Will prove as firm and trusty as before.
And what if some will like to plunge below,
To play in currents that will glitter so,
As if there was a magic in the eddy
Which left about them nothing over steady,
There seems no cause to raise an angry din
When no one else is ask'd to sport therein.
There are such moments in this passing life,
When we can play forgetful of its strife:
False science with its slang so wounds the heart,
'Tis well to haunt scenes where it has no part.

For let us now remove in mind elsewhere,
And themes of conversation just "compare."

There are who speak of culture and its need
If we would have our race from evil freed,
Subjecting Lovers even to the rules
Which now are paramount in certain schools,
To free their "evolutions" from all clogs
As if they were but cabbages or dogs.

There are who talk of kings, states, great and small,
Or of republics as the best of all;
There are who echo newspapers, and hope
Some scribe's new pamphlet will put down the Pope,
Amazed that any to such talk are cold,
Though fifty thousand copies have been sold.
There are who backbite their familiar friends,
The talk of Lovers never that way tends.
No confidential, keen remarks have they
To criticize an absent person's way;
So that compared with many call'd most kind,
Quite common-place and childlike seems their mind;
Though Charity is logical far more
Than he who of invectives has a store.
You see I have to show what Love effects,
And so you find here what no foe expects.
Perhaps there may have been what they regret,
Which not while chatting gaily they forget;
But then 'tis seen a sense of our own fault
Can make us speak and think just what we ought;
Perhaps there's nothing like it, as some say,
To make us talk exactly in that way.

For Love, so stript of every kind of pelf,
Is nearly sure to blame only himself;
So clearly is he son of a poor mother,
He's never seen to look down on another.
Then some who even steer clear of their friends
Grow tedious arguing for solemn ends.
Antisthenes, Aristippus are dead;
But their old questions trouble many a head.
Jerome the Rhodian, Demonax the grave,
Eudoxus, Epicurus, still will rave
About the source of happiness for man,
And the same questions, as if secrets, scan.
Some would of conversation make a school
Of dialectics all with line and rule.
Like men whom Petrarch heard with such displeasure,
As disputatious without end or measure.
Who would Enceladus much better suit,
Or other giant anxious to dispute,
Than two who seek with no one to contend
'Gainst man or Heav'n any words to spend.
There are who would transfer to daily life
The cunning art of diplomatic strife,
As if the use of words were to conceal
Thoughts and their meaning never to reveal.
There are who all about themselves will talk,
As the best topic on an evening walk;
Who'd have the whole world listen to their doings,
Down to their haughty letters and their wooings.
Sooth all but Lovers would have much to hide,
To prove they are not sway'd by selfish pride.

Some talk of dinners, parties, no great matter,
As Byron says, "a Dandy's dandiest chatter."
Some in odd senses use their words, as "touch,"
Meaning, like brokers, money and how much
They hope to gain, or have already gain'd,
Where what the French call "coupons" are retain'd.
So many thousands, perhaps millions, seem
The constant tenor of their daily dream,
Not sooth of such things as might here be thought,
But of francs sterling which each marriage brought.
But Memory herself forgets such counting,
Finding Love's thousands here to more amounting,
Which have indeed a value of their own,
Though not exactly at a banker's known—
Language, nor prose, nor verse, perhaps they think,
And truly too, for neither is a wink;
And to speak thus in neither verse nor prose
Shows somewhat of a talent I suppose;
While, if you want the audible as well,
Some terms they have which what they want can tell—
Not one perhaps a dictionary word,
On that account with greater pleasure heard,
But all right simple, neither praise nor blame,
Yet just the thing itself howe'er it came,
Not sounding rude, though how they learn'd them so
Is what no deep philologist can show;
Save from tradition popular each passes,
Which has its phrases whisper'd in some classes,
For the especial use of those alone
Who like to have some secrets of their own,

Directed neither against Church or State,
That never argue, spite, or scorn, or hate.
A secret vast society is here,
The only one that neither has to fear ;
And sooth if but the Muse would speak her mind,
'Tis this conviction which she there will find—
That what we sing of here so careless thus,
Proves an important good for all of us.
Of ancient thoughts our times are so bereft
That Lovers seem our only guardians left,
Not only these and motives to preserve,
From which the false philosophy will swerve,
Not only truths divine to cherish ever,
And make us err with proud, vain pedants never,
(Since God for Lovers is their true resource,
And not the sceptic's "unknown Cosmic force."
And arm'd with noble, hearty resolution,
They care not for his talk of evolution ;)
Not only while emotional the best
Are they to yield both hearts and minds their rest,
Not only truths of nature to assert,
But from our world of letters to avert
A total ruin, a complete subversion,
Since for its ground our sophists teach aversion,
To substitute a jargon of their own
Which, if it reign at all, must reign alone.
No phrase like that of protoplasmic roots
Or forms primordial any Lover suits.
Just try to please them only if you can
With proofs of bestiality of man :

Old fossiliferous, Silurian times,
Or Miocene with their talk never chimes,
Then Anthropogeny is quite as bad;
Taxonomy objective makes them sad.
Phylogenetic has no charms for them;
In no Ens seek they for their race a stem.
"Man's place in nature" they will think to be
To sit beside them here beneath the tree.
And as for your Hipparion they will say,
'Tis like yourself, parade it as you may,
In having but "a certain kind of heart,"
In which they own they want to have no part.
Antipodal to these is Lovers' talk,
And that is why with them I'd rather walk.
Though no one cares what either of them say,
Too busy each to think of them or stay,
Unless it be the trees themselves and flowers,
That seem to know why thus they sought their bowers:
For things inanimate appear to love
As they too love, all other thoughts above.
The solitude around them seems to know
How well it were for us if more were so;
Instead of trying ever to cast doubt
On things which mind most wretched are without;
For while they're just what ignorance allows,
They ne'er protest like those who cancel vows.
Just think a moment; how could they protest
As if a voice in grave things they possest?

They are not those who draw near Truth in mind,
And who through pride are truth the last to find.
They have no great ideas, each immense,
Their only wisdom is plain common sense.
Humble they are ; so let them sit and chat,
There's no philosophy or wit like that.
Although the sophist ridicules and stares,
The art of coming to the truth is theirs.

Yea, more than this, I think, we may advance,
When noting the effect of Love's sweet trance,
Which has an intellectual result
That many with advantage might consult,
Who decompose, divide, and think it much,
Though only half is known in science such ;
Whereas to reunite and still compose
Love's happy state of mind much better knows.
The higher an intelligence will mount
The fewer are th' ideas it can count,
Since then it will comprise the types it finds
In the least compass, while inferior minds
In a much greater number will distribute
Those types which to such things they will attribute.
Just in proportion as the minds of men
Approach their Maker will ideas then
Diminishing in number still go on,
While He sees all things in himself in one
Idea, simple, infinite, and sole,
Which is His essence that contains the whole.

"But this," you say, "is Lovers to deride,
Ascribing to them views so vast and wide;
This is poor Lizzie and her friend to mock,
And needs must all judicious hearers shock."
Yet what is it but only this to hold
That their ideas can in brief be told,
That they have but a few in which they see
The world, and Love, and thence infinity?
For Love is God, we know, howe'er you scorn;
And for this one idea they seem born.

But now I fear I'm growing sentimental,
Rather too mystic, if not transcendental.
I don't deny they wish to be obscure
To strangers—of each other only sure.
As for their fondest theme they rather dread
By the gay passing people to be read.
Yet what can strangers make of their sly book,
Where half the text was printed by a look?
Upon the bench wide open let it lie;
It can't be read but by the Lover's eye.
There's nothing laid around them to ensnare,
They praise decorum as a vital air.
Unlike the Scribes who please but to pervert,
From all who pass they mischief would avert,
Down to the dog who crouches at their feet,
To whom, at least, they can say something sweet.
For Love is full of tenderness for all,
As if awaken'd by some silent call.

Methinks the sacred Muse herself admires,
When Selfishness with all its train expires;
When to all others who may near them be
The very air they've breathed yields modesty,
Which has such magic for the wildest eye
That other thoughts and aims it will defy,
As if there were more pleasure in restraint
Than in all else that would imply a taint;
The sole ambition being then to show
How pure like them all those who see them grow.
No biped that some chance before them brings
Will find on leaving he can't use his wings,
Nor rise as fancy free to Heav'n to soar,
As in the calmest hours he could before.
They use no lime, nor are their words a net;
The heedless bird has nothing to forget;
The trap they use is for themselves alone,
And into that they consciously are flown—
Artistically even, we might say,
All comeliness has over them such sway—
But secretly I own; since Love is such,
It plays so many parts, and knows so much.
I sometimes think there is a mystery here,
To all the population justly dear,
Causing each thing before them to present
A special side to further Love's intent,
That Lovers have exclusively a light
Which renders handsome whate'er comes in sight;
So that the poorest of all common things
Can, somehow, to their bosom's love give wings,

With which they fly above all worldly pride,
Content with only Nature at their side,
In all its simplest, homeliest attire,
Which more than cloth of gold they will admire,
As if it made Cerulean Angels so,
Without the least exclusion of the low,
However clad who still can play their part,
And reckon always on some faithful heart,
That finds a smack of beauty in their brown,
Eclipsing all the tinsel of the town;
As if, when all worn in a careless way,
It caused e'en boyhood with its grace to stay;
And though in this light thus to view mankind
May suit not men of an ambitious mind,
I'd ask the gravest of them all to show
Now in what other, while on earth below,
Our race appears more innocent and free
From hideous faults, whatever else we see.
Yes I do think this Lover's view of life
Surpasses that of all who'd see but strife,
Some selfish interest or some hateful glory,
That they themselves may be a theme for story.
A secret world thus at their own command,
They've private keys which nothing can withstand,
Wherewith through nameless Beauty they can enter
Love's magic circle as a kind of centre,
Never exclusive of the highest sphere,
But part of it, perhaps, concentric near—
For them a part of it, while others soar,
And heed such flying round and round no more.

But tell us why should not be simply gay
Those who at other times know how to say,
And, what is more, to feel what's noble, grand,
Which, after all, they best may understand ;
Who know that Heav'n they love, yea more than all,
With heart inflamed, and tears that starting fall ;
For if they seem one moment rather wild,
The next will show each the submissive child.
Ah ! not in opposition should we see
The thoughts of Love and Heaven's felicity ;
And 'tis a sign, perhaps, of no great art
When only contrasts such will play their part.
But Nature and Religion are more kind
Than certain Muses whom with Pope we find.
" Turning to creatures," Bonaventure said,
" Is not a sin that any one need dread ;
If from great God there be no turning then,
For that it is which makes the sin of men.
To be delighted with the things He wrought,
And to feel all their beauty is no fault."
The ancient Poet even said in song,
That intercourse with Heaven should belong
To Lovers into whom a spirit glides
From seats ethereal where it aye abides.
" There is in us an aptitude," he said,
" For commerce with what reigneth over head ;"
That Lovers are with that sphere in relation
Appears from even one sole observation.
For look you now, attend to what you see ;
And soon, I think, you will agree with me.

Beforehand you can tell what way will act
As if you had already seen the fact,
In churches those who seem for Lovers born,
And others whom a real love would scorn.
These strangers you deem loveable in whom
The thoughts and ways of Love have ample room,
Are seen with haste to fall upon their knees,
While others, from whom Love would fly, one sees
Seated quite unconcern'd, and with a face
Such as they'd wear in any other place.
The first, who seek to hide emotion, weep;
The latter one stiff cold demeanour keep.
It looks as if they even felt a pride
In postures that their greatness would divide
From people more impressionable ever,
With whom a common feeling they'd have never.
Could any argument more plainly show
That Love's true centre is not here below?

But this remark, perhaps, agrees not well
With the bright parties here of whom I'd tell.
Let's leave it to attend to lighter things,
Of which the Muse romantic rather sings.

Together thus they feel they need not dread
Expressing what comes first into their head,
That from each other they need nought conceal,
Rememb'ring nought to which they may not steal,
In words that of themselves somehow can charm
An honest heart, and can produce no harm;

Like tales that tend to ossify the mind,
And make it to what's true and beauteous blind.
For be assured they have a certain rule;
Their fooleries are not those of a fool.

Some themes are separate that nought resemble,
Which make it only right we should dissemble,
Although they change much more our views of things
Than do the votes with which our Senate rings,
Since they add beauty even to the sky,
Embellish sites, and none know how or why,
Gild an horizon more than evening light,
Paint all things lovely though beyond our sight,
Transform a suburb, wholly change each spot,
Do it by some one being there or not—
This street grown gloomy, that so bright and gay,
All by one word, as "there," or "gone away."
Yea, even as in fables quaint of old,
They make us twofold persons oft behold,
As if them both we equally well knew,
And each, no longer one, in fact was two.
Just as we find these both now seated here,
To these distinct themes glad to lend an ear,
Each person so divided, being one,
From whom the other for a time has gone,
The two remaining now more free to laugh,
Since each is of itself the smiling half;

And smile, no doubt they will, with lightsome heart,
Feeling no doubt at all about their part
As they may catch some glimpses more or less,
Whatever words gloss over or express;
Which like the notes of birds in lone woods spent,
Have no faint sound but what seems innocent.
For mark this, never will such talk agree
With aught that savours of duplicity,
Or other and intentional misdeed,
Such wholly guileless hearts 'twill always need.
'Twill need two hearts so welded into one
That even if the persons should be gone,
The union will remain so close that they
Can never to themselves a word unsay.
Must not such talk to goodness then belong,
Since it cannot endure a shade of wrong,
Unless from such mistakes, with one it grew,
The other would respond, "I pardon you"?
At the first thought of any interest base
It loses charm, stops short, and leaves no trace,
To yield to what would suit the sternest chair,
The most profound and the most proper there,
To speech that any Puritan might own,
Or Seneca himself of old had known.
It so belongs to truth and to the Lyre
That consciousness of guilt it's sure to tire,
Or rather from the first to irritate
As something which that consciousness will hate,

To which the songs of nightingales would be
A dull and wearisome monotony.
No, let's not be too hard upon the weak,
Who but an airing through their fancy seek;
Having their own sly subtleties to use,
Though not exactly what would Bélise choose.
What pleased as real, now enveloped so,
Becomes as sweet, idealized to grow;
And Language has its envelopes, its veil,
Through which shines beauty lovelier, though pale,
Diaphonous for sharp and practised sight,
Although to other vision dense as night,
Just as an artist by a hasty touch
Can show the whole to those whose eyes are such
That in an instant they can well discover
What has no shape or meaning for another.
These Lovers' tongues seem fraught with Grecian art,
And so can play a somewhat varied part.
Then do let me expatiate awhile
On ancient Painters and their special style.
Now first, I will admit, their tongues appear
By no means over rigid or austere
In colouring, like pictures, Pliny said,
By grave Aristolaüs 'waken'd dread,
Or Antidotus, whom Euphranor taught,
Another, too severe, he likewise thought;
For where good temper smooths all harshness down,
Faces will seldom freeze with looks, or frown.
Why do they smile? you'll ask, with what intent?
They'll say, 'tis only they feel so content.

They would not always seek what's trite to show,
Employ their pencil only on the low;
Nor, like Apelles, would they paint the grand,
But rather what they both can understand;
They do not show us greater than we are,
Like Polygnotus, likeness all to mar;
Nor yet, again, like Pawson, do they try
To make us worse than deems the common eye;
But they, like Dionysius, paint us just
What we are here in truth, and no less trust
The image in their mind which they think right,
As pleasing to their heart as to their sight;
For, unlike critics, with their censures wide,
They see all things upon the pleasant side,
And many beauties often will detect
Where dark-brow'd sages point out a defect,
Perhaps, through sheer displeasure at the wine,
Or dishes even where they had to dine.
So that both Poets and these Painters too,
Can learn from lovers what is best to do;
For, though of Aristotle they ne'er heard,
Now otherwise to talk they'd think absurd,
Opposed to facts, to common, plain good sense,
Exaggerated, silly, mere pretence.
Still, least of all, Clesides could we call
Their master, when his picture we'd recall,
Painted through spite, Stratonice to shame,
That she might ever bear an odious name;
Though that Queen wiser, better far than he
Would leave it for all Ephesus to see.

They've no malicious laughter in their cup,
To flout the absent or to show them up.
Their tools, like Habron's, only are inclined
To paint affection and concordant mind;
And Grecian artists far more oft supply
An image of their style to every eye;
Thus, like Pyreïcus, they'd let be seen
Cheap, common things, which others try to screen,
Nor would they, as some, even lay much stress
On taste in furniture, or cost in dress.
And Philochares, too, foreshow'd their voice,
Who painted common people as from choice,
Whose picture of old Glaucion and his son
For many ages admiration won
From both the people and the Senate too
Of Rome, though Pliny thought 'twould never do.
Like Callicles, they paint some pictures small,
Like Calades, at times quite comic all,
Or, like Antiphilas, they'd both unite,
Proving how little things can much delight.
For local colour they are rather bold,
As was Apollodorus too of old;
And Aristides might his pupils own
In them who always follow Nature's tone,
Their traits of fancy being often droll,
As when he painted what was on the whole
Rather ignoble, though 'twas said to be
A proof that he would stoop to pleasantry.
Nealces too their model might have been,
In all whose pictures incidents were seen,

For seizing which he too was greatly famed;
You saw each thing without its being named.
Observant and ingenious thus they are,
To all attentive, and from nothing far.
Nor is this art confined to either sex;
For that would one or other highly vex.
So Lala, of whom Cyzichus would boast,
Has pupils here, perhaps, that practise most;
For she was quick of hand, and could portray
As swift as lightning what she wish'd to say.
These Lovers' hands will thus fly all about,
Before you know where they are in or out.
But then for quickness Nicomachus knew
To rival her whatever might ensue.
Protogenes himself might be compared
To both their tongues, when mirthfully they dared.
In him it was an impetus of mind
Which taught him always what he sought to find.
For brush nor tongue can bear with much constraint,
As Aristotle found who'd have him paint
The deeds of Alexander, so to gain
"Eternal glory," which he counted vain.
The talk that passes here beneath the tree
Will hold itself from all such shackles free.
A Lover's tongue is like a painter's brush,
To both of which we'd sometimes whisper, Hush!
Though both excel, as Pliny can attest,
In hiding objects, just to show them best.
The "*clear obscure*" they also know right well,
Or what to speak of and what not to tell,

For as all Painters, who win chief renown,
They show some plainly and they tone some down,
Like Nicias who distribution made
In all his pictures of strong light and shade,
Which is the substance of what artists mean,
When they will have the clear obscure be seen.
There still are other Grecian Painters thus,
Who represent this language unto us.
For need I add, such tongues will light on dress,
Like Polygnotus, and its charms express.
For gowns and other things that women wear,
He used to paint, and with a skill then rare.
But 'twas Timanthus who could best succeed
In what I own these Lovers' tongues will need;
For in his paintings he left always more
To be imagined than he set before
The eyes of those for whom he plied his art,
To whom he only told as 'twere a part;
And, leaving much for them to understand,
He show'd artistic genius truly grand.
'Tis so with these sweet players on the tongue;
Their genius too in that sense might be sung;
For having quite a singular address,
They make you see much more than they express,
Which is to pay a compliment to each,
As if there's much they need not always teach;
A compliment most delicate you'll own,
Whatever be the subject supposed known.
So thus I think that all must now admit,
How Grecian art agreed with Lover's wit:

Nor would I be ironical conceived,
For if you think so you are much deceived.

But leaving Greece now for their quiet walk,
Let us observe how without art they talk;
For this conformity with genius old
In them was Nature, let what will be told;
And their sweet fooling, practised face to face,
Attests the fact, that here 'tis her you trace.

All dialects yield pleasure to Love's mind,
When to impart it two will be inclined.
Provincialisms traced can form a bond,
Which makes the hearers only still more fond.
Ingenious in its changes will their voice
Have incidents unnumber'd at its choice.
Their words are lighter than the rustling leaves,
But there's not one that either heart deceives.
'Tis but a little, simple, sweet duet
Which the glad songsters never can forget.
No poet has sung aught that can compare
With the Elysian field around them there.
If grave Erasmus once would folly praise,
If Thomas Morus liked such pleasant ways,
'Tis rather hard, when in less thoughtful times,
You blame these Lovers' confidential rhymes,
Vented as both will sit beneath some tree,
Content with what they think or dream they see.
"I know," the former said to God's own martyr,
"That you at times would be inclined to barter,

For folly such all pompous gravity,
That hates and worries harmless pleasantry.
For e'en in such distraction you can find
Certain ideas that refresh your mind,
And furnish gravest sages with some thought
That can assist their speaking as they ought.
Democritus you think not always wrong,
Whose eyes regard things as they seem in song.
I know you will accept my small blue flowers,
As being wise, a man too of all hours."
In this respect will age agree with youth,
And see in gentle things the charm of truth.
The lips of fierce Achilles may distil
Gall and whatever is akin to ill;
But Nestor views things in a light more sunny,
And from his tongue there falleth ever honey.
So here too some enjoying calm will wait
And sit like those who heard him at the gate.
Pretentious wit alone is out of place,
While what they lately heard or saw they trace.
To Painters we compared them in their style,
Let's see them now as Poets for a while.
The language of Love's light felicity
Is somewhat Grecian for simplicity.
In fact details familiar are so told
You'd think the taste was classic as of old.
The antique genius scrupled not to name
Things that involve no necessary shame.
The ears of Lovers, delicate far more
Than others, of refinements seek no store.

Simple like Truth itself is all their speech,
Whatever in its depths they like to reach.
No point-blank rudeness dares to them come near,
But over-strain'd great niceties they fear.
The forms stiff, ceremonious that some use,
With most periphrases they'd gladly lose.
Their ease and youthful courage of expression
Will suffer no such modern suppression
By habits hypocritical of tone
Of great correctness stale and morbid grown.
In a bluff, cynic style of conversation
There are who seem to seek a compensation
For what they give up to be deem'd the best,
Whose talk all Lovers true will most detest.
Such ribaldry is found to wound them sore
Who heed decorum ever more and more;
For they are graceful, not like censors rough,
Knowing that modest Nature is enough;
Who when she'd please them best is seen to wear
A gentle, serious, and half-plaintive air.
The coarseness of the pure they'd frown away,
Instinctively abhorring Rabelais.
But language also may be too confined,
A kind of thraldom for a genial mind,
While proving simply an unjust oppression
When hearts would prompt a lively, free expression.
It reigns not here; and therefore both will seem
To speak like beings in a fairy dream;
Though some would think the subject was not such
As fitted high-bred people overmuch,

But that which calls for stately inattention,
As what no Philamente would ever mention.
But our two are not thinking of high birth,
And so, for their parts, they must have their mirth,
Accordant with the breeze that fans their faces,
And with the flowers bending that it graces.
Their play may be but glancing at the past,
With hints at what had pleased when meeting last;
The personages too become so small
That this alone perhaps accounts for all.
The "quality," as France taught some to say,
Have elsewhere with them quite another way.
But stately greatness true Love never sees,
'Tis only quaint and little drolleries;
And of this one great truth you may report,
Love wishes all were like the minor sort.
Our two with all their sense of fit decorum
Have talk would suit no Justice of the Quorum;
And this arising from the simple fact
That neither has a special part to act,
As if they sought in talk to imitate
Your formal people of the gravest state.
They know each other's fancies and will tell
As if unwilling what had pleased them well.
The very items that they wore could be
A theme for mirth and curiosity;
For some would spy within the outward polish,
Which fancy of theirs others won't astonish,
To satisfy it all the more inclined
Since no hard problems occupy their mind.

Though feign'd resistance forming part of sport,
To speak ill of their own they had resort;
As if they had not known that what was soil'd
Would never for a lover's eye be spoil'd.
Art had aped Chance and said, "Now don't inquire;
In things like these there's not much to admire."
Their speaking eyes reproved their own neglect,
Though to be always spruce they don't affect.
They said, "They're black just as they know not
what,
If only they had thought! but 'twas forgot.'
Of course they are all soil'd with heat and dust.
Why heed them then? Well, if you must you must."
A sense of art no doubt assists the eye,
And Beauty proves to sport a close ally.
They've studied not; yet what can Love not do?
You'd think that it was skill'd in postures too.
What statuary could be found more fair
Than what's recall'd as lately witness'd there,
As if 'twere Grecian sculpture that they saw,
When one would from a foot some small thorn draw.
Though here to hold one's own was not the end,
As where the figure o'er itself will bend,
'Twas not one's own sole that was look'd at near;
For two attentive gazers would appear.
These themes are somewhat difficult to handle;
Against white marble some will murmur scandal;
But sooth our new Androcles might have put
Just where he liked this other graceful foot,
Might have been slow at work as if he'd draw
A hundred sharp thorns from the selfsame paw

And still the patient surely would have thought
That all things there were passing as they ought;
In fact there was no ground for indignation;
Yes, this was how they view'd the operation.
I trow men's lips are oft familiar made
With things that hearts contract and minds degrade.
Looking at contrasts calmly as they are,
And equally from all illusions far,
'Twas hard to see in messengers of Peace
Like such feet always what makes good to cease.
They'll hint at kissing them; yet what could be
More fraught with true antique simplicity?
Have you not mark'd how loving children place
Their tiny fingers on some well-known face,
And that with such a soft expressive smile,
You'd think it was an angel all the while?
The ear, the lips, the eyebrows of a brother,
They study thus—at times with kisses cover.
These taller children might feel admiration,
While gazing on the beauty of creation,
But why should they shun hands, or even feet,
However these would seek a quick retreat?
Would you see rather the tremendous lance
Of Pallas who on you still looks askance,
Or the wise-harden'd statesman who would slay?
Then tell us why the Muse should turn away
When Nature thus finds sport for pleasing us,
Whose instincts show what is permitted thus—
And sanctioned you might think with the intent
That we with trifles e'en should feel content,

As if with such rude poverties as she
At times will force her best-beloved to see
In others or themselves, and so to add
A sly contentment Riches never had.
They're not over-particular we own,
Though mirthful wrath at this and that is shown,
With arch protrusion of a smiling lip,
As if they have some nauseous cup to sip;
Though all the while 'tis clear they don't object,
But rather that they're pleased with the effect
Produced by over-tenderness, though they
Of course might want to have things hid away.
'Tis that which can explain Dame Nature's mood,
When such results at first she understood;
For thus what some would with proud gestures blame
Another found things both to do and name.
It was perhaps an oddity at best,
But oddities are found too with the rest;
We all were meant, no doubt, to have caprices,
Which no one need dissect or tear to pieces.
Variety is still kind Nature's word;
Although to sing of some no Muse is heard.
But then there's such infection in some brains,
They think there's nothing free from foulest stains;
By them each second word is still employ'd
To rake up what has no one else annoy'd,
And what was never meant to be comprised
In things that e'en in secret are despised.
Disgusting words are ever on their tongue,
From which with no reluctance they are wrung;

As if, like scavengers, their whole art lay
In knowing where to cart some dirt away;
Although they wander still through all the town
To seek for it, and here to throw it down.
Of course to Nature sometimes we ascribe
What no one cares to talk of and describe;
Though conscious all the while that it can ne'er
Be thought antagonistic to the fair.
The woods and even gardens, I presume,
Are not fastidious always in perfume;
The weather can leave mire that would suffice
To make romantic glens not over nice;
And plants like marigolds are found to savour
Of what the senses do not greatly favour.
'Tis from the latter or the "souci" came,
For all things of perplexity the name
In the French language, as disposed to find
In it a source of trouble of some kind.
But here lies latent often what can please
Those whom Arabia's perfume would but tease.
Pass, pass, I grant some things they glance at here
Would seem if heard by others rather queer.
But then in point of fact, you see, the view
Will all depend on who may speak to you.
Coarse, vulgar people cannot tell of aught
Without disgusting others by their thought;
Whereas these Lovers, delicate in mind,
May use what words they will and be refined,
May speak of what you'd think could not be named,
And neither they nor you will feel ashamed,

So potent is the magic of their smile
To sweeten what vulgarity makes vile.
From first to last they never will have said
What others freely utter when ill-bred ;
For sooth in things of secrecy there may
Be what they can and what they cannot say.
The last is what the coarse to speak of dare,
The former is what Lovers whisper there :
It is the part of delicacy so,
What may and what may not be named to know ;
The one connected with the picturesque,
The other solely brutally burlesque.
Thus many wild vagaries that we trace
In Nature's work near beauty find a place,
To answer somehow some one end or other,
So truly is she still a playful mother,
So strangely can she ever show a way
Quite of her own, whatever we may say,
To turn to some kind purpose or account
What seems productive of a small amount
Of pleasure or of usefulness for some
Who to her bosom will like children come,
For whom she mixes with all things on earth
A grain of folly just to yield them mirth.
And though she touches this and that with haste,
She thus contrives that nothing should be waste.
Love thinks so little of itself alone,
'Tis *ourish* e'en when speaking of its own.
It says, " Those Spring-loves that you see around,
Wearing things just like ours might now be found."

Yes, so it is, say they, 'tis not our fault,
But things can't always be just what they ought.
The same cause has reduced us all in this respect
To much the same condition, we suspect.
People can't hinder things from growing thus;
So, what's the use of making any fuss?
But then these arch ones guess this won't displease
One who takes all things with such careless ease.
Nor are they much deceived, as they soon know,
Since Love is often constituted so
That it will relish secretly at times
Mere things, of course, that suit no stately rhymes,
Nor would befit a clever dissertation
Composed by one who looks for admiration;
Of which there are so many, gracious me!
That any stuff like this I'd rather see;
Which can explain why Lovers sometimes seek
An atmosphere more genial to the weak,
And to the strong, too, for the matter of that;
Excuse the phrase, it here comes in like chat.
To those accustom'd to our stiff cold pomp
Their words will often seem to dance and romp;
All harum-scarum up and down they glide;
At hide-and-seek they play on every side;
Now in dark covers as obscure as night,
Anon as if on all things they seek light;
They seem to say the tongue is never wrong
When it weaves prose into a dulcet song.
'Twill skim the flounce, 'twill light upon the hair,
And wonder how on earth it could get there.

'Twill seem to dive into some darksome grot,
As if it found e'en honey round the spot;
But who it is that can bar out the tongue
Has never yet, I rather think, been sung;
Now all allusions as if on the sly,
Then freely telling as no longer shy;
For as the Bee will fly from sweet to sweet,
So will these cunning tongues when thus they meet.
They'll speak of former trips, and how they'd seen
A meeting rather shy upon the green,
'Twixt some not utter strangers, though you might
Have thought them such, they look'd so cool through fright,
With careless port and such a distant mien,
Their own true love from other eyes to screen;
They'll tell of boating and what glided by,
Of hands that from the wave were never dry,
Of Memory's blue flower at the brink,
And how, of not forgetting, they would think,
Of hiding 'midst the osiers on the shore,
Of other things that pleased them even more,
Of windows open, faces towards the plain,
Advantage taken that did no one pain:
For who would always be so circumspect
As to be looking ever to correct
This one and that for just some tiny thing,
In tune with the sweet overtures of Spring?
At all this they well hint now with a wink,
And that occasions can excuse will think.

They'll speak of summer days pass'd on the stream,
Of July nights, a true Midsummer's dream,
Of things that some would think perhaps unfitting
To be related at a short chance sitting,
Although denoting merely an effect
That all such parties must at times expect.
They'll tell of what they'd seen some fair girl do,
And all about her horse and riding too;
The sudden plunge while pacing sideways by
Told its own story of her practice sly,
Which made them laugh they own, through feeling pride
To see how well one like themselves could ride.
They knew the secret of her steed's emotion,
Of which some lookers-on had not a notion;
But from each other Lovers oft will learn
To judge from signs which others can't discern.
Their talk, of course, runs most on what each thinks
Will please the other, binding with more links
Those who have found how strangely they agree
In liking just the same small things to see.
They'll tell how they had seen both this and that,
Down to a restive nag on which had sat
One whose certificate they would endorse,
As knowing how to show off such a horse.
The known by sight, so talk'd of oft before,
They'll say did lately ride thus past their door,
And they will add, they laugh'd the while to see
How well descriptions did with him agree.

For at their window as they sat by chance,
A horse was made to cross the road askance,
By just that kind of basket-bearing lad,
To see whose white spur always makes them glad,
As if they lived in those romantic ages
When chivalry belonged to servile pages,
And men would say, as in the old French song,
"No braver boy e'er won un espéron blanc."
Perhaps details are rather freely told,
As if the least were pleasant to behold—
Nothing to speak of, though they thought it fit,
Like any trifle, just to mention it.
They'll frankly own they rather liked to see
What cold dames blame with much acerbity;
But, for their parts, they say they don't object
To what they guess the gentlest must expect.
Of course they don't; as both are well aware,
To ask the question would sound silly there,
If the foreseen reply were not well known
To have a certain sweetness of its own,
Anticipated by a woman's wit,
Who is so well prepared to answer it,
If not in words with an assenting wink
As says, I rather like it, I should think,
Or with a nod, that equally says, "yes,
You know I'd like to see it, or can guess;"
For both these modes of quiet affirmation
Speak plainer than the loudest acclamation;
They leave you so much more to understand
Than words could yield replied to your demand.

But they find other topics for their chat,
Which for their quaintness can pass even that.
There are things that when seen or thought of please,
Much more than when they're spoken of with ease;
For talking of them spoils, you can't deny,
Their secret strange attraction for the eye.
But then there are exceptions to this law,
When from the words themselves you pleasure draw,
At least in mirthful moments such as these,
When all's described whatever each one sees.
So next, perhaps, they'll tell you of some youth
They lately saw amusingly uncouth,
Who civil in his way, was scarcely fit,
Next Duchesses or Countesses to sit,
Who seem'd frugality in dress to know,
With nothing very fresh from top to toe;
Howe'er you turn him round, in front or rear,
All of a piece his clothes 'twas pretty clear;
At least, no ceremonies long would need
Adjustments such, pull'd on or off with speed;
Of indigence of buttons, careless, sadly,
As Molière says, and where they're wanted badly,
Quite unconcern'd with all his poor attire,
Whose secrets like their own they'd half admire.
Fine Cathos and her sister would feel sick,
And fail to see the beauty of the trick,
But they are not so prompted to complain;
They'd rather like to laugh so once aga'n.

They felt not like De Longueville, who confess'd
It made her suffer to see aught undress'd,
Though it were only strings being untied
Before her eyes by one close at her side.
For scrupled not this juvenile to show
What others would not have a stranger know,
Which he laid bare before these damsel's eyes,
Not dreaming it could any one surprise,
Howe'er misplaced might be the exhibition
To them thus open'd and without suspicion.
For what was hurting him to ascertain
He pull'd off boots and socks too, in the train,
As a young, real Arab, desert-bred,
Who to like either never can be led;
While they so favour'd with this "private view"
Show'd by their smiles that they were of the few
Who rather like in any form to see
An innocent and true simplicity,
Imbibed at home, perhaps, with too much force,
Where what he shows are thought mere things of course.
But such is all youth in a common way,
'Twill no attention to such trifles pay.
Poor as a rat, no doubt, like all that sort;
But this one on his errands will have sport—
Not just a hero for Corinna's choice,
But in such matters each one has a voice.
In painting such Murillo show'd his wit;
'Tis clear that Balzac too would think him fit,

Who for his "Human Comedy" preparing
In watching people, owns that he was daring—
To study thus their figures picturesque,
Their sayings, pastimes, and their art grotesque
To meet the wants inherent in their state,
Which, after all, to them seem'd not so great.
He too, will paint each article of dress—
And with unflinching hand the worst express,
Till e'en the traces of the damp will be
An item of the graceful Poetry
With which he clothes the least of common things
When all varieties of class he sings.
He says he used to think it would be fun,
To brave the snow, or mire, or rain, or sun,
With all results, from boots not water-tight.
To seem just like a common simple wight,[8]
Becoming some one else just for a time
To feel how that would with his fancies chime.
This faculty or power made him be
The chief of fiction writers as you see.
The habit of observing objects so,
Enables "useful knowledge" thus to grow
Even for Lovers who will like to pry
Into each small thing that has caught their eye,
And may some little secrets have to tell,
Of which to speak thus can amuse them well.
So they would e'en be elbow'd by the crowd
At times, like him, their genius not to shroud,

[8] Portraits Contemp.—T. Gautier.

To mark its currents, and distinguish all
The diverse features of the strong and small,
The motives of their actions, words, and smiles,
A sweet distraction which the time beguiles.
An artist's twofold part they thus reveal,
Which Ruskin says is but to see and feel.

Is this all? No. To make a quite clean breast,
There seems to be in charity, Love's best,
A certain little childish, homely thought,
Though rather call it, possibly we ought,
Angelical, about the things we see
In all who pass that cannot but agree
With the Eternal Fiat. There's, I hold,
Though to confess it will seem very bold,
A certain thought, half constituting fun,
Day after day of what great God has done,
When making us precisely what we are,
Which when we'd wish to change we should but mar.
'Tis oft these poor, small things we daily trace,
Which make us love those met with face to face.
Let there be mark'd the simple common state
That feels not the ambition of the great,
The very wants that no one seeks to hide,
The total absence of all trace of pride,
Let there be watch'd, the smile, the cheerful air,
The graceful act or courteous answer there,

The trick, the laugh. the shout, the simple joys,
The play with children, romps, and games, and noise—
And all that's meant by charity will rise,
While hardship's garb brings beauty to our eyes.
A sense of duty watch'd thus in a boy,
May cause an Angel mirth as well as joy,
Join'd as that sense is often with the thought,
That aid important must from him be sought.
Marking what passes then in his poor head,
These spirits must, I think, to smile be led.
We too some things observed cannot forget,
Do what we will, although indeed they're yet
Of such a kind, that none but Lovers care
To tell each other what has struck them there;
Without which aptitude for observation,
Not even charity will have duration,
Unless in breasts that love in such a way,
That nought of human in the heart will stay.
At least whate'er be said by the austere,
Such are the thoughts that to our two are clear;
Which, fearing some, we need not now express,
But what these may be, leave you here to guess.
These whispers then of Love like Charity,
Will oft be occupied with memory.
Whate'er it be that kindled fancy once,
Fann'd by a word lights up thus for the nonce.
With gentle skill the fitful spark they blow
Till cheerful brightness causes all to glow.

Well, to be sure, 'tis not the lofty style;
But don't cite Greek. To them it sounds not vile.
Their γλῶττα has a beauty of its own;
Though not perhaps by Aristotle shown.
Those that they watch'd of course were at the time
Unconscious they could have a place in rhyme;
They little thought, bold gallants, they could seem
Like graceful figures in a fairy dream.
Perhaps they somewhat felt themselves ashamed
Of what in whispers now is even named,
As showing how Dame Poverty requires
What an eye vulgar shuns and not admires.
Talk like a shaded brook will babble on,
And neither feel impatient to be gone,
Its source still spending, and yet never spent,
Like their own hearts so full and innocent.
Sooth they won't dread the wanderings of the rill,
So clear below it ripples to them still,
Or just attains the bank to lick their feet,
As if to temper the meridian heat,
So gently flowing let what may be near,
That what thus sparkles neither of them fear.
As it was said Eutichides surpass'd
In bronze the clear Eurotas flowing fast,
So are their words more liquid than the stream,
Reflecting what they think or see or dream.
Sages and cynics often want the tact
Which can discover the most common fact:
They'll take no simple view of what we pass'd;
They'll still less heed us when we sing at last,

That trusting in each other has a charm
Which will all sense opposed to it disarm.
But now in fine will cease these Lovers' talk,
And so must end my song about their walk.
Indeed in words they never much abound;
And that is why their hearts so full are found.
But then their silence, which at times may suit,
Seems somehow never absolutely mute.
Lovers without their tongues can always say,
Just what they want and in the nearest way.
'Tis hard for two on one bench seated there,
To see each other with a distant air.
They have their nods and sparkles at command,
Which they at least can always understand.
They seem like Syracusans when oppress'd,
And Hïron would let nothing be express'd,
Excepting by their eyes and by their feet.
An end to sounds appears to them so sweet,
That though no tyrant here would check their voice,
This mode of speaking will be oft their choice.
There's scarce a sound that they would not suppress,
Unless it were the snapping of a dress,
Resisting taking out a hook or pin,
Just to set right what has been felt within.
For even this has its distinctive noise,
Though needed thus it nobody annoys;
Which proves the absence of reserve no doubt,
But how ease pleaseth friendship soon finds out.
Nor is it very likely to complain,
Of this "undoing" to relieve a pain.

No oaths at least could union such attest,
But though no witness stand whole faith is best.
It is not I who say it, stranger know,
It is the Muse who sang it long ago.
"Faith, without prudence," even Petrarch thought,
Better than prudence without whole faith fraught,
Though the true Prudence wills that we should be
With all Dame Nature's laws in harmony,
Never demanding things quite out of season,
As would be overdoses of pure reason;
Which she herself must have discarded when
She wrote the part of Lovers play'd by men.
Well, see then let us all from first to last
How light on many questions Lovers cast;
E'en Gorgias, that old sophist, they refute
Like Plato, and too in a way to suit
Those like themselves, who more than sages can
Establish facts that will belong to man.
Of his position they're a refutation,
As is most clear from that skill'd famed narration.
For thus "at the same moment," he had said,
"Two persons never could have in their head
The same idea; since that unity
Would wholly cease and unity not be.
No one idea could be quite the same,
In two, however, into both it came."
All very fine; but as appears from song,
We find how this can to them both belong;
And that it can seem Nature's dictate too;
For see—they are not one; they are not two;

As they are neither bodies nor yet sprites,
Though both have somehow still the same delights;
They are themselves, yet all the world no less,
Though joy seems granted to their own address.
It is not life of course; 'tis not a dream;
And with so little both contented seem,
That the bright day and hour will thenceforth last
With light encompass'd, when all else is pass'd,
As if 'twas not this world inspired their breath,
But rather that to which we pass by death.

Thus in the memory these moments stay,
Though call them by whatever name you may.
Like dots of light that painters deftly place
O'er shades when darkness would the rest efface,
So do these instants here and there supply
A point to rest on for our wearied eye;
As if a pause amidst the mortal strife,
To give a lustre to the whole of life,
That reconciles us to the gloom below,
Which with but few bright spots, alas! can glow.
Such on the whole is what our friend prescribes,
To him who on his lyre still all describes.
To call them "conversations" sounds too fine,
"Imaginary" too, he must decline
To style them, since in memory they rest,
As what we think at least can this attest,
That what was known with Paradise to chime,
May still be heard to dictate harmless rhyme.

Men's life is so long dark, like cold December,
'Tis hard if sunshine they must not remember.
Hard if they ne'er can fly from schools absurd,
To scenes like these where sophists are not heard.

And then what theme more innocent and just
Than that which makes us in all goodness trust;
For even that which charms the Lover's eyes
Comes down from Him who to bestow it dies.
What was the lesson that we read was given
By one who seem'd himself then half in heaven?
It was but this, "Let goodness be your aim,"
And this result from true Love always came.
Ah! in an age like ours when nothing's b'lieved,
When in what's best men think themselves deceived,
Amidst such disenchantment all around,
'Tis somewhat surely to have only found
Still faith in Love, the oldest thing that's known,
To which we owe whatever hopes we own.
Since Love, true Love, can lead us to the shore,
Where hates and fears are never heard of more.

Such is the sum and substance of the thing,
When here our friend would ask the Muse to sing
Of breathing Eden from the summer air,
With simple pleasures, exquisite and fair,
A kind of greenwood Rambouillet Hotel,
Where all is "precious," natural as well,
That natural which art, howe'er it tries,
Can ne'er succeed to bring before our eyes,

No more than dignity, that other thing,
That can't be reach'd by its most fervent wing,
Though nothing else exists besides these two
Feats of the mind alone which art can't do.
Truly by no means strange seems the desire,
That themes like this we should at times admire.
For howe'er long such things may seem gone by,
Ah! what can equal their fond memory?

Oh, sweet it is, when evening casts its beams,
And the night's fair precursor brightly gleams,
That peerless, pale, but brilliant evening star
Which wanders o'er the darken'd plains so far,
O'er hamlets, woods, and river's sparkling wave
Of Love, howe'er long past, to think and rave!
Oh, sweet, when at this temple of the Mind
You sit as on a mossy bank, to find
The images of Love still present there,
As if beneath the lamp, denoting prayer—
While other creatures sleep, alone to be
Thus kneeling at the shrine of Memory;
Shrine! temple! holy, therefore, is the place;
And shall we simple mortals dare to trace
Within such an august and sacred spot,
The love of old? Well, yes, perhaps; why not?
For Love himself is innocent and pure,
And must, past doubt, beyond this life endure.
With him for their companion men escape
From ills unnumber'd of the saddest shape—
From wholly losing sense of the ideal,
Through constant presence of the hideous real.

From hardness of opinions and expressions,
Which in our friend's own books would need suppressions,
From darkest views of what awaits mankind,
From harsh intolerance in deeds or mind,
From all religious spite and social rage,
From what is most prosaic in the age,
From hearing boast of what's call'd modern thought,
From talk of ends by public men most sought,
From plaints no less of sophists and their schools,
From language used by atheistic fools;
From all this Love's friends ludicrously free,
As if through ignorance are found to be.
Of course he has attendants of his own,
Not all exactly or at all times shown.
But whatsoever these were, still was he
An angel singing of felicity.
Then name him here we will, yes, even here;
For God will not disdain the heart's fond tear.
Farewell, cold thoughts of earth, of earth alone;
At Love's sweet name our thoughts to Heav'n are flown.
There is Love's own delightful native clime;
While all the rest we know will pass with time.

Through tender memories he'll pass,
And visions round him will revive.
Without them, what is left, alas!
So long as we ourselves survive?

Let no misanthropists come here,
Their matchless value to disdain,
When love immortal is seen near,
Without which all the rest were vain.
Let no proud pedant mock the heart,
For which the master did prepare
The choicest treasures to impart
When saying, Let true love be there.
Though here are many, types are one,
'Tis that on which he'd ever gaze,
The many from this life are gone,
The primal beauty ever stays—
Now in the steps that still are traced
Through flowers or along the glade,
Anon where arm in arm was placed,
Or rendezvous with whispers made;
Or here, as memory inspires,
'Tis resting that will please us more,
Beneath one tree when sauntering tires
Inhaling zephyrs as of yore.
What great and small things do we learn
From those we love, when train'd to wait
For hours alone, and to discern
How good is patience for our state?
Instruction in this useful line,
So practical for all degrees,
We should not scruple to define,
As that which best with life agrees.
Such patient habits will grow thus,
From hearing but a lover's song,

Who boasts that woman gains for us
The grace to find no waiting long.
How short will now a long while seem?
To no delays we will demur;
The longest pass as in a dream,
Accustom'd thus to wait for her.
But where's the man so full of pride,
So dead to manhood's sense of shame,
As having woman at his side,
Will not avoid her gentle blame?
Love seeks the humble above all;
The partner that can win his heart
May in a social sense be small,
But he can all the rest impart.
'Tis thus recorded, here we find
In archives of a worth untold,
How man grows noble, gentle, kind,
Disdaining titles, rank and gold.
Forth from this hall he seems to come,
As having now a nobler air,
Wearing a tone and look that some
Will know he could have caught but there.
'Tis now that he will learn to hate
The vaunts we hear 'midst pride's own train,
Where people, feeling nought, relate
What they think always must be vain.
It is the form of nature here,
Antipodal to all the proud,
There's not one vaunting trick seen near,
To win applauses from the crowd.

If you would count the loss and gain,
You'd find the wants were only such
As all through life will make remain
What you could never love too much.
To Memory you need not say
That she with Love but haunts the earth,
When Nature once will have her way,
And yield you her own simple mirth.
She knows, for all your proud disdain,
That what, most loved, she owed to Heav'n,
Was never selfish, base, or vain,
But always to the sweet Muse given.
'Tis memory that puts down fools,
Who amidst flowers see but roots,
Who scowl away with senseless rules,
The joy no affectation suits.
It is with grief (as once we said
It is with joy), there are who ne'er
Can feel while they're through either sped
The pain or bliss that should be there.
When comes the dark and bitter hour
Of parting, as to others known,
Though when the moments thus will lour,
Such anguish deep they do not own.
It is not all hearts that can feel
The grief that a departure brings,
The wounds profound that never heal,
Although the Muse may spread her wings.
But, oh, what tongue can ever tell
The fascination that is here,

Where love employs a magic spell,
And leads back what is absent near.
The shades and mists are pass'd away,
Dark, cold mistrusts no more you find!
'Tis light, 'tis peace that now will stay;
There's only left the soft and kind.
'Tis the ideal ever there,
The Muse can put to flight all fears;
With this there's nothing to compare,
Though life should count a million years.
A law is here he knows, forsooth,
By which he lived where memory stays,
But what can more accord with truth,
Than when man while still free obeys?
Constrain'd are those the Muses bind;
They only feel their freedom more;
Such bonds give wings unto the mind,
Still higher over earth to soar.
For love will ne'er contented be,
With mortal smiles or banks of flowers;
More than his joys he'd rather see
Him who once walk'd through Eden's bowers.
Then learn how much we ever owe
To visiting this ancient hall,
When Love himself is brought to know,
And sigh for, what is all in all.
Yes, let it boast its ample store
Of knowledge and experience vast,
But Love! Love's memories are more;
Yielding the future in the past!

But Love has sundry elements, what then?
Does it not better suit the race of men?
What breath is this that wakes the slumbering heart,
Diffusing sounds at which the senses start?
The flesh will tremble, but the reason bow
When, scorn disdaining, some will utter now
A cry spontaneous coming from their soul
Hopeful with wonder at the mighty whole.
Oh Love, oh Truth divine! 'tis thus we find
How every road of life to thee can wind.
Far from thy sacred threshold we may be,
Where eyes cannot thy special symbols see;
But yet is there an humble quiet spot
Where thy great beauty need not be forgot—
Thy Temple, in one sense, a woman's breast,
Where are found Faith and Hope and Thee and Rest.
Some do not seem sufficiently to know
How highest things descend to meet the low.
We witness this on earth, where always reigns
Some echo of Creation's lofty strains.
There's here the voice of Pontiffs, and of men
Inspired, transported, and ecstatic then;
There is the voice from study's deepest cell;
There is the voice of nations wishing well;
There is, though faintly heard, another cry,
Say a soprano, timid, humble, shy,
From very lowly songsters, who will feel
A love for what the heavens to them reveal.
As far as joy and nature are concern'd,
As can from inferences be discern'd.

This last need not as a discordant tone
Be silenced from the dominant alone.
Who knows? Perhaps to this celestial Quire
Sounding than all the starry orbs still higher,
There should be let to sing this humble voice
Of flesh and blood, aspiring to rejoice,
In tone with the intended diapason,
Prolong'd, distinct, as onwards all will hasten,
Fortuitous accordance, you might say,
A dissonance almost its part to play,
Completing the whole symphony's effect,
As by a note that you could not expect,
Attesting only that the whole is well,
And that it chimes with what the Angels tell.
There are who think they can detect most heart
In those who may have play'd no higher part;
There are who'd wish their own lot might be cast
With some the world disdain'd as being last.
Johnson, for one, had feelings of this kind,
And his was not a vulgar, vicious mind.
Flooded with tears, all faith, all hope, all love,
Sprung from great depths, but risen oft above,
This faint note heard with others thus to call,
Although a woman's may exceed them all.

CANTO IX.

OF BOOKS.

But now will open here another gate,
Where Memory unlocks a pond'rous weight
Of what seems piled together for her use,
Which men for her advantage would produce,
Composing and collecting what they thought
Might otherwise in vain with her be sought;
As if, without this, an unfurnish'd hall
The whole would prove; which was no error small;
Since heaps like theirs seem often but to cover
Things that in value never yield to other.
But still these have their worth, view'd even there,
As all who enter thus are well aware.
'Tis vast collective wisdom that they teach,
Though not of all men equally in reach.
But Memory's own votaries they aid,
O'er whom they seldom cast a useless shade;
While they themselves to her will ever owe
Their own and real value, as we know.
Unless brought hither, what are they at best,
But simply rubbish on which dust will rest?
While once placed here they will acquire worth
Beyond all other treasures of this earth.
Elsewhere quite useless, if but here they lie
A moment they yield joys that never die.

For what bright treasures will not then contain
These vast collections of the human brain?

In books, as in the scenes of real life,
Pass men and things with all their ancient strife.
Therefore as such we can behold them all
Becoming personal within our hall
Of memory, where they are seen to play
Their former parts as in their special day;
And so a whole world, otherwise unknown,
Is to our sight and hearing open thrown.
Great are the triumphs of the human mind,
When all that once existed of each kind
Is thus brought back presented to the eye,
Or to the ears, as if we heard it nigh.
From all the deep recesses of the past
They come again, and in our memory last;
When we see stamp'd on an immortal page
Whate'er was greatest in a former age.
But oh, what wondrous treasure for the mind
Which in the Book of books we mortals find!
We see; we hear; adoring we fall down
To worship Him who wore the bleeding crown;
We hear the woman question'd and forgiven;
'Tis the calm words of mercy known in heaven.
We see the form that stoops on ground to write,
That rises then with such majestic might,
All hypocrites austere to scare away,
Not one of whom to bear that look can stay.

What is this mem'ry, then, just say to us,
If not sweet Eden's groves thrown open thus?

Then eyes averting from that matchless glory,
We witness breathing those who live in story—
Sages and poets, kings of ancient fame,
Pagan and Christian. Endless 'twere to name
The deeds, the words, the worth of all and each;
But what is there that Memory can't teach?
How Plato reason'd, and how Homer sung,
What had from Tacitus his deep words wrung,
What could a gentle Cicero provoke,
What Grecians heard 'neath old Dodona's oak,
Virgil and Horace there will ever dwell
As in their own best-loved and favour'd cell;
Or, what exceeds them all in grandeur true,
We see the pontiffs that from heav'n sounds drew
Those accents of Augustin and the rest
As through the middle ages so far blest,
Edward and Louis still upon the thrones
That truth with goodness as past glory owns.
All these from books transmitted to this hall
Come forth so full of life as to appal.
And then the scenes beheld in days of yore
Are seen as if to charm our fancy more.
Where Plato wander'd and a Pindar sung,
We too can wander, praise with grateful tongue.
Romantic groves that saw Arpinum's sage,
Where Horace wrote his wise familiar page,

Receive us though we only stroll in mind,
The picturesque and scenes far-famed to find—
Conjoin'd what pleases most the artist's eye,
And what can inspire best the phantasy.
Through old Lyceum's walk we seem to stray,
Towards Academus still to take our way,
By pure Ilissus are we often found,
To catch enchanted some Socratic sound.
These long-past glories of the ancient time
Seem here transported to our native clime;
Or, to sing highest things, by that blest lake
We walk, which can such thoughts divine awake,
Where reverence and love o'erflow their brim,
To think so much more deeply there of Him
Whose footsteps, by its shores so traced, can fire
The hearts of all who to such scenes retire.
These, as if pictured by a master's hand,
Show what a landscape painter can command,
Who train'd in memory has a soul to dare
To represent the grand, the good and fair.

Nor is it only what in books is found
That constitutes of memory a ground;
For by a strict association strange
Of our ideas as we backwards range
Through bygone things, we see no less the place
Where each was read, and can its contour trace:
Thus Balzac, like our friend, has still in mind
The shelf exact on which each book you find

In the old Paris Libraries so vast
Where he remembers his impressions past.
He sees the volume, binding, colour, page,
He sees the faces round him, youth and age.
Elsewhere he sees the bench, the bush, the flower,
The sunshine, shade, the pleasures of the hour;
At least when studied in the open air,
A custom that makes all fair things more fair.
By a most wondrous strict concatenation,
And one deserving here commemoration,
The place brings back the page, the page the place;
Both are presented lasting face to face.
Alas! for those whose minds were never known
With such associations to have grown!
Alas! for those whose thoughts are never weigh'd
Beneath the greenwood or the winding glade;
Like many now who seek their mental food,
Where needs like these are never understood;
Who care not that the spring should ever look
Upon the open pages of their book,
Or that the smile of flowers should be seen
Before them with the grass so fresh and green,
As they beneath a tree, though near the town,
While fann'd with zephyrs soft will lay them down,
To drink in silence through the liquid air
The mental sweets combined and offer'd there.
The writers too how different had been,
If while they wrote they saw fair Nature's sheen!
Though this is view Utopian for our times;
Cacographers detest her smiles, her chimes.

But Memory herself disowns the store
That now is writ within men's close-shut door;
While this is what they bring to us each day,
Content if but the article will pay.
The modern thought too often bends to packs
(Excuse the word) of literary hacks,
Whose lucubrations should be all forgotten,
A fitting end for things unwholesome, rotten.
Though while they're read as from a deep, drugg'd cup,
A baneful mixture that our age drinks up,
'Tis a Circean draught we have to swallow,
Till, like the swine it made, in sloughs we wallow.
The modern thought, as it is call'd, contains,
Some items of which no man wise complains,
Rejoicing rather where its triumphs stand
Confirm'd by manners all can understand,
More merciful and natural and fair
Become as if by changes in the air.
There's much in it, of course, though new, that's just,
But there is also much we cannot trust.
The hideous and the false should be combined
If the whole spirit of the age you'd find.
A slight infusion into man of brute
Seen and inculcated will often suit.
Some pictures of black Bushmen daily seen
With Gazette "evening articles" between
Would prove best culture for a young man now
Who would to all it says assent avow.

No better course the school could recommend—
Sure to succeed if only he'll attend,
Still keeping thus within his view so brought
The deep-laid basis of much "modern thought,"
To come to the reality of things
So call'd, of which some savage wildly sings.
Not, as our Coleridge said, "plebification,"
Does this produce of knowledge for a nation;
(The Plebs have better thoughts and better ways,
With whom the common heart of mankind stays)
But putrefaction for the sophist class
Whose minds dissolved to loathsome virus pass.

Nor is it quite unknown to Memory's song
That books have also their own annals long.
What change of state as them new men will own;
Those of Sir Kenelm to him were shown
In the king's library at Paris where
Stood all his stately copies tall and fair,
Bequeath'd upon his death they told him then,
To the great hospital surnamed from men
Incurable. When all such houses fell
Poor victims to the Revolution's spell,
They being scatter'd were collected so,
Which graciously to him the guardians show.
Then often to some volumes are attach'd
Quaint stories how from stalls they had been snatch'd.

Where found, with whom, and what had been their fate,
The Muse herself might willingly relate.
But first perhaps it might be well to show
How he himself began of books to know.
How came then such a truant to love books?
From a few simple words and simple looks.
The being ask'd a passage to admire
Sufficed a taste for reading to inspire
In one to whom Hugues Rose as careless spoke,
As if he did not use the words in joke.
First from that moment, from that simple word,
Began his love for books. Ain't it absurd?
To have been thought to understand a page
In Latin made this lad not sooth a sage,
But one to books for ever after given
So much to estimate them he seem'd driven.
Said Petrarch, "When to studies I apply,
'Tis not with skill'd grammarians I would vie,
Who all the artifice of words will scan
Like each that would be deem'd a learned man.
But to conceive the deep and hidden sense—
I know not what, that can be drawn out thence—
I read the ancients, which oft students pass,
And scholarship alone seek to amass."[9]
Such are his words which simply, strictly tell
What in the memory here is found to dwell.
For this was all the method and the aim
Of one who never sought a scholar's fame.

[9] Fam. Epist. xiv. 1.

Yet, as the Sorgian Lover later said,
Even supposing all is this way read,
This insight into ancient Learning's sense,
The words of sages all collected thence,
This converse with their writings that remain,
May often prove in memory most vain.[1]
Such little ground has he to vaunt its store,
Without which others merit tenfold more.
'Twere not for himto sing of what he scraped,
But only from what errors he escaped.
Coleridge had taught him sophists to despise,
From all whose words great mental mischief flies,
As when sophistic sceptics would cry down
Great Anaxagoras of just renown,
With all the people who so much admired
Mosaic views, with which was then inspired
That Newton of the Greeks, who thus replied
To their great questions urged on every side,
"God made and moved and loved the things we see,
That's the sole answer you can have from me.
All such deep things must be involved in shade;
To scan them so our senses were not made.
Weak are our minds for questions of that sort,
And, as we know, the race of life is short."
The same proud, curious, captious race was then
In England, and is still perverting men;
As when the understanding they corrupt,
And feelings even seek to interrupt,

[1] Var. Epist. 10.

All fix'd grave principles to undermine,
By a criterion false to make incline,
By leaving all things doubtful and denied,
Employing ridicule against truth's side,
Accustoming all ears to hear disputed
Things which by reason cannot be refuted,
By having minds, in brief so sensualized
That nought but what is visible is prized,
Faith overthrown by merely vain pretences,
To yield to superstition of the senses,
To leave a race of animals alone
Of whom the reason could be only known
From instinct's absence, miserable proof
That they from brutes might still be class'd aloof.
A figure used to grave within the head
Wise Coleridge then had graphically said:—
"A scientific chart terrestrial thus
Can only be constructed now for us,
By pure celestial observations made,
The method sole its errors to evade."
Then the true bounds of reason, Whewell taught
Him to distinguish; and he likewise brought
Him to consider metaphysic lore
As only proving those and nothing more.
"Its best result," he said, "was showing still
What it can't show and what's more never will."
From these great dangers which in books can be
Thus saved, from less mistakes he was kept free.
In minor things we too may oft get wrong,
And even they have consequences long.

It was not he, for instance, who'd confound
The Platonicians, equally profound,
Like great Saints Anselm and Bonaventure,
With the scholastics as Saint Thomas pure
Aristotelian, men as subtle quite,
Though somehow not so charming to delight.
He learnt too,[2] in the primitive first ages,
The church did not interpret all the pages
Of Sacred Scripture always in the sense
Quite literal, despising reason. Hence
The books he read maintain'd the harmony,
'Twixt Faith and what was known as certainty.
This incidental glance is to explain
The dangers that beset this whole domain,
The pitfalls, dens of wild beasts that abound
And the mere presence of unwholesome ground;
For books are forests in which perils lie;
And this itself is told by memory.
Through these in Paris he would wander on,
A practised hunter as if sporting gone;
For at one shot, I mean one glance of eyes,
The substance of eight lines before him lies;
And often in a whole page would suffice
One word to tell its purport in a trice,
Ideas being so absorb'd while reading;
Though this he found a mode of mental feeding
That later proved injurious to the sight,
And therefore should it be condemn'd outright.

[2] Champagny, Les Césars du 3me Siècle, tom. ii. p. 258.

When first he went to Paris, one might say
On every stall that precious volumes lay.
Napoleon's reign had not much favour'd books;
So now you found them in obscurest nooks;
For no one cared to own or cheaply buy
What he possess'd, or what might catch the eye.
Sold and neglected on the public mart,
Their wretched state would move a feeling heart.
For instance, on the Royal Bridge that stands,
Where the old Tuilleries the road commands,
Who should he find extended on the wall,
But Richard, whom we of De Bury call.
The price demanded, just one hasty glance
His keeper cast on him nor would enhance
His value which, quite carelessly he said,
Was but one franc, when he our friend was led,
To tell the worth of this poor captive there,
Which did not even make his jailor stare.
"Give me the franc," he said again, "and pay;
Then seize and lead him where you please away;"
The tradesman seem'd offended at the thought
The price should be increased by him who bought.
Just fancy how his stars our friend did thank,
When finding in his pocket not one franc.
What could he do? The jailor said, "Look here,
This shoeblack can accommodate him near,
Within his box; for I must now pack up,
Leave the book there; for I'll go home to sup;
You can return and with the needful pelf;
To pay that boy is just to pay myself;"

Oh, foul disgrace to letters ! treason black !
He waits in darkness till our friend gets back,
Richard De Bury with a shoeblack's pot,
A shameful legend, ne'er to be forgot.
Then on another time to him there fell
A prize as great of which I now would tell.
Long and with painful efforts had he sought
Cæsar of Heisterbach, until he thought
One day, at last the book indeed was found;
His heart dilated at the welcome sound;
"We have him," said the bookseller, "he's here!
Nor is the price extravagantly dear."
The whole was said too, with a certain look
Which ask'd where else could you have found the book?
He brought him Cæsar's Commentaries; yes.
Crestfallen then he sought him still no less.
Nathless at length the Cæsar that he sought
Since many years, in Paris found, was caught.
It was Toulouse, that just man, learned and fair,
Who him from Spain had lately led back there,
And who for ransom would but five francs take,
Declaring it was not for friendship's sake
The price was fix'd, but that when he bought
Whole libraries thus he ever sought
To find the gain that should accrue to him,
So no one book was sold as from a whim;
But all by rule was estimated so;
And hence he said the price was now so low;

As sooth it was ; since 'twas a book for Kings
To purchase and lay up with precious things,
As he himself was well aware when thus
For poor five francs he sold it without fuss.
This brief allusion to the just Toulouse
Yields an occasion that I must not lose,
To sing of booksellers and of their lore,
Whom he did haunt in Paris more and more.
Toulouse, of conscience delicate, would burn
The volumes all good Christians needs must spurn;
Perhaps it was intolerance in him ;
Perhaps of some defence admits his whim ;
But what he most committed to the flames
Were dark sad books with Jansenistic names ;
Esteem it quite a cursed thing he must
To paint God as a tyrant and unjust.
The Rue de Foin did boast his vine-clad shop,
Where many scholars, livelong days would stop,
As Escalopier, that right noble Count,
Whose library exceeded in amount
Of precious gems all others that were known,
Incomparable being deem'd his own—
Among collections private then in France,
Of which the value daily he'd enhance
By seeking from Toulouse or from De Bure
What only from such men he could secure.
By Pontiffs honour'd and by scholars prized,
He saw Toulouse oft seated, not surprised,
When at his own long table such men dined,
Fed doubly for the body and the mind.

I named De Bure. He can't forget his joy
When first Chevalier led him there a boy,
So archly saying, "Lo to you I lead
A young Republican of English breed."
He still can see the hideous, stern grimace
Sarcastically stamp'd upon his face,
When to monarchal men like these he led
A youth who loving monarchy was bred.
The Rue Serpente made then no greater boast
Than owning men who honour'd letters most.
In fact their catalogue of books on vellum,
In all collections of the great French Realm,
In many volumes proved a noble store
Of old and also mediæval lore.
But on th' Augustin's Quay there dwelt another,
Aged Merlin, whom oblivion cannot cover.
Worthy of his name, so wise, profound;
In him a magic influence was found
To draw all scholars thither, where they came
In flocks attracted by his mighty fame.
But mark how Paris honour'd letters then,
As in the very persons of such men;
For when he died and to the church was borne,
Saint Severin beheld a crowd forlorn
Of Priests and nobles greatest in the land,
Who could not, as you saw, their tears command.
But the whole Latin country did abound
With precious books at least as those he found;
Though as for men who sold them, unlike these
Mere sordid tradesmen, all for gain one sees,

Who like their idol deem'd but "singeries,"
Books, prayers, processions, and all mysteries.
To search their volumes vellum-bound so white
Became his chief and exquisite delight.
From convents long since pillaged or suppress'd,
Laid on their stalls they foully were oppress'd,
Consign'd to dust, and of base worms the food,
By few who pass'd there loved or understood;
Unless by chance they caught the pitying eye
Of some who like himself went strolling by.
Perceforest, Huon, or Tirante white
Would of a sudden steal forth to the light;
Or else 'tis tomes of falconry old
With holy volumes waiting to be sold.
'Twas there Chivalric men and Priests as well
Would speed, where jailors ignorant did sell
Almost for nothing what they never knew
Possess'd an interest that revived anew.
They thought 'twas merely rubbish that men bought,
For they'd grown up disdaining what was sought;
And so till all such hucksters pass'd away,
These noble captives in dark prisons lay
Despised; but later times of wiser thought
Revived a race that books devoutly sought;
So he has sung of what exists no more,
Since seldom now we find such learned store,
Unless in shops well known to connoisseurs,
Where ransoms high must pay all amateurs.

Then too observe the Providential way
In which they come to those who careless stray,

Just at the moment when they're wanted most
By those for whom they prove a useful host.
"Bravo, Menandre!" Palladas did cry;
"Thou hast thus made of Chance a Deity;
Thou nursling of the Muses, Graces too;
For herein thou hast sung but what is true;
Since Chance to unexpected things gives rise,
Better than when our meditation tries."
And yet the Muse herself would wiser be,
And show not Chance but Providence to thee.
In Sophoclean dramas there's no chance.
In them as in his period we advance
Through what is supernatural, combined
With all that's gain'd or suffer'd by mankind.
'Tis thus for books, as has been often said,
There is a Providence by which they're led;
Without whose orders authors would in vain,
Ransack old shelves and torture their own brain;
While led as if by Fortune they acquire
The very text that serves them to inspire.
For what did not the author of those pages,
Entitled vauntingly "Of Faith the Ages,"
Owe to a hasty glance at the dark shelves
Which held best proof of Faith's great worth themselves?
His "Compitum, or Meeting of the Ways,"
Might have been named from this while on he strays
With unobservant eye on things around,
Till what exactly suited him was found—

E'en forced on his attention, he might say,
As carelessly he pass'd where bookstalls lay.
Through libraries vast he might have stroll'd,
And groped beneath their shades like forests old
In vain; since while unaided, all alone,
The path to what he wants is quite unknown
To him, who yet would day and night still rave
Of Mazarine and old Saint Geneviève.
But somehow he would stumble on the thing
Precise towards which he stretch'd his feeble wing.
Then thoughts themselves will come so *apropos*,
As Souza said, that how you never know,
So uncommission'd by your will and mind
That you feel tempted just to glance behind
To see if some one was not standing near
Who whisper'd the fit sentence in your ear.
These aids to accidents, so call'd, he owes;
He found them thus, and that is all he knows.
No great results did come from them forsooth;
Yet were they granted to his wandering youth.
But then how oft for mean and little ends
The Providence directing all things bends!
No light divine descends to save a crown;
To guide some child an angel will fly down.
Enough of this. Let Memory proclaim
Henceforth her riches which involve no blame.
So on we're usher'd, yet still more to see
Contain'd in Halls of noble Memory.

CANTO X.

OF HAPPY THOUGHTS.

"My memory," Augustin said,
"Is but myself, by which I'm led
To wonder at my nature more,
And its Creator to adore;
A life most marvellous and strange
As through phenomena I range,
Astonish'd by all things I see,
And such immense variety.
Just think of what has pass'd in mind,
And how all thoughts again you find!
Our mental operations thus
Are made perpetual for us.
I can remember how I err'd,
And to false reasoning deferr'd.
How from the false to truth I pass'd,
I find in Memory will last
With my intellectual acts
And all their circumstantial facts;
Remembering the place and hour
When each had over me such power;
And even I remember well
Having remember'd, wondrous spell!
I see here how my pride gave way
To what, oh! Thou, my God, didst say;

And even (fact mysterious) Thee
I find within my memory;
For never since I heard Thy name
Has it departed. How it came
First seems a mystery profound;
But ever since it there is found.
Was it from Adam heard within
My nature? Thee I'd ever win.
So thus in me Thou deign'st to dwell,
To answer, counsel, all to tell.
These are my delights so pure,
And these in memory endure."
Such are Saint Austin's words, you know,
Which it behoves me here to show,
When happy thoughts we must define
As comprehending what's divine;
Not what we are accused of holding,
That we all Truth were now beholding,
As if weak products of the Press
The real Christian thoughts express,
As if mere pious Authors can
Teach mysteries denied to man,
Grave follies that Erasmus tried
To laugh down which we still deride,
While seeing them spring up so fast
It seems as if they'd ever last—
But thoughts involving what's so great,
Its measure we can't estimate,
The infinite, beyond all thought
That schools or sages ever brought,

Views quite as far from vulgar sense
As those so full of vague pretence,
Which sophists publish as their own
As if the schoolmen were unknown,
And they were now the first to show
How little of each truth we know—
Thoughts that soar higher than we say,
Though speech will keep the vulgar way;
Thoughts common to the small and great
Whatever may be here our state,
Embraced instinctively, e'en when
We use the sanction'd words of men;
Which while they cheer the common heart,
At doubts of science need not start;
Thoughts which will shed a genial light
On points that need it to seem right;
For common sense will thus explain
Some doctrines view'd without it vain,
Philosophy itself so sinks
To each low mortal when he thinks,
To young and old, the poor and gay,
Whatever he or she may say;
Though Toinette can put in a word
To make grim pedants look absurd,
And no love lost between them so
As Cardan[3] and Voltaire would show.
Thus e'en the lightest of us feel
How such thoughts through the mind will steal.

[3] Ad servos et ancillas et stupidos brevitas inutilis erit. —Erud. Cis. 15.

Sainte Beuve says that we live by thought;
But he goes further than he ought;
And Paradoxes, e'en the best,
Are what the Muse will most detest;
But still, 'tis true, that some thoughts seem
More real than this life's short dream.

So now as farther on we stray
In mind, we find upon our way,
While gazing on the varied wall
Of Memory, what some will call
More gracious subjects, as if e'en
The hand of Raphael were seen.
In the long gallery he'll own
These never are, or seldom shown.
'Tis scarcely right that he should boast
Of what belongs to others most;
And then, besides, it seems quite clear
Originals are not found here;
At least, what any one must see,
Pre-Raphaelite they cannot be;
Since these from Nature appear drawn,
'Tis not of art the purest dawn,
Such as some painters love to haunt,
And make perhaps too fond a vaunt,
As having modified, suppress'd
What God has with such beauty dress'd;
For much of flesh and blood remains
In some one sense to suit light strains.

Although perhaps in this there lies
What soundest minds would not surprise,
The whole together being so
The source which should to all men flow
Of happiness; since all things thus
Are link'd to form a whole for us,
Not by a co-existence then,
But by succession yielding men
More truth, enjoying thus the whole,
Than they would reap from each part sole;
Just as in reading we must wait,
Till all the letters come to state
The whole of what they're meant to say;
So one by one should each thing play
Its part, the carnal sense employ'd,
At times, as if alone enjoy'd.
But here I do not mean to stray
In the French sophist's odious way,
Who analyzes thoughts and feelings
As if he'd make some strange revealings,
And prove that nought within our mind
Was ever pure whate'er we find.
Let him call each of us an elf,
But keep his sermon for himself.
For some things never to have learn'd,
As old Prometheus well discern'd,[4]
Is better than to have acquired
A knowledge of them though admired.

[4] τὸ μὴ μαθεῖν σοι κρεῖσσον ἢ μαθεῖν τάδε.—Æsch. Prom. Vinct.

And yet, although with those he'll stroll
Who speak least often of the soul,
Who seldom will religion name,
As Patmore sings, "they think the same;"
While talking much about it proves
A theme that not so deeply moves.
Though such then are their habits here,
Where no exclusions will appear,
Where it must be a point agreed
Of faith itself to take no heed,
Divided as our people are
From unity, alas! so far,—
Though their poor hearts are thus constrain'd
To have this silence aye maintain'd,
In their great hall is heard at times
An echo as of distant chimes,
While they "feel delicately drawn,"
As if to an Elysian lawn,
By thoughts that warbled long ago,
Which never wholly ceased to flow;
So that in memory they find
What once pass'd as a summer wind,
Refreshing with inconstant breath
What each time swept off thoughts of death—
Breath which here tropical might blow
Perpetuated even so;
So that they need but thus retire,
To find in regions ever higher
Celestial moments fix'd for us,
Retaining all their sweetness thus.

'Tis the true life if thus we know
The thoughts we once had long ago.
We know how joy and grief are shown
Within this Hall as having flown
With transitory quickness on,
Till both will seem for ever gone.
The thoughts commemorated now,
That come and go we know not how,
Though oft as fleeting, never vain
Appear to visit some again.
We see how they are painted here.
We hail their presence ever dear.
Them they should never quite forget
Whatever other thoughts they met
Amidst the tasks of manhood's life,
Or of loud tongues the vulgar strife;
Or, what is worse, the ceaseless aim
Of those who would our faith defame,
Or sermons skill'd as declamation,
That give assurance of damnation.
These mental gleams were like the light
Before which pass the shades of night;
They flash'd like lightning and were gone;
But while they lasted much was won;
Since for an instant, ere they fled,
The soul to heavenly joys seem'd wed;
For in the heart's profoundest feeling
That sphere its sweetness was revealing
To minds so free from earthly care
They almost thought they must be there,

As if the future life had been
Then actually heard and seen.
These moments then of happy thought
May thus in memory be sought—
In yours, not his, observe 'tis meant;
To leave me free he won't consent;
Lest, said I "his," you might complain
That he was in the worst way vain.
Besides, in point of fact I find
I could not show his real mind;
For such a task to be perform'd
Would need that I were more inform'd;
And no glass image is less known
Than that in which man sees his own.
But since in you such thoughts are found,
Of you henceforth this strain should sound;
For of them all the basis thus
May be ascribed to each of us.
A predisposing warmth will need
The understanding if our creed
Is by historic proofs to be
Endow'd with credibility;
Ay, or if e'en from moral proof
We would not ever stand aloof.
What can you make of ice or stone
If changed thus be the flesh you own?
When you would have some voice respond,
To truth, of which your heart is fond?
This predisposing inclination
To meet the Christian dispensation

Is what perhaps one can't describe,
To satisfy the sceptic tribe;
Although an indistinct conception
May be attain'd of this affection.
This normal state of mind, no doubt,
Which sophists talkative will scout,
Complete analysis defies,
In such dark depths its practice lies,
While this indeed appears to be
The gift supreme of Memory.
Yet thus much one might always say,
To speak just in a common way,
It seems composed of many things,
Which each one's own experience brings;
'Tis memory of former friends,
Of what some great example lends,
Of what some others would have said,
Who now are absent far or dead,
Of demonstrations you forget,
Though the conviction remains yet,
Of reasons that once satisfied,
With consequences that abide,
Of holy deaths having been seen,
Of holy lives that intervene,
Of setting suns and silent groves,
Of thoughts that flash through him who roves,
Of having gazed upon a flower,
Or heard the birds within a bower,
Or mused upon the stars that shine,
Or aught that shows the Power divine,

Of having seen a good man's scorn
At errors which from Pride were born,
Of what was once felt long ago
In church, though we no longer know
Precisely the immediate cause
Which their emotion tearful draws,
Of Preachers heard, or conversation,
Of books we read or contemplation.
Composed thus of ten thousand things
Which gave the soul such spreading wings,
The mental state that will result,
Has itself only to consult.
It seeks no argument or proof;
From reasons Reason stands aloof.
It finds a certain medium then,
As if the native air for men,
Wafted from Paradise's lawns,
As if the Day Eternal dawns;
Though even there is Reason heard
To call rejecting these absurd.
The mind, susceptible grown long
Of these impressions which belong
To such specific outward signs
Of all the truths that Faith defines,
Will not perhaps in memory find
The day when first warmth of this kind
Was kindled; for it has forgot
The time when it existed not,
Which can with other proofs dispense
While resting, too, on common sense.

But then it can remember still
Having had always such a will:
And nothing else in memory's store
Should be loved, cherish'd, valued more.

But now some instances just take,
And that for our instruction's sake.
As when that which brings doubting most
Is made to crush a sceptic's boast,
The difficulty greatest thus
Removed by memory from us.
As when to those who ask'd so bold
"If God be, whence comes Evil old?"
'Twas answer'd, "But if God be not
From whence comes good to such a spot?"
Unanswerable sage retort,
For all occasions of this sort;
So that you never fear again
This question, ancient, although vain.
Then is the sense recorded here
Of feeling your Creator near,
That nothing fair can ever be
But what descends from Him to thee,
And that what charms that breast of thine
Is in reality divine.
'Tis thus that common things so given
Seem as if fallen just from Heaven.
The very fruits of earth, a peach,
An attribute of God can teach,

Who gave us tastes and then decreed
To make what best with them agreed.
The Maker, Father of us all,
Knows all our wants, both great and small;
And though in these we are divided,
For each and all He has provided.
The World itself we thought began
From an intention to serve man.
Memory holds the facts which seem
To prove that this is no mere dream.
The inorganic world can be
Without th' organic that we see,
But, *vice versâ*, not 'tis clear;
And 'tis the same with all reigns here.
The vegetable world can do
Without the animal, and too,
Not *vice versâ*, it is plain;
The animal might be, again,
Without the rational, but so
As to be *vice versâ*—no.
Therefore the whole was made depend
On serving man as for its end.
Not *vice versâ*, which can prove
How all things sprang from such a love.
If we would but intentions trace
The object chief was for our race.[5]
Oh! then how is it right and well
That this in memory should dwell!
E'en grave Augustin won't disdain
To find in memory again

[5] Mivart.

The pleasure of some kinds of food;
Since all thus made by God is good.
And though some fancies may seem wild,
Such as would suit a truant child,
The farthest from that abstract vein
Where disembodied life will reign,
Inexplicable to our mind,
Though from our early days we find
That we the same impressions felt
As if in Nature's frolic dealt,
Like nothing else upon the earth
Unless it be youth's wanton mirth,
Their secret source can all be traced
To what need not be quite effaced;
So that, whate'er the form may be,
With innocence they may agree.
At least, with what some others too
Will feel and understand and do.
Which they would hardly, if their shame
Were food for an eternal flame.

But now another thought is here
Recorded, which should be most dear.
'Tis true, as poets even sing,
Faults that are grievous have a sting;
And they will constitute a game
Where victory brings greatest shame;
So that the losers, without sin,
Gain more than those who seem to win.

But still somehow man's hopeful heart
Will other views no less impart.
It has such depths, such instincts strong,
That it will sometimes say what's wrong,
Or what seems wrong when heard alone
Apart from God's strange mercy's tone.
Thus, when confessing all his ways,
Saint Austin owns that he loved praise.
This love in his own memory
As painted clearly he can see.
But then what joy when each can find
Like him, that period in his mind,
When truth far more than praise from men
Did please him as remember'd then!
"For if," saith he, "the choice were given
Between men's praise and winning Heav'n,
To have their praise for holding error
Or blame for sake of truth with terror,
Not doubtful then would be my choice
In which remembrance I rejoice."
Now memory records the time
When your own thoughts with these words chime;
Just as when he first thought that he
Might after all not worthless be;
And such a consciousness will gladden
When all besides the heart will sadden.

Then you remember, too, with joy
When you first vow'd none to annoy

By having crotchets of your own
To serve or please yourself alone ;
Till others merrily would say
That " somehow as if day by day
You did improve, at least each year,"
Which is a pleasant thing to hear,
That memory is sure to treasure
As satisfaction without measure.
Another of these moments must
Accompany that silent trust
Resulting from experience long
That, though you may seem often wrong,
Heaven contrives yet to fulfil
Your own poor truant wanton will ;
While, how or why you cannot tell,
You find at length that all is well,
Most unexpectedly achieved,
Yourself from every care relieved.
Then follows from this sweet reliance,
As if of honour an alliance
Between your inmost soul and God,
When you are conscious that the rod
Implying what's opposed to this,
Works far less wonders than the kiss ;
So that, almost dismissing awe,
'Tis sweetness only that you draw
From what occurs to you each day
While your accustom'd part you play.
Then, too, another thought you see
Recorded as to comfort thee ;

Since, after all, it says that Love,
All erring sacrifice above,
Love, undistinguish'd, such as here
You feel for those to whom you're dear
Will be for hope the safest ground,
When nothing else with you is found,
Excepting what with that agrees,
Which oft proves more than what one sees.
If never you afflicted woes [6]
'Tis more than many might suppose.
To pass and not have grieved one soul
Perhaps is somewhat, on the whole.
To think no woman e'er complains
Of you is much that never pains.
'Tis more when feeling your heart glow
With love for those you see bow'd low,
To kneel while young and worship Heaven,
Though you to it may not seem given.
Such feelings you at least can tell
Seem not to presage those of Hell.

Then memory records the thought,
With practical results so fraught,
That what all nature wills must be
Accordant with felicity;
And that when we of her complain
Our faith most probably is vain.

[6] Affliger la misère.—Corneille.

"'Tis infidelity in life
With Nature so to be at strife,"
Saith a wise poet of our day,
Who sings of love in every lay;
And hence the sage in ancient times
Would count such contradictions crimes.
For Hermes Trismegistus saith
This Nature endeth not with death;
For "all things that in Heaven are found
Are also on this earth around,
Though only in an earthly way;"
While still, as he went on to say,
"All things that on the earth we find
Are there, though of celestial kind,
Yea, found all in Heaven." So that we
From groundless scruples should be free.
If this be thought but folly, still
Adhere to it I ever will.
Oceanus once said of old
Unto Prometheus, as we're told,
"'Tis greatest gain when, thinking right,
"You're thinking wrong, shouts many a wight.
Not to seem wise, while being so,"
Said he, "is best I'd have you know."[7]
Then, further still, we here advance
Through thoughts that will the worth enhance
Of what Religion can supply,
When she will pass the unseen by,

[7] κέρδιστον, εὖ φρονοῦντα μὴ δοκεῖν φρονεῖν.—Æschyl. Prom. Vinct.

And introduce fair customs thus,
Visible, natural to us.
An enemy to Faith will find
A thousand things that wound his mind.
Processions, Pilgrimages, seem
To him an earthly foolish dream.
Saith he, "Religion pure, I wot,
Such ceremonious thing is not."
His journals at the prêsent time
Will seldom with Saint Austin's chime.
Just for a moment but suppose
That yesterday 'twere told to those,
How holy bodies had been found—
For their long articles what ground!
Which certainly would ill agree
With what he writes when he did see
At Milan on a like occasion
That great and popular sensation.
Yet what are they with all their shouts
To great Augustin who his doubts
Did cast abroad unto the winds
When at the last true faith he finds?
Yea, more; (and useful is the thought
Which in the supposition's sought,)
Just fancy how these scribes would write
If now they heard had been in sight
The garment touch'd, the people fed;
To what exclaims would these have led!
How would their "articles" combine
To laugh down faith like yours and mine!

Of them our thoughts, remember'd here
A refutation will appear.
For we thought all things that can be
Have annexations as we see,
That are not of their essence pure
Though oft to follow them they're sure.
There's nothing that has not its fête
Accordant with its simple state.
The boat-race and the cricket-ground
With consequential things abound,
Which, seen without the force or skill,
Could ne'er the purpose meant fulfil.
Not much concern with them in truth
Seem to have flags and feasts of youth,
When trials of its strength come off,
And no one's heard to blame or scoff.
Then why should not Religion, pray,
Have still its simple human way;
Though visiting the sad we know
In its pure essence here below?
That human way, we know not why,
Like martial music makes us cry.
"Through lowly paths the mind thus wends,"
The Muse has said "to lofty ends,"
Adding, "The bitterest cross to see
Of all is infidelity."[8]

But now will come another thought,
Which can from memory be brought.

[8] Patmore.

For great Saint Austin speaketh thus,
As if he were but one of us.
"I own," he says, "that in my mind
The pleasure of my ears I find.
Yes, I confess it, still with me
Will last the sweets of melody.
Since what I heard in churches sung
My purest joys is still among.
For all sweet tender sounds I hear
I make a place of honour near.
Since holy thoughts are still their soul,
As I now find upon the whole.
There seems commingled with that voice
A charm to feel which I've no choice.
My soul's affections are more moved
Than when such singing is removed;
And a more puissant wing of love
Then raises me the earth above.
'Tis true I do remember well
Of hearing some men often tell
Of Athanasius and his way
Of recitation, as they say,
With slight inflexions of the voice
As if sweet songs were not his choice.
But then, when I remember too,
The tears I shed (for that I do),
When hearing the soft anthem's peal
And felt my faith recover'd steal
O'er all my passions, soothed to rest,
I needs must think such music best.

In memory thus I recognize
The great utility that lies
In all the church's harmony,
Which thus I find did act on me."
Now much of this recorded here
You find, as quickly will appear;
And sooth, until the last few years
The London churches saw these tears.
But while reflections past you track,
The church in which you made them back
Will seem to come before your eyes,
With all that sweetness you must prize—
When from the noisy world apart
You heard the voice of your own heart,
Remembering the church's sign
When all was silent and divine,
Those flashing torrents of a fire
Celestial that did you inspire.
You have in mind too, how the sound
Of the loud chanting all around,
E'en its plain solemn tones and grave,
Did teach your heart and make it brave,
To meet all incidents below
From which to mortals sorrows flow,
Such as your death in a strange land,
So far from a familiar hand
To close your eyes, and from the ground
In which you hoped there would be found
In later times your mortal coil
When ended was your earthly toil.

Thus Fromentin admits that he,
When in the desert he did see
A cemetery, felt dismay,
To think that on some future day
His own bones might be lying there,
A thought which did him deeply scare.
E'en in a church the self-same thought
May trouble to your mind have brought,
If, stray'd to some far foreign land,
Your life be wreck'd upon its strand.
But the old office of the choir
With other feelings can inspire—
Such as that holy Mother knew
When from her lips Augustin drew
Those words, referring to the shore
Which she was ne'er to visit more,
Dying at Milan, far away
From Africa, and she did say :—
" In no place where I lie, the sod
Can ever be thought far from God ;
The place He'll know and recognize
When He will bid my body rise."
Yes, those who sing great David's Psalm
Will all our carnal terrors calm.
For there is something in that voice
That seems to leave you without choice
Respecting where your bones may lie,
Though even such may be not nigh,
Though you should have no other grave
But where the sea and tempests rave.

So all these thoughts are graven here
To dissipate your doubts and fear,
Reminding you that spot is best
Where God may wish that you should rest.
'Tis puerile to lay much stress
On what should never minds distress.
The ancients buried in the ground
Just as dead bodies now are found.
Says Ovid, Whether he sees day,
Or lieth cover'd in the clay.[9]
The father of young Lausus pray'd
That his poor son might thus be laid
Cover'd in the ground, the sole grace
That from Æneas he would trace.[1]
They even call'd the earth their mother,
A native element to cover
Those who when dying are consoled
By thinking of their parent mould.[2]
Nisus would count upon his friend
Euryalus for such an end;
And Ajax, when despairing, strove
To gain a grave from Highest Jove.[3]
Thucydides himself will tell
How those who in the battles fell
With Samos had at Athens found

[9] Sive diem videat sive tegatur humo.—Trist. v. 4.
[1] Corpus humo patiare tegi.—Æn. lib. x. 904.
[2] In solita moriens ponere corpus humo.—Trist. lib. i. 2
[3] Æn. lib. ix. 213.

A solemn burial in the ground,
When Pericles upon their grave
Pronounced the speech Aspasia gave.
Those who at Marathon were slain
Were buried thus beneath that plain.
The Latin race, as Poets show,
Buried the dead, both high and low.
'Twas but barbarians, as in Gaul,
Who through a wild fancy burn'd all.
Mecenas made rich gardens grow
Where many buried lay below
The hill call'd Esquiline, that there
The people might breathe wholesome air;
Yet though such motives fill'd his head,
He still would bury thus the dead.
He, too, himself in that old way
Beside the Poet Horace lay.
Those two right loving friends thus found
Graves next each other in the ground.
The hero deprecating blame,
And all its consequential shame,
Cries, "Have my sheep been ever seen
To graze upon the graves so green?
The herbs of tombs thus to defile,"[4]
The Romans would have held this vile.
Valerius even says their dead
Were borne in waggons to their bed.[5]

[4] Ovid, Fasti, lib. iv.

[5] Val. Max. lib. ii. 6. Corpora ad sepulturæ locum plaustro devehuntur.

But when the civil wars would rage,
Not even death could hate assuage;
So, to prevent men's poor remains
From insults, terror first ordains
That fires funereal should consume
What can't be trusted to a tomb.
The Scipios, to all men dear,
Partook at no time of that fear,
And so were always buried whole,
Of ancient rites examples sole.
The first of the Cornelian race,
Who wish'd that fire should efface
What might have been insulted so,
Was Sylla, as historians show,
Who did the friends of Marius dread,
And fearing, when he should be dead,
That they against himself would act
As he had done, did this enact;
And so, the practice once begun,
What they once shudder'd at was done;
As where flow'd waters of the Nile,
Great Pompey had his flaming pile.
That Greeks did bury in the ground
Has been, to speak in prose, just found;
Though later, burning too, as well,
Was practised, as their authors tell.
Yet, long, Athenians deem'd such rites
A foul disgrace or vengeful spites.
Even with them it was the dread
Of insults made them burn the dead;

And oft to bury they'd return
Regretting not the boasted urn.
So, too, where fears did not exist,
The Latin urns will all be miss'd.
The Roman leaden coffins found
In Kent and other English ground,
As in the lonely field Bex hill,
Show that the Romans buried still.
As, to digress again, we're told
Do Oriental races old.
The Jews, Egyptians buried thus,
As do most tribes now known to us,
Of Africa, Japan no less,
China, Corea, who express
By rites thus spread o'er the earth whole
Their faith in man's immortal soul.[6]
But sooth, as Petrarch said of old,[7]
Whether we mingle with the mould,
Or in the sea or flames should sink,
'Tis of no moment we should think.
Though hate I will and e'en despise
One who to seem a Pagan tries
E'en at his death, and careth not
That friends should sometimes see the spot
Where he awaits the wondrous call
That will, howe'er dissolved, reach all.
Oh, how unlike poor Petrarch's heart,
When, finding one he loved depart,

[6] Hornstein, Les Sépultures.
[7] Fam. Epist. lib. ii. 2.

He thank'd the spot that did receive
The mortal coil his friend did leave!
"Dear, beauteous city," was his cry,
"That suffers my young friend to lie
Within thy sweet enclosures so;
Thanks for the kindness thou dost show
To his deposit and to me,
Who ever loves his memory.
He might on some barbaric shore
Have moulder'd—visited no more.
To strict decrees he owed the fate
Which thus cut short his mortal state;
'Twas thine to grant him such a rest
As he would have himself thought best—
Rest on the bright Italian ground,
Where his poor grave will now be found—
Slight consolation! and yet such
As greatest men regarded much—
The most illustrious not vain
For wishing to be there again.
Oh with what pensive joy shall I,
Sweet friend, behold where thou dost lie!
The beauty of the gracious spot
Where to remain is now thy lot
For a short space—as we must all,
Just like the flowers, fade and fall,
Drop off just one by one as thou
Didst drop off from thy lovers now.
Hail, choicest land, thou guardian just
Of what to thee we now entrust,

Thee will I ever love, and find
How singing can console the mind."[8]
Those aping science may talk on
Of what is found of those alone;
From hearing them most men will fly,
To ask a grave when they must die.
Such thoughts at least to have then known
May here without offence be shown
As having once assail'd his breast,
Till in a church from them was rest,
Experience sweet that thus will dwell
Within his memory's deep cell.
Oh Pouliguen, in mind he'll see
How gracious to him thou couldst be!
Standing on verge of desert ground,
Where nought but tracts of waste are found;
Nought heard without but winds that blow
Or distant waves from tides that flow;
While there within thy choir so bright
With tapers at the fall of night,
Is heard the sweet sonorous Psalm
Which sheds within the mind such calm.
Thou still in Memory's Hall will be
A thing of Heaven's felicity,
An Eden in the waste of thought,
A harmony from angels brought,
Yea, Heaven itself within the soul,
As if on earth it knew the whole.
Two languages there are for mind,

[8] Fam. Epist. lib. vii. 12.

Distinct, most different in kind;
The one amongst us men is learn'd,
Bounded and changeable discern'd;
The other of the soul sublime
Is destined not to pass with time,
No dead sound, scatter'd in the air,
But living in the heart and there
To move, illuminate, inflame,
And the interior transports name,
As if it were the words of Heav'n,
On earth to love alone thus given.

With these past visions painted all,
By Mem'ry in her brightest hall,
I might conclude this varied tale
Of life in a minute detail,
But that another side remains
Unsung to suit the simple strains
Of one who here and there would touch
The chords which quickly run o'er much
Can interest, though they only serve
To please those who least things observe,
And who would leave to graver sprites
Events that the historian writes.
Let me then briefly now relate
What was our England's later state
Regarding Faith, when our friend saw
That light, and did such new breath draw.

CANTO XI.

OF BECOMING A CATHOLIC.

WELL hitherto perhaps now some complain
That through confusions they have pass'd in vain.
Objects well known on well-known objects flash'd
As still on each a wearied eye they cast.
To them one mass of trifles sooth might glitter,
But still the whole to them seem'd only litter.
But now the gravest might, as I presume,
Inhale with pleasure a more clear perfume.
For here, in fact, they needs must pass beyond
Things of which lightest mortals seem most fond.
It looks as if they came upon a shrine
Where all is vast, most fragrant and divine.
For here we needs must glance at highest things,
Of which the Muse most ancient ever sings;
Since thoughts of some religion needs must be
Still found in every human memory;
And how was he to feel a total dearth
Of what has always influenced the earth?
Of which the vast importance o'er all prized,
Humanity has ever recognized?
But "it is man's invention," some will cry.
Then who was the inventor? we reply,
Whose teaching has been heard in every spot
And yet whose name is utterly forgot?

Though civilized or savage, all mankind
Holds this "invention" paramount in mind.
"But God is far too great to think of man,"
Explain then man's creation if you can.
If not too great then to have made him so,
Why say He cares not what man is below?
He who first made him and the Universe
May surely as a friend with him converse;
"But has there been made such a revelation?"
Yes, replies every race and tribe and nation.
Such are the facts presented to us all.
But special questions on our friend would call;
For circumstances then were so involved
That each man found some problems to be solved.
Could "yes" and "no" be true on the same theme?
To think so seems the sophist's idle dream.
Such strain'd pretensions needs must be absurd;
Then clearly one alone is to be heard.
But which is that? Its first age can we trace?
'Tis one coeval with the human race.
Through all antiquity to Christian times
Is heard the sound of its celestial chimes.
From this, around him many had been driven,
For whom 'twas left to ask the way to Heav'n.
He was amongst them; and so here attend
To what befell upon this quest our friend.
Alas! it is not strange, if some should say
That in this last room they will sadly stray.
Oh what grim halls did memory possess
In those whom savage laws would long oppress,

In England and in Ireland still more
While Faith was combated in days of yore !
Our hero cannot show us so far back,
The direful scenes we can in others track.
'Tis but the leavings of most cruel men,
That here he finds recall'd and painted then ;
Though these suffice to cast a darksome gloom
O'er his first steps within this solemn room.
Far in the western sea did Faith remain
In sweet sad silence but without a stain.
After a period long of pressing need
In secrecy, more free, that ancient creed
Began to shake off shackles, till at length,
Unknown to foes revived its ancient strength.
These did not so much quarrel with its law
As scornful charges from its customs draw.
An upstart aristocracy and cruel
For constant ridicule did find them fuel.
Hereditary enemies, the most
Of being like their fathers could still boast.
Too ignorant to judge of such a theme,
Of ancient glories even once to dream,
'Tis their conclusion practical, unchanged,
To which they'd stand as in a battle ranged,
That the religion, so-call'd of the masses,
Could appertain but to the lowest classes,
That whatsoever might be its extension,
It was in fact too low a thing to mention.
Upstarts in all but this, each seem'd then born,
To have for heritage to hate and scorn.

Ah well, the common classes oft preserve
A sense of truth from which will others swerve.
Even in England some how they inherit
A portion often of the ancient spirit,
Of which an instance, ludicrous I own,
To me was lately by a damsel shown,
Who with three friends had jump'd into a train,
When one of them, a youth, did much complain
That through their haste, in spite of what she said,
They might not to the place they sought be led.
So he would ask a porter just to say
Once more if where they sat they ought to stay:
Who said at once they had no need to stir;
The train was bound quite straight for Westminster.
"I told you so, you old unb'lieving Jew."
The girl then cried, "That we were right I knew;"
And this was utter'd too with such an air
A real Jew might wish he had been there.
To hear her taunt I own I was not loth,
Which made me feel a link between us both;
Not that the calling names should make us laugh,
But that her creed I witness'd in her chaff;
Do me the honour not to think that I
Could see aught else in her sweet, merry eye,
But felt that we were in a Christian nation,
Where the true Faith might please the population,
And the poor "old unb'lieving Jew" could be
Loved, and not merely all through charity.

'Tis so, no doubt, our English people still
To think what's right retain an honest will;
Of which the traces not so oft are found
In the proud files that deem all faith unsound,
Esteeming only thoughts that separate
Themselves from lower orders in the State.
In England meanwhile, Faith had other foes,
As Memory herself to most men shows.
Here it seem'd interest more that was at work,
And rather spite that would in each breast lurk.
Here men though ignorant suspected all;
And 'tis this doubt that should their friends appal.
There was not proud disdain to show and boast,
Like fanatics of what should win them most.
They might have known 'gainst whom they plied their trade,
And harsher only were they thereby made;
Till even gentle scholars would imbibe
The style and spirit of their well-paid tribe.
As when to learned Milner they applied
That epithet re-echo'd by their side
Of "surpliced ruffian"—sad example sooth,
To show what comes of warring against truth.
Of course, 'tis clear, the songs of Scott once heard,
Some names at least began to sound absurd.
It then seem'd scarcely possible to be
Just like the "Orange" aristocracy.
How can they praise and admire in their church
What in their salons leaves them in the lurch?

How can the student, like a vulgar swain,
Jeer the grave subject of the poet's strain?
Or, what is worse, as an audacious boor,
Feel to trust most where he can least be sure?
But still would interest keep all to their task,
Even though wearing while they work'd a mask.
Besides, no doubt extravagance itself,
Arising from th' unconscious love of pelf,
Can be hereditary even there,
When men of its true source are not aware.
Within this Hall of Memory he'll find
Some proof at least of hatred of this kind.
Of which it might be best alone to say,
In somewhat of deep Talleyrand's sly way,
That "'twas remarkable," the only word
He found for things disgracefully absurd.
So strangers seated calmly side by side,
Their conversation to this theme will glide.
"O wretched family!" then one will cry,
"Who ever heard of such adversity?
The eldest son, in battle slain, you knew;
The second last year, in a fever threw
Himself from a high window, and, by Jove,
The third to papistry they say will rove!"
Then still he thinks he hears the furious cry
That will the Pope and the old faith defy;
Which oft he heard when riding home by night
Alone, from Old Hall and with no delight.
What would they cry if they had only known
The nest from which his horse and he are flown?

In later years, at times there would come back,
The ancient spirit which historians track,
Resembling somewhat days of persecution;
To meet which, calmly, needed resolution.
Permit me here an incident to sing,
Which might indeed have proved a tragic thing.
'Twas at Southampton where a mansion stood,
His family had hired near a wood.
A minister converted, well known there
To them who knew him not chose to repair.
Gaily received by them and without fuss,
After some days his visit ended thus.
He had been famed for preaching in the town,
A fact they knew not when they ask'd him down;
Though rather self-invited came this guest,
Who thought to stop some days with them were best,
While those, it seems, whom he had just forsook,
Had mark'd him down within their own black book.
Indeed, on Sunday, walking down the street,
No looks were seen directed on him sweet;
'Twas wordless, settled anger in the face,
Which his now unsuspecting host could trace.
He thought not of it then. He little knew
The letters that their guest had had, not few,
Which threaten'd him with death, and that by fire.
One who within himself liked to retire,
Despising all these wild denunciations,
Their guest to them made no annunciations;
Though, what was passing strange, they later heard,
What in a London journal was observed,

That in a merry serio-comic way,
Next January's third was named a day
On which, as some one writing in it states,
Their guest, whose name is told, "illuminates."
Of this prediction knowing not, that night,
He left them early for the Isle of Wight.
'Twixt two and three, so long before the dawn,
Was heard the page boy shouting from the lawn.
"Fire! fire!" he cried, and as you may suppose,
No sooner our friend heard it than he rose.
In fact he saw there was no time to spare,
If he would save the inmates sleeping there.
'Twas lurid glare; 'twas stifling, smothering smoke,
That greeted him the moment he awoke.
But all were safely out of it before
He even could unlock the outer door;
For through a window pass'd the babes and all,
While from the rooms above some paintings fall;
The ruling passion lasts, you know, till death;
He'd save some pictures while he still had breath.
But what must not be pass'd in silence here,
The cause of the disaster became clear.
For in a pantry where no chimneys ran,
The raging fire, spreading from there, began.
A large round aperture was in the pane
Of a glass window, through which it was plain
Whate'er had caused the fire had been flung
Old wainscotting and paper'd shelves among.
Besides the pantry all the rest was dark,
As he who fled the first did well remark.

'Twas on the ground floor with no shutters, too,
I leave the judgment to be pass'd by you.

So Dryden's panther prowling thus by night,
Not only shows his teeth but he will bite.
Yet much the host saw that grim morning bring
Proved at the time a semi-comic thing.
With blood-stain'd vest through broken glass he'd fly,
'Till those he loved were out of jeopardy;
With naked feet upon the frosty ground
Hither and thither ran he all around;
There are the paintings strewn upon the grass,
There are of books and manuscripts a mass;
Scorch'd with the flames and wet, half drown'd in mire,
They dread the water quite as much as fire;
While the brave man who managed the new hose,
As cool as he was did our friend suppose,
Though at the time the latter felt and thought
He might have other themes for jesting sought.

Nor was it only mobs and brutal boors
From whom aspersions foolish one endures.
In Memory's Hall he sees an aged man stand,
Who fond of sketches shakes him by the hand,
When saying, with a melancholy smile,
"I hope that Rome will never you beguile,

Like your famed ancestor, who bore the name
You're call'd by, clad still with a lasting shame."
Well known at Mongewell and at Durham's fane,
A man most noble was he without stain,
Unless that mitred in a usurp'd station,
He must defend the errors of his nation.
Abundant proof we therefore here can find,
How England still was most to truth unkind.
Another epoch now he sees not dim,
When foreign countries open'd first to him.
Ne'er can he tell the visions in his soul,
When in a faithful church he first did stroll.
He look'd; he felt; he wonder'd and admired,
At least, though not by truth as yet inspired.
What figures kneeling! altars lighted there!
Is this what's meant when men have talk'd of prayer?
Nought then he utter'd audible to others;
But nothing thenceforth what's within him smothers.
A smouldering light then at the bottom lay,
Which must burst forth upon some future day.
While still at school some aged men he had met
Whose faith once told him he could ne'er forget.
They only talk'd, 'tis true, on classic themes,
Homer and Virgil, but in all there seems,
Though silent in their mind, a certain voice,
On hearing which he could not but rejoice;
For Englefield and Butler there had sat,
Both Catholics; he only well knew that.

And although men are men, faith can supply
A certain stamp, to copy which none try,
Without being detected at a glance,
Whatever propositions they advance.

To college sent, vacations come again,
What still he is, perhaps he can't remain.
For there he heard from lips he honour'd most
How scholars true of faith might chiefly boast,
How books inspired so, and by him there read,
Had to the old religion great men led,
How novel lights might sparkle for a while,
But that the old, more steady, won't beguile,
How only they can ever clearly show
What most is grand upon this earth below,
How theirs, though seeming dormant in the breast,
For many prove the surest and the best.
His ears their keen discourse had often shock'd,
When at things still revered by him they mock'd.
How can he e'er give up that evening prayer,
"Lighten our darkness," that resounded there?
Or what in advent sounded quite as grand,
And yet so soothing, thought he, soft and bland—
"Now in this our time of mortal strife!"
No more to hear these is to give up life.
This to himself he said, and saying kept,
But even then remembrance had not slept.
Why at the same time cannot he be both?
To leave the one or other feeling loth.

Eclectics were once famed for choosing thus;
Then, why may not such choice be granted us?
He'll make selections, be like others too,
He thought he heard a voice that whisper'd "do."
Still day by day reflection brought to him
Conviction that he could not feed a whim;
To pick and choose and take what he liked best,
And leave before he knows it all the rest.
The words of St. Augustin in his ears,
And those of Bossuet revived his fears
That all he heard around him was not well;
Though none expressly would the stern facts tell.
By implication only could he find
What might be lurking in the learned mind.
Thus Hare, who to the last would Luther call,
"That godlike man," and him e'en then appal,
Would not the less continuously say
To those around, that ignorant were they,
When with such men as Bossuet compared,
To question whose grave words they never dared.
That with his genius they could not contend,
However long they might vain efforts spend.
Then Locke, although a text-book, quite disdain'd,
Paley, of whom so many still complain'd,
Burnet, loud laugh'd at as a vulgar fool,
To honour foreign writers seem'd the rule.
Bonald and De Maistre were most read,
At least by those whom Hare's example led.
Goerres and Stolberg, Schlegel, Hurter, Vogt,
These were the German authors they invoked,

With Ildefons von Arx and Wilkens, men
Second to none in erudition then,
And Staudenmaier, Liebner, and a host
Of whom the south of Germany could boast.
And then, too, Hare and others wise as him,
As if complying with some cherish'd whim,
Would lend him German books by faith inspired,
Saying how greatly these should be admired;
For authors from the south they knew right well,
The Cambridge booksellers had not to sell—
While these great scholars he was well aware
Would read, themselves, such authors as will dare
To scout all Christian faith with foolish breath,
To leave us only doubts, wild words and death—
Such as the north of Germany still yields,
To those who traverse those unwholesome fields,
Until they render even English youth
Insensible to plain and honest truth,
Which ever still responds to revelation,
Ay, even in that soul-sick Prussian nation.
Of course there's not one truth that moves the soul
Which is not scatter'd somewhere through the whole;
Each section keeps some one or other point,
Which, isolated thus, is out of joint.
But 'tis the centre that collects these rays,
Imparting order in which each then stays.
These two great facts resemble what was told
By Anaxagoras, the sage of old,
Respecting the whole Universe, when he
Said, summing up with perspicuity,

"All is in all,"[0] but it is chaos then.
"Mind imparts order."[1] 'Tis the world for men.
Such seem the two states of the whole that's here,[2]
Those of religion typified most clear—
All chaos or creation, symbols thus
Of Faith imperfect or made whole for us.
Who doubts the chaos reigning wildly now?
That it should end must be all wise men's vow:
While that endures both minds and sects are toss'd
In dark confusion till all b'lief is lost;
And sects will cease the sects themselves to charm,
Thoughstill devising 'gainst each other harm.
Now in the ancient Pale that still remain'd
Order and primal truths he saw maintain'd.
Between the one or other you must choose;
For one he would not the occasion lose.
But for all this he found himself prepared
By what he read in ancient books that dared
Predict in plainest terms, and from the first,
When this new light of "reformation" burst,
Upon the world, led thus so far amiss,
That what they wrought was sure to end in this.
Those men who at the first resisted it
Were not, as some suppose, devoid of wit;
To not one of these wanderings of the mind
Which we deem "modern thought" were they then blind.

[0] πάντα ἦν ὁμοῦ. [1] Νοῦς πάντα ἐκόσμησε.
[2] τοῦ παντός.

They saw and they foretold what we should be
If we've no bounds to curiosity.
The men whose names are now on every tongue
Are those whom they would not be found among.
They'd fathom'd their objections and conclusion,
And said at once the whole was sheer delusion.
So as each sophist springs up day by day
He only yields fresh proof of what they say.
"All things are taught," we have been often told,
By time alone, when it is growing old," [3]
And the loud clamour rising round us here
Makes this Greek saying now indeed most clear.
Well such facts studied, ponder'd, in his mind,
That something wrong is here he's sure to find.
The history, the history alone
Might well account for his embarrass'd tone;
For there he read, what legions then had knelt
Before Laverna, and her genius felt,
Devout to her whatever they might show,
The only "Roman" worship they would know, —
Great public robbers while protesting still
That all they sought was doing God's high will,
Though aye intent that goddess to adore,
That gaining riches they might yet gain more.
Sooth Strype did such a curtain then draw back,
He saw enough, no more, to feel a lack,
Of controversy fitting only then
Scholastics, not plain, simple, gallant men.

[3] ἀλλ' ἐκδίδασκει πάνθ' ὁ γηράσκων χρόνος.—Æschyl.

There oped the Sophoclean scene once more,
Antigones who State decrees ignore,
Still faithful to the law of Heav'n in spite
Of the new Creons and their legal might.
'Twas the old "madness" to prefer to Kings
Obedience to these pure immortal things,
To think that on the will of God should wait
The will of man, embodied in the State,
So to keep friends with Heav'n and with the dead;
Since after all, whatever may be said,
'Tis with the dead we longer shall remain
Than with men here, however they complain.
It is in truth a very short-lived mirth
Which is obtained from dwellers upon earth;
Whereas when we for justice have to sigh
The joy we reap is what will never die.

Besides he found that in the ancient creed
Reign'd thoughts and ways of which he felt the need.
The feelings of humanity were there
Develop'd even in its acts of prayer.
In spite of its great aim to make us one,
From that great purpose never wholly gone,
It breathed a love for all the human race,
Which in its rites and customs he could trace.
In the Greek Church it is the usage still
To show by outward acts this charming will;
For after Mass on Easter morning all
Will kiss each other, both the great and small,

Such love they feel thus sprung from the delight
That follows then the Resurrection's night;
And if the Latin Church has swerved from this,
She still preserves in mind the dulcet kiss,
Even for those within her pale unknown,
Whose fair intentions she will ne'er disown.
And then her unaffected deep respect,
For those whose claims the world will aye reject—
For those the most despised, reviled, and blamed,
Of whom the Church seems never quite ashamed,
Attracts the mind which cherishes the thought
That in its depths would not in vain be sought.
Old age too there is treated as we see
In ancient times that felt its dignity;[4]
So that e'en now the rules of etiquette,
As seen in France will never this forget.
Above all how she sweetens thoughts of death,
As if imparting an immortal breath!
It is not she who shudders o'er the tomb,
Like Science diving through the poisonous gloom.
How she can all the sense of terror smother
By joining us in mind with one another!
I well remember on the sombre day
When on our foreheads Priests will ashes lay,
That kneeling to receive them next a girl,
One whom the East might now have call'd its pearl,
I felt death was not worthy of a sigh,
Since graves can yield us such a company.

[4] Ovid, Fasti, lib. v.

To "slumber on one pillow in the dust,"
With her need not affright or cause mistrust.
With ashes stain'd alike while kneeling so,
'Twill be the same when both are stretch'd below.
Strangers, we two, already feel their touch,
And this, whate'er you say, I thought was much.
For how should leaving here my heart appal
When side by side we feel what's felt by all?
If such proved thus Faith's gravest solemn rite,
What joy must follow when she breathes delight!
Unbarring portals with harmonious sound,
Where heavenly joys upon this earth are found.
Familiar to just men of every clime,
Known to all countries and unchanged by time!
A stranger will each item understand,
Though lately come from the most distant land.
Think of the countless multitudes that felt
Just as the living now when thus they knelt.
What majesty attends the simplest rite,
When all who once observed it are in sight!
Think but of those the Bollandists describe,
Who would the smallest item still prescribe,
As if no more enshrined within the book,
Each had just stepp'd forth from his special nook.
Think of the crowds of holy men who roam,
And still before each altar feel at home!
Such thoughts must needs impress, attract the soul,
And make it feel the grandeur of the whole.

And then how can the praise be duly said
Of fond commemoration of the dead—
When the Church guides us to the grave of friends,
And to fresh love for them our whole heart bends!
This is the Faith he thought that should belong
To his own mind, that deems dull gloom is wrong;
For clouds that frighten, sweeping o'er her face
At times, to austere mortals we can trace;
Who have their sombre mantle o'er her thrown,
Still thinking that her thoughts are like their own.
But she the while, brings light and warmth to men,
Nought but entire forgiveness having then;
Since who to gather hope feels at a loss,
Before whose eyes she ever holds the Cross?
These and a thousand other thoughts as well
Did move his mind, and in his memory dwell.
So when vacations suffer'd him to stray
After a tour, at Paris he would stay.
To aged Chevalier then he quickly went,
And told him all his wishes and intent
To know some priest who would receive him there,
Into the holy Church relieved from care.
Soon to a learned doctor he was gone,
Who lived with the far-famed grave Sorbonne.
I still can see, he says, his blank dismay,
When he had heard in brief what I would say.
"I think," he said, "you're young for such affairs;
Me, an imprudent fervour, always scares.
What would your father and your mother say?
I'd like to know first, you from both away!

A truant wanderer o'er hill and dale,
As you have told me—subject for a tale
Romantic rather than a sage discourse
(I well know what you want to say of course)
Which suits me better living 'neath a roof
Where I would keep from worldly strife aloof.
Domestic squabbles I have long forgot;
So pray excuse me; I had rather not.
Besides, just look, what papers round me lie!
Sheets from the printer that await my eye
To be corrected, e'en this very day!
Involve myself with you I never may.
Go home, go home, consult your family,
There at the least you'll find, more skill'd than I,
Some one who if all things should turn out worst
Will find a way to quench your present thirst."
At first, perhaps, this looks a little queer;
To him in that light it did not appear.
For all was true, and wise he must confess,
In what was said, though he did grieve no less.
A monumental work then was compiling
That learned doctor, whom he's not reviling.
In fact he had himself procured and prized
The first of these same books which were revised;
And though he had no parents living then,
He not the less respected such wise men.
So all was over soon in Paris thus,
For him who never liked to make a fuss.
Back then to England he would take his way,
Still bent some other measures to assay,

But still retaining somewhat of that pride
Which keeps back many when they should decide.
In this respect are pretty much the same
Both great and little ; so I'd no one blame,
While tempted to relate an instance quaint
Of what was said, and lately, to a saint— .
The Count de Boislecomte, who on a day
At Cannes with the famed Cousin had to stray.
Their conversation took a serious turn,
No doubt to draw him out the Count did burn ;
And so they talk'd of schools and all the rest,
And then of what Religion he thought best.
Cousin extoll'd the ancient faith, and said,
" It cheer'd the heart, and satisfied the head."
The Count, then feeling courage, urged the sage
To take the step which would his thirst assuage ;
To seek some priest, chase fears that had beguiled,
And go thus to Confession like a child ;
Since thus to practise what he b'lieved would be
For him repose, the fruit of liberty.
Then, with an alter'd mien, a sterner eye,
The other seem'd to draw himself up high.
He look'd like some one else, or one awoke
All of a sudden, and 'twas thus he spoke.
" The man to whom I should confess would be
Startled, confounded at such dignity
Accruing to himself from the bare fact
That I, that Cousin, such a part would act,
And have recourse to him. He would go mad
With pride, from being good would become bad.

So know at once, I neither will nor durst
Thus injure him to satiate my thirst."

But to return to our anxious friend
Who, proud no less, to England back would wend.
Why pride in him had not the same result,
He cannot say when mem'ry he'll consult.
But 'tis a pleasure not to understand
How often many strange things come to hand.
In Castle Street, in depths of London town
There lived, he heard, a prelate of renown.
Poynter was he, a learned man who gave
Then to the world clear writings, solid, grave.
Where are they now? alas! how all things speed
To dark oblivion whatsoe'er we need!
Hearing his wishes then 'twas proudly thought
The priest to show surprise and pleasure ought,
To hear from Cambridge just arrived that he
For such a purpose would his suppliant be;
For truly such great changes then were rare;
They were not, as much later, in the air.
But nought of either show'd he in the way
With which he heard what he had wish'd to say.
He only ask'd him whereabouts in town
He lived, and then, not noting it o'en down,
He said to Westminster he'd better go,
Where from the priest that lived there he could know
All that concern'd him. No more was said;
So to that priest the next day he was sped.

"He's not at home, my lad. Why come so late?
Think you, the priest on such as you must wait?
Come then to-morrow and right early too,
At such an hour as this 'twould never do."
So spake the crone. He had to ask his way
Through the foul narrow slums through which it lay.
Next morn again applying at that door,
His answer was much like the one before.
"He has been call'd away on urgent case,"
Said she, and slamm'd the hall-door in his face.
What was there then for him to do? But one
Resource he had. To use it he is gone.
To Charles Butler, met but once before,
At William Spencer's in school-days of yore—
Who to him gave a note for Father Scott,
Whose gracious aid for ever changed his lot;
When Norton Street, now with another name,
To which some strangers hearing of him came,
Saw at last kindled those long latent fires
Which to his shame he owns he but admires.
Then there was no more said. He must return
To Cambridge, where much longer he'll sojourn.
But how can I refuse that you shall see
What lives for ever in his memory?
Since this will show the movements of the age,
And hence for others prove a curious page.

'Tis true that he had taken his degree,
But ignorance might well have been his plea;
For of what he, like others, careless swore,
He at the time had known, in fact, no more

Than any of the graver sapient throng
Whose praises to the Senate would belong.
Received with kindness that took no account
Of what had pass'd, I needs then must recount
How those at least who now are pass'd away
To him such undeserved attention pay.
If you would know the cause as 'twas in truth,
They look'd upon him as a wanton youth.
Such changes, never heard of in that day,
Seem'd to them then a kind of mad-cap trait,
Which almost pleased; it seem'd so strange and new;
And imitators, said they, would be few.
"'Twas chivalry that led him, as was clear;
From such a taste there's not now much to fear."
Though later, what they found with sad surprise
Made them regard it with far other eyes,
When, as at present, Pagan cries around,
Or worse than Pagan would most fiercely sound,
Denouncing those who said they never durst
Be Christian afterwards, but English first.
But this refers to what concerns him not;
I only sing of what he ne'er forgot.
Whewell, consistent with himself throughout,
(For from the first his own he would ne'er scout)
Continued still a dear and constant friend,
The most indulgent even till his end.
Then he remembers sitting in the hall,
That Sedgwick sent his grave-faced Gyp to call
Him to his room as soon as he had dined,
A message that did trouble much his mind.

"What could great Sedgwick have to say to me,"
Said he, some censures are in store I see.
Shrinking he went, but then received with grace,
He saw no sad displeasure on his face,
As who e'er saw it in his genial looks,
E'en when he fumbled o'er some doctors' books,
At which he heard him laugh with temper gay,
Saying he thought they knew not what to say,
That Barrow seem'd his own mind but to tease
When writing on the power of the keys;
Rubbing his hands, as if quite pleased himself,
He then replaced that author on the shelf.
Said he, "Perhaps you'll smile when you will hear
For what slight purpose I sent for you here.
You know that me some people often blame;
Of course who these may be I need not name,
Who say I ever seem disposed to greet
Just whomsoever I by chance may meet,
Without regard to what may be their creed;
And to such ways they say, I should take heed.
Well, all this long vacation I have been
Where populations Catholic I've seen—
In Styria and Carinthia; and I vow,
I care not what our Dons are whispering now,
But trust me—never, never, did I see,
A people that can dearer be to me,
On whom my memory would rather rest,
As being of all mankind known the best.
Of course I know what you are now right well;
I thought you'd like to hear me all this tell;

And what was sure to please you I would show;
So come again, and soon. You now may go."
The blame of others here implied observe
Was not beyond what some few did deserve;
That much excuse they had requires admission,
If you will place yourself in their position.
For wishing that the Catholics were free
To take their University Degree,
For writing likewise, strongly in that sense,
The man most skill'd in Greek, for that offence,
Had been condemn'd to lecture there no more,
When he departed, although chief in lore;
When soon a wiser Government took care,
That well provided he should be elsewhere.

But still discursive as I am in song,
Another thought of Cambridge won't be wrong.
Methinks I see the crowd of students there
Who with Professors to the Hall repair.
Ah, what loved figures press in there to dine,
What smiles in passing us before me shine!
While we as undergraduates must wait
A moment longer, as becomes our state.
How each while passing will then nod or bow;
And I, alas! must ask where are they now?
Peacock, Hare, Whewell, Romilly are gone;
I see them press before me one by one.
Oh, may they now have found the true great feast
Where all have enter'd, greatest with the least!

Oh, hail ye spirits, noble and refined!
On earth, true men, most gracious and most kind!

When he looks back to other scenes without,
Great was the goodness shown to him no doubt.
But still there was a change in most relations,
As is inevitable in such nations.
The cordial grew polite, the lukewarm cold,
Nothing was just the same as 'twas of old.
The grave would use a kind of ill-bred banter,
The jolly preach as would become a ranter.
The one, invited to your house, would say,
'Twixt him and you "a mighty gulf now lay:"
The other, clad in red to hunt with hounds,
Would slap your back and cry, "I know well, zounds!
Why, my good boy, you have so strange a creed;
It is because the Bible you don't read.
Yes, my boy, read your Bible, then you'll know,—
I come! I come! good-bye, then; tally ho!"
Others, more serious, would first cease to write;
Indeed they did not think it would be right.
To call were act of supererogation;
Besides it would not now become their station.
Some few there were, not clever, but sincere,
At least as far as we can judge while here.
So slowly riding while he still looks down,
Our friend now meets the rector of a town.
'Twas in the park of his great patron that
This minister would have with him some chat.

A Calvinist was he, though not perplex'd,
To mark the disaccordance with his text,
Which must have often struck him, one might say,
In those with whom he dined each holiday.
On epicures as on each dish he'd wink,
And on Predestination still would think.
On Sundays never would he prayers begin
Until he saw the old Lord safe within
His lofty pew, to which he went in state,
Though sometimes, perhaps often, rather late.
The pealing organ would then swell and rise,
The minister begin, you'd say, with sighs.
This ever-sighing, downcast looking man,
Thus meeting him their converse then began,
Verbatim, as I give it, while he stood
Beside his horse, that was both safe and good.
"My Lord is well this morn, I hope?" said he;
"Ah, well-a-day, it sore distresses me,
To think that you, from holy Cambridge flown,
Where Simeon and such saints you must have known,
Should now be what you are! well, well, I never
Could have thought it, and thrown 'midst young men clever
At least you have been!—do just tell me now
(Oh, if you knew my humble, secret vow)
Have you e'er read but one of our small books,
One of our little tiny tracts that looks
So unpretending? that would set you right,
And make you e'en a vessel to our sight!"

"Sir," he replied, "permit me now to ask,
Have you e'er thought it worthy of your task
To look at any of our books as small,
Which in brief compass paint our faith and all?"
Then with a groan he cried, "Justification
By faith alone, that is the true relation."
The words were still repeated with a moan,
"Justification, and by faith alone."
Then said he, "Sir, the Trentine Council once,
On that sole point departed for the nonce,
From its authoritative simple way,
And did the whole truth before mankind lay,
Which indeed now, as far as I can see,
Exactly doth with what you hold agree.
The book is small, as small quite as your own
In which the whole of what you ask is shown.
Just say to me, now have you ever read
What there in that brief compass has been said?"
"Gee, gee," he whisper'd, speaking to his steed,
That seem'd some such encouragement to need,
"Good day, good day, alas!" and then he sigh'd;
And to the castle slowly on did ride.

One other incident, and then I'll cease,
From Sorrow's page to find a sweet release;
For what more sad than to see worthy men
Left thus defenceless to a trivial pen?
Stopping in Christchurch, Oxford, for a day,
His pocket missal on a table lay.

His friend, who had not guess'd what it might be,
Open'd, then shut it instantaneously.
He ask'd him if his finger it had stung;
This taunt from him this frank confession wrung;
For wriggling, laughing, with warmth then he said,
"The plain fact is, to look in it I dread."
'Twas so with many then and 'tis so still,
If but observe and think of it you will.
The dread of having an unsettled mind,
Estranged then from you many that were kind.
Suspecting in their hearts they might be wrong,
Dreading the force to which you then belong,
They find that you are mix'd up in their thought
With what has only to them unrest brought.
So nought they think is better than to find,
That you are wholly banish'd from their mind.
'Tis best for them of you to lose all sight;
To keep up friendship so would not be right;
And thus your friends will drop off one by one,
No scene, no anger, till they all are gone.
Your portrait suits not their memorial hall;
So they get rid of it, and that is all.

Somewhat too much of this. Let him return
To Alma Mater and with her sojourn.
So now the College Library knew
One who preferr'd its old shelves to its new,
Where first he stumbled on Dacherius sage,
Whose Spicilegium oped for him an age

Which then, in point of fact, was only known
As that of darkness with all horrors sown ;
For now he's writing, printing too as fast,
Of which some incidents denote times pass'd :
As when, expecting down a fresh proof sheet,
He'd walk beneath the moon the coach to meet.
Famed Gilbert and the Rivingtons were then
His thoughts' safe guardians as now best of men ;
Disdaining not his rhapsodies to print,
While as deep scholars giving oft a hint ;
So that to them he owes down to this day
A debt he cannot adequately pay.
At last the road to Trumpington would show
Approaching lights, far forward moving so,
When he'd run back with wings upon his feet,
Proving as that famed London "Fly" as fleet,
Arriving with it, breathless at the Inn,
To ask if such a parcel was within ;
Where it would be of course, though often found
Toss'd with rude boxes on the office ground ;
With which, when seized, he would regale his eyes,
While to the "Bishop's Hostel" back he flies ;
For there kind Whewell gave him rooms, although
He'd lost his right to have such long ago.
Excuse this picture of an author's folly ;
But what of self ends not in melancholy ?

Then now to Cambridge a choice spirit came,
Just Catholic become, but him to name

I am debarr'd, since in this hall I'd show,
Only those pass'd from all our scenes below.
Yet somewhat of him too I needs must sing;
His image is so bright and pure a thing!
A boy, and still at school, he did suspect,
That all he wanted was not in his sect;
So to the master he applied one day
And ask'd permission what he wish'd to say
As in confession; but the other stared
And ask'd him, the young dog, how he had dared,
To utter such absurdity; so he
Then went his way as meek as meek could be.
The next day then his master said to him,
"I see that youth like age will have its whim.
I have been looking into books last night,
And finding on the whole you're partly right;
Since they allow us always men to hear
Who may address their secrets to our ear.
So now proceed and let me hear you tell
Just what you like. My harshness was not well."
Confession made, the minister did ask,
What next was wanted to complete his task;
The boy replied that 'twas his absolution;
The new-lit zeal evinced no diminution.
But then for him, at such proceedings raw,
There was a slight embarrassment he saw.
"For in this book," saith he, "I find forms two,
One long, one short. Now which of them will do?"
The boy replied he thought the long one best;
And so the thing in brief was set at rest.

But soon to Dryden's hind he found his way,
And thenceforth felt he had no more to stray.
So now, ensconced in Nevill's-court you see
One who a teacher and a guide could be.
For first, his books! in vellum bound so white!
Became their playmates both by day and night;
With a mysterious air this fresh ally,
Would choicest pages of old times supply;
Italian, French, and Spanish thoughts were shown,
All by his graceful comments made his own.
His little Latin volumes proved for him
True cups Ambrosian that o'erflow'd their brim.
Impossible to draw near such a feast,
And not inhale the fragrance at the least.
Each thing was shown with such an angel's smile,
That Heav'n to earth seem'd open all the while;
And then his friends, who felt his fascination,
Would humbly own the errors of their nation;
Though not like him found constant at the end,
Each by his presence there became your friend.
From all extracting good from this or that,
A lofty school was his familiar chat.
Preserved from all immoderate complaints,
He knew no zeal but what belongs to saints—
Pure innocence that aye conversed with truth —
Such was the student! known to him in youth.
What man will visit memory and be
Displeased if such a portrait he should see?
The picture of itself might give a tongue
To him who sees it, from whom might be wrung

That wish (which argued no discerning glance
At what in outward union did advance),
Which was express'd with such a plaintive sigh
By one who saw two unlike students nigh;
From whose tutorial lips these words were heard,
"I wish with you two I could make a third,"
Him in these pages I forbear to name,
And for a reason still in part the same.
I mention it that only you may see
What grave deep thinkers would with them agree.
Another follow'd of illustrious line;
Already holy Spencer you divine;
But he soars higher, far beyond our reach,
So what he proved to be let others teach.
Meanwhile, observe the spirit of the place,
As far as in the students you could trace
Its action, was to hail still more and more
Those who went fearless to the ancient shore.
They saw the days observed—the rules exact,
But still they seem'd untroubled by the fact.
'Twas then that he to Sauston would repair,
For mass on Sundays that was nearest there.
Of its revered grave owner I would speak,
But him in other poems you can seek.[5]
'Tis here enough to say that in this hall
Of memory I mean, on him he'd call
To show to friends and foes if such were known,
The choicest portrait that he e'er did own.

[5] "Little Low Bushes," Sauston Hall.

Yet still remains a picture he would show,
Of which I sang but briefly long ago—
That of Old Hall I mean, which here will stand
For all observers simple although grand.
Thither for mass and vespers would he ride,
The night before, while friendly at his side
Rode oft some stranger either man or boy,
Who in the dusk some chatting would enjoy.
Returning later mostly in the dark
(This fact important always he'd remark),
Two hours and a half he took each time
To reach, just hearing great Saint Mary's chime
At nine, the town—just six and twenty miles,
A fairish pace methinks this each one styles.
These rides were on a horse that trotted well;
And to some minutes he could always tell
How long he'd take to be upon the road;
But then the horse was 'custom'd to his load.
To London he oft went upon this hack,
And as I said, to Oxford, Bath, and back.
Excuse details, repeated thus, though small,
The horse was known by name as Canon Ball.
But what concerns more others must be told,
And that is much indeed which you behold.
Lo the fair chapel! What a stillness there!
Here is indeed again a house of prayer!
But oh, the solemn strains that float around!
How little like the legal chanting found!
Then when all present have so well adored,
Witness prepared the hospitable board,

Whence passing to a parlour good men sit,
To revel in the feasts of stingless wit,
Or of the Abbé Caron tales to tell,
And of men like him there remember'd well,
Or, stealing forth all quietly, you find,
Some holy scholar to instruct your mind,
Who till the evening bell for vespers sounds,
Will lead you through their grove or playing grounds.
What learning deep! Yet what kind natures still,
'Tis here indeed are found "men of good will,"
Not men excluding life from the divine,
But in whom always the "small virtues" shine,
So wanting elsewhere where there seems to be
In spite of boasts but little charity.
There is a world quite new that you behold,
Where are true mines of what surpasses gold.
"The old man" of St. Paul with all his airs,
To enter such a circle never dares.
The type of college dons was here unknown,
And nothing struck him more than this he'll own.
Nor is there yet beheld its counterpart,
When studied airs would use a fawning art.
Here's no pretentious vaunting to show off,
At which men, used to greatness, only scoff—
No sly insinuation just to show
That high-life's secrets they exactly know—
No wish to seem acquainted with the world,
Though grief's express'd when it is madly whirl'd.

Here men are men content to pass for such;
And, with such solid lore, this wish is much.
Their sanctity a quiet, humble thing,
To all that's fair and good would ever cling.
A certain homely air it always wore
That young and old liked only more and more.
No truer thing old time could ever mellow
Than this so sure to make a right good fellow,
Which question'd would admit no other test,
But simply what denoted natures best.
You'd say the whole appear'd a new creation,
A thing unthought of in our English nation—
Faith yet with nature as it is in truth,
What an alliance to attract all youth!
And yet 'tis here that orally survives,
What life imparts to records and revives.
For 'tis tradition opens wide the doors
Of ancient story to him who explores
What is all painted and engraven here
In memories that no omissions fear.
When first the storms of legal persecution
Subsided somewhat 'twas a revolution,
And one most truly in a better sense
Than when the change was one of more pretence
For from fair Douai, flocks of holy men
Returned to their country, unlike then
The furious herds that now with her consort,
And to their fell conspiracies resort.
To Hampshire first these men of unity,
Returned, whence migrates this community

To Hertfordshire, where here it settled down
Upon this hill, so far from any town.
But of the talk heard here where all is well,
Oh, who can sing? or what grave Muse can tell?
'Tis not alone Dantesque, scholastic lore;
For suiting times at present, it is more.
It is the answer calm, so sound, so high,
To which no sophist living can reply.
It is solutions that you vainly sought
Elsewhere, external or in your own thought,
That simply clearly once for all are given,
Needing no finish but what's found in Heav'n.

Strangers, you've seen the whole, the whole he'd show,
While other pictures still remain, you know.
For as was whisper'd long since while we stroll'd,
Some do relate to things that can't be told.
So it is elsewhere, though admission's free,
There are some rooms the public must not see.
Look at those curtains black all drawn beyond;
They hide some gems of which each owner's fond,
In lonely, dull hours when he'll thither stray,
And all the world seems long since gone away,
When gay light visitors are seen no more,
And men would haunt alone some things of yore—
Things that to others would supply no good,
Things that perhaps would not be understood.
Left there in silence for their lonely breast;
Let it suffice that you have seen the rest.

Besides these, there are others, cover'd so,
Which for another reason men can't show.
The property it is of each such hall
(And to the fact I'd your attention call)
To please us more the farther we advance ;
At what is first met we don't care to glance.
I scarcely know to what we can compare
The kind of pictures that you witness there,
As through each outward vestibule you pass,
Than to what's found among the common ma
Of paintings, products of a recent school,
That the ideal never has for rule,
Which seems to suffer from a constant thirst,
To be sensational and from the first.
There's nought so common, ordinary known,
As private tragedies we mortals own.
What's latest nearest in the memory so
Shows, with the trappings and the suits of w
Things much too sad to sing of or produce ;
They're all intended for another use.
As studies they are far too crude and raw ;
Artistic hints from them men cannot draw.
Sorrows of this kind none should ever choose
As what they'd volunteer to give the Muse.
To them we might apply the words that said
Julian of Egypt thinking of the dead,
Crying out, "Theodotus ! yes, 'tis she,
Who by the aid of painting comes to me.
And would now to Heaven that the painter's
Had proved deficient not to wound my heart !

But still to leave forgetfulness to those
Who weep to see again recall'd those woes."
These need the lapse of time to gain a tone,
Before to any stranger they are shown;
In time such might be mellow'd for the eye,
In time unveil'd perhaps without a sigh;
But for the present cover'd they must be
In the deep folds of each one's memory.
Besides, the grief they tell of is too vast;
Men pass on to observe what's longer past;
'Tis too gigantic; all art it defies;
It seems to teach nought, only to surprise;
Or, what they see thus first they might compare
To frightful visions as embodied there.
For all its stern reality 'twill seem
The hideous phantom of some last night's dream,
From which men even still appear to start
As from what has wounded most their heart;
Just as we feel oft, while the day will dawn,
When we lie speechless with breath hardly drawn,
So from these recent pictures must we turn,
Leaving in silence there the cypress urn,
Still wandering forwards to our ancient schools,
Which better can respond to all these rules.
But what is stranger still, one soon discovers
That these are more secured than were the others.
Perhaps to them was more attention paid,
And so ideas classified have stay'd;
For youth polite to others shows attention;
Which yields an instance of the cause we mention.

Without which memory will not retain
What we might well have thought would ther
remain.
The farther back you search and look around,
The more things in exact detail are found.
As if our memory disdain'd the new,
And only kept what's ancient in our view.
The oldest paintings here are best preserved,
Whate'er the newest have in truth deserved.
'Tis only as we penetrate beyond
The fresh additions that we find things fond,
Preserved in least, the most minute detail,
Each to repeat its most affecting tale.
The newest hardly even find admittance ;
Could we exclude them wholly 'twere a riddance.

You have the temple and its gardens fair ;
For from a garden did he pass in there—
Meridional and bright and happy spot,
And therein painted too and ne'er forgot,
Where reigns "a certain habit," we might say,
"Of sweetness," following Fromentin's way,
Who says there is no word to paint the peace
When noises wholly absent there will cease.
Or rather, and to compare ears with sight
Where silence like transparent air and bright,
Will render all perceptions far more clear,
And open thereby to the ravish'd ear
The unknown world of sounds so very small,
That infinitely such they seem to all—

Vast field for real transports wholly new,
That seem replete with joys e'en for the view.
There for a month with D'Esgrigny he sought
The sweets of placid and untroubled thought,
Never so valued, ne'er to man so dear,
As when he knows what makes the contrast here.

So now should end our walks through memory's room
But that perhaps we mark what seems like gloom
Just stealing o'er the face of every guest,
As if in fine 'twould in their feelings rest;
Like sunset on the last concluding day
Of summer trips to Italy to stray,
Returning to the cold and stale routine
Of common life when all has now been seen.
A certain tone of melancholy thought
At least steals o'er, though now from conscience brought;
Not strange if 'twas in him this sadness grew,
Who thus has had his past years within view;
For certes what a useless life was led
He thinks in truth can ne'er be sung or said.
Some say in each one's cupboard there must be
A skeleton most horrible to see;
But, as wise Petrarch to Colonna said,
There may be some things yet within his head
Which it is pleasant to remember still,
And never simply signifying ill.

All men cannot be Scipios to know
Of countermarching and manœuvring so,
Of cities taken, expeditions grand,
Of trophies, battles, both by sea and land,
Of great orations midst a Senate's strife
In Parliamentary or civic life—
The chief criterions now by which we try
What names there may be that should never die.
The recollections that are met with here
Are only such as to the heart are dear;
And that too where 'tis more inclined to play
Than prompt the tongue the gravest things to say;
As when the Poet of Vaucluse confess'd
That he for much should sorrow have express'd,
Though spots where he composed those verses yet
Were so endear'd he them could ne'er forget;
Which rather, perhaps, proves that he was wrong
Condemning what was once his best-loved song.
Still since all deep offence to minds is bad,
It might be just as well perhaps to add
That some small things of a much higher tone
Might be discover'd always if not shown;
Though yet the fact that stares him in the face,
Is that there's room for good he cannot trace.
What were e'en all the fruits he sought to yield,
But such as proved at best a poor wild field?
Of which the only good that can be told
Is that they were not raised for sake of gold;
Not "verses of Simonides" were they,
Composed like his avowedly for pay.

Châteaubriand, indeed, who saw his book,
Told him he wholly his own age mistook—
That faith and honour painted ne'er could be
A theme that would with its demands agree,
Nor, from the signs that even then appear'd,
With those of our posterity, he fear'd.
"Your book a mere anachronism seems,"
Said he, "it suits a youth who only dreams."
Alas! for me I've done for him my best,
His thoughts and deeds in my best colours dress'd.
Whatever Clotho and Lachesis spun
For one poor mortal has been seen as done:
The work of Atropos, of course remains
Unsung, being no part of Memory's strains.
But though 'tis his hall here that grieves the eyes,
Yet were it e'er so good the pleasure dies
For those who merely thus in mind look back,
And bygone joys as they suppose them track.
Inherent is this feeling in the walls
Of memory alone which oft appals.
Supposing all were right within it then,
The same impression visits better men;
And this before we leave must pass away,
So for a short time longer let us stray.
Yes, ere we quit this pleasant, pensive shore
There's yet a secret to be treasured more;
So now for this trip be our anchor cast;
Our tiny boat may then speed on its last.

CANTO XII.

OF HOPE ALLIED TO MEMORY.

THE gallery is seen, though thus we own
There's much remaining that has not been shown.
If the vast halls through which each strays contain'
Nought but the past, and nothing more remain'd,
Each might for all its paintings howe'er sweet,
Go forth from it as from a sad retreat—
As if he'd wander'd uselessly and long,
Through the pale phantoms of a tragic song—
As if in mem'ry all that he had seen
Was only what the Poet says "has been,"
With whose concluding lines he'd too agree,
Saying with him, "and never more will be."
If thus collected all each saw was past,
If nothing of the whole could ever last,
We might take leave with tears and bitter sorrow,
Of what would own that it had no to-morrow.
What is not past? while speaking unto thee
Already is the moment far from me.
But no,—regarding overmuch a name,
As yet no doubt 'tis me that you will blame.
Unless like ancient Poets you should be
Careless of names, as Sophocles we see.[6]

[6] Vachin.

They ne'er of titles of a work complain;
They deem attention to such trifles vain;
So now if you are taken by surprise,
'Tis in your new false taste the mischief lies.
For know this temple two-fold always stands
Where a surpassing future it commands.
Of Hope its proper title might have been—
That substance of the things which are not seen.
For Memory is Hope, true synonymes
To judge at first by that indeed which seems,
If these could live in any language free
From fault; but as they never found can be
In such, we own identity is miss'd,
Although a close resemblance will exist.
Well might dark gloom now settle on our brow
If nought that's durable we'd witness'd now.
There's nothing good that ends, that does not last;
But this is not what's found within the past,
And so this temple is a double fane,
Which when thus view'd comprises nothing vain.
Thus a great artist speaks of one who said,
"I do not believe in death or in the dead.
'Tis a dark pass or say a certain door
Just met with in life once, and nothing more.
When thrice or four times near it a small light
Beyond the passage clearly was in sight.
That little speck was quite enough for me;"
So in full peace I pass through Memory.
Through the same temple had that mother gone
Who with her son Augustin ponder'd on

The bliss of future and eternal years,
And found for ever fled their former fears.
That Ostian garden and that window thrown
Open, through which their happy thoughts ha
flown,
Had nought to do with things that ever die,
'Twas Hope's own temple, reaching past the sky,
Through which they stray'd as if through hig
Heaven's bliss,
Finding that Memory did end in this.
"Art thou dead, Pyrrhon, and still dost thou doubt
Julian of Egypt asks, "Is nought found out?"
No, 'tis not doubting that death leaves him still;
'Tis doubt that ends, and with it all his ill.
Observe now though we saw but one such hall,
What here remains to sing is true of all.
That Hope should rest on solid grounds we know;
But in this temple Hope is founded so;
For, while consulting Nature's signs alone,
That fears are baseless might be clearly shown,
Unless, like certain sophists on their guard,
We some true grounds of certainty discard—
Procedure strange, and yet which often blinds
Some lucid although superficial minds,
Arriving at conclusions most absurd
From having but one only witness heard.
There are truths mathematical of course,
But there are others from a varied source,
Religious and historic, sentimental,
Practical and also transcendental,

Not one of which to reason is opposed,
Whatever be the limit that's proposed,
To which men come by special ways as sure
As that on which they follow reason pure.
Faculties the same can't be applied
To ev'ry subject, though our Faith's denied.
For, mark what's said by Coleridge, and you'll see
That science of itself can never be
Sufficient without calling to its aid
The common powers with which we all were made.
Men using mathematics ne'er begin
With what to such strict science is akin,
With what can be demonstrable to mind,
With what by reason can be proved they find;
Then how? with what do they begin? you ask.
Truly they must begin their brain's hard task
With some mere intuition, as he said,
A practical idea in the head,
Such as in this temple will be found
For all the hopes express'd the primal ground.
To deem this insufficient is to show
You do not the first grounds of knowledge know;
And when you ask for mathematic proof
We're not less certain when we stand aloof,
Appealing to the common human heart,
From whose assurance Science has to start.
And "heart" I say designedly, for mind
Is oft its serf and spokesman as we find,
However it may boast to be above
What its great mistress will with justice love.

Let no distrust then mingle with the joy
When in this temple we such steps employ,
While leaving Mathematics at the door,
And using proofs that they cannot ignore,
Befitting the conclusion of our song
Respecting hopes that to this shrine belong.

Retrace we then our steps through what seems gone;
There's nothing pass'd away for ever so;
For just attend; observe them one by one,
The future, not the past, they're meant to show.
Indeed that all things will in some form live on,
Mere science of itself appears to know.
If least things are annihilated never,
The great we may be sure exist for ever.

In that first room as we did enter here,
This Hall of Memory we found you know
Depicted all life's spring-tide visions dear
That once did pass so many years ago.
But think you now that they won't reappear
In some much brighter form when life will flow,
Where of no pure enjoyment there is lack,
Think you that these will never more come back?

Know you not how our childhood's opening gaze
Beholds with joy unutterable all
That first in silence caused such blank amaze?
Then read inscribed within this very hall
That a fresh childhood elsewhere for us stays,
Just as the worm dons wings at Nature's call;

Much more than ever issued from the womb
Awaits us: so mere folly is your gloom.

While death approaches many have been seen
As if some force within them did expand,
As if some inward treasured germ had been
Awaiting a development most grand.
Without illusion, and with senses keen,
They seem fresh wonders now to understand,
And this from theologic proof not drawn.
Experience shows there can be such a dawn.

When earthly friends behold the infant smile,
They're heard to say with accents of delight,
It is the Angels that it sees the while,
As if by instinct led they felt its might,
And knew from conscience it does not beguile,
Though nothing to explain it was in sight.
So your first childhood's joy alone implies
That there awaits you what will more surprise.

Then your past youth remember'd pleased you well,
But yet how often still did fall its tear!
Are you here bound by such a fatal spell
As not to hail the absence of all fear?
As not to trust the heavens when they tell
How there a youth eternal will appear?
Instinctively men paint the angels young,
And of no other have they ever sung.

"But this is fanciful," perhaps you say;
I doubt if reason be your teacher here;

For what doth cause our youth to pass away
Unless what elsewhere must all disappear—
The lapse of years, and so its dreaded sway?
From fancy, not from reason springs your fear;
Of nothing perfect can there be decline
There up above where those bright orbs do shine.

Have they not shone from all past ages known
Without a change or any diminution?
The times of Homer saw them like our own;—
Then why reject as fancy a solution
Founded on such facts, though facts alone?
Or why should falter now your resolution
To believe that spirits which amidst them dwell,
Enjoy an everlasting youth as well?

We pass'd through scenes to mortals oft most fair—
The lakes, the woods, the mountains, and the plain,
What will it be when made immortal there
We float midst orbs of light that never wane?
Consult but science. Are you not aware
That it will count all other objects vain
Comparatively, judged from what it sees
And knows with certainty respecting these?

But now we have more efforts to employ,
To show with what security we must
Confide in the revival of that joy,
Which once, or twice, or thrice, at least I trust,

You like himself for moments did enjoy,
Confined I think not to our mortal dust.
I only ask you now the fact to own—
That joy intense for instants you have known.

Then pray what caused it soon to disappear?
Was it not something evil in your state?
Was joy intended only to be here
Where woes including tedium on you wait?
What a strange desert would to all be near
If thus the universe were desolate?
Is joy to be the fading flower alone
Of this life now and elsewhere quite unknown?

Some never breathe it in a summer bower,
Or pass a day with one that makes them glad,
Some never look back on a pleasant hour,
Rememb'ring all the raptures they have had,
Without experiencing a certain power
Of instinct which forbids their being sad,
Feeling that joy, they know not how, will last,
That in another life they'll have the past.

"Confined from birth, of infinite desires,
Man," says the Poet, "can remember well
Traditionally (means he oft acquires)
The song of Paradise where he did dwell.
The depth immense from which he still admires
What all have felt his future joys can tell.
'Tis not for him the world to explain;
Yet something cries that joy will come again."

When age exclaims then in the holy mass,
"Why art thou now cast down thus, oh my soul?
Why must it now through such great sadness pass?"
The youth that serves it briefly says the whole,
Bidding it hope in God not cry alas!
Since of all gladness He is author sole;
For 'tis from Him that youth can ever trace
Even the cheerful beauty of its face.

Think you, like some, it is enough to see
The universe itself replete with joy?
Enough to think it lasts eternally,
While each part 'twill successively destroy?
Absorbing individuals like thee
While the whole ever reigns without alloy?
Though what is after all this supposition
Unless of old mistakes a repetition?

But what would be the whole if this were right
Unless a mockery of all its parts?
Where would be love, that great ideal bright,
If such were still the end of human hearts?
We see what loving care is here in sight
Expended on the things on which it darts.
To make a mere abstraction thus the whole
Seems the result of faults within the soul.

Is all this care to be confined to earth,
And short-lived creatures over whom it reigns?
Of care elsewhere is there a total dearth,
Except o'er abstract infinite domains?

Can a material universe know mirth?
To feel life's pleasures has it ever veins?
Assent to this seems like a wilful word,
Which quiet breasts must hold to be absurd.

But oh! when Memory would now recall
The friends that once we knew so dear and fond,
'Tis then enthroned within this very hall,
That hope will suffer no one to despond,
Those social circles then surround us all,
And further sad departures now beyond.
The death of others will not then appal;
Those long since lost, the father, mother dear,
All whom we loved on earth again are here.

Do we suspect the voice of all mankind?
Do we mistrust the whispers in our heart?
Do we imagine we shall never find
Those who from life with hope did so depart?
Are we to Nature's signals even blind?
Do we at sweetest echoes faithless start?
Oh! no. Society, receptions, there
Await us with which nothing can compare.

So Petrarch, writing to console a friend,
Says, "Feel assured that both of us will see
Again this loved one where no joy will end,
And death no longer cause us misery.
For look you now, and deeply too attend,
Who dares this hope refuse to one like me,
A Catholic, though as a sinner bad,
When even Gentiles this great hope have had?"

And you, too, who all novelties will seek,
Who love adventures, journeys, and to see
What when once seen will weary in a week,
However sweet and glorious it may be,
What think you is the sight of snow-clad peak
Of Greece, or Rome, or of the azure sea,
Compared with that strange instantaneous burst
Of Heaven's own grandeur that will quench your thirst?

But now I see a light from love that springs,
Pale in its beauty, like the evening star,
A form that hovers with its balmy wings,
To point at what comes back to us from far,
That rapture which no memory e'er brings,
Compared with which the sweetest things will jar;
It is the hope, the knowledge, and the trust,
That meet there, and for ever, lovers must.

Alas! for man, if all were here below!
He wants to love for ever, and he finds
That what he loves is passing on to flow,
From short weak sight and from as feeble minds.
Do what he will, while here, it must be so.
A dark sad shroud his fond affection binds:
When lo! to hope his memory will change,
And all untrammell'd thenceforth will he range

Through meads of Asphodel and fragrant bowers,
With those he loved the best of all on earth,
To live for ever, not the sport of hours,
To reap together, a celestial mirth,

Of time no more to fear the storms and showers,
Of one supernal joy to feel no dearth.
And will you then from this great temple turn,
Gloomy and sad, and feel no thoughts that burn?

Oh, if your love had been seduction base,
A selfish aim to injure and betray,
For hope hereafter there would be small place,
While memory alone with you would stay.
But if your heart responded to your face,
If to do good to others was your way,
If tears you dried up, causéd them not to flow,
'Tis Hope will lead you through this world below.

This twofold temple may some faults proclaim,
There's much in it, no doubt, to grieve your soul;
But then of hope it still may bear the name,
For hope may still transform, bring back the whole,
By showing Him from whom all transports came,
Pity for the fall'n, hope's foundation sole—
Oh then your memory from earth will fly
To find transferr'd its raptures to the sky.

Then too your memory of learning told,
Of books and sundry things pass'd long ago,
Which if you never should again behold,
Perhaps from you not one small tear would flow;
Although there still was much in those themes old,
With which most others would enamour'd grow.
But then observe, so far from pass'd are these,
That what they tell of there above one sees.

For it is not mere transitory things
That Plato spoke of, or great Homer sung;
Ideas, principles themselves have wings
To bear them everlasting things among.
Old Euclid's science, nothing mortal brings,
Though here it falleth from a mortal tongue.
That angles differ, that twice two make four,
Are what we know will last for evermore.

That squares on the hypothenuse o'ercast,
Equal the others on an angle right
We know will ever. Strange if this should last
Eternally transcribed beyond our sight,
And that the minds conceiving them were pass'd,
As soon as death involved them in its night.
'Twere stranger e'en if what is heard in song
No more to hearts like ours could still belong.

Upon his tomb, as speaking from the dead,
The Theban Crates charged his friends to write,
"All that I learnt or thought on earth, or said,
I now possess as when the Muse's light
Me to such lofty inspirations led."
Is confidence like his to be thought right,
And think we thoughts divine are not to last
When all things else on earth from us are past?

Why were thoughts happy call'd? just think with me.
Was it not always that they made us fly

Far above all the pleasures that we see
The dance, the music, raptures e'er so high?
In memory still living, they must be,
Now wing'd with hope that soars beyond the sky—
A certain foretaste to us mortals given
Of what will last eternally in Heaven.

Oh say, the happy thoughts engraven here—
Are they like twinkling feet to cease for ever?
Are all these mental gleams to disappear?
Eternal food will gratitude find never?
Will love no longer have an object near?
From God can Time one mind that loved Him sever?
'Twas Faith with Nature join'd through which we
pass'd.
And He who did write Nature's laws will last.

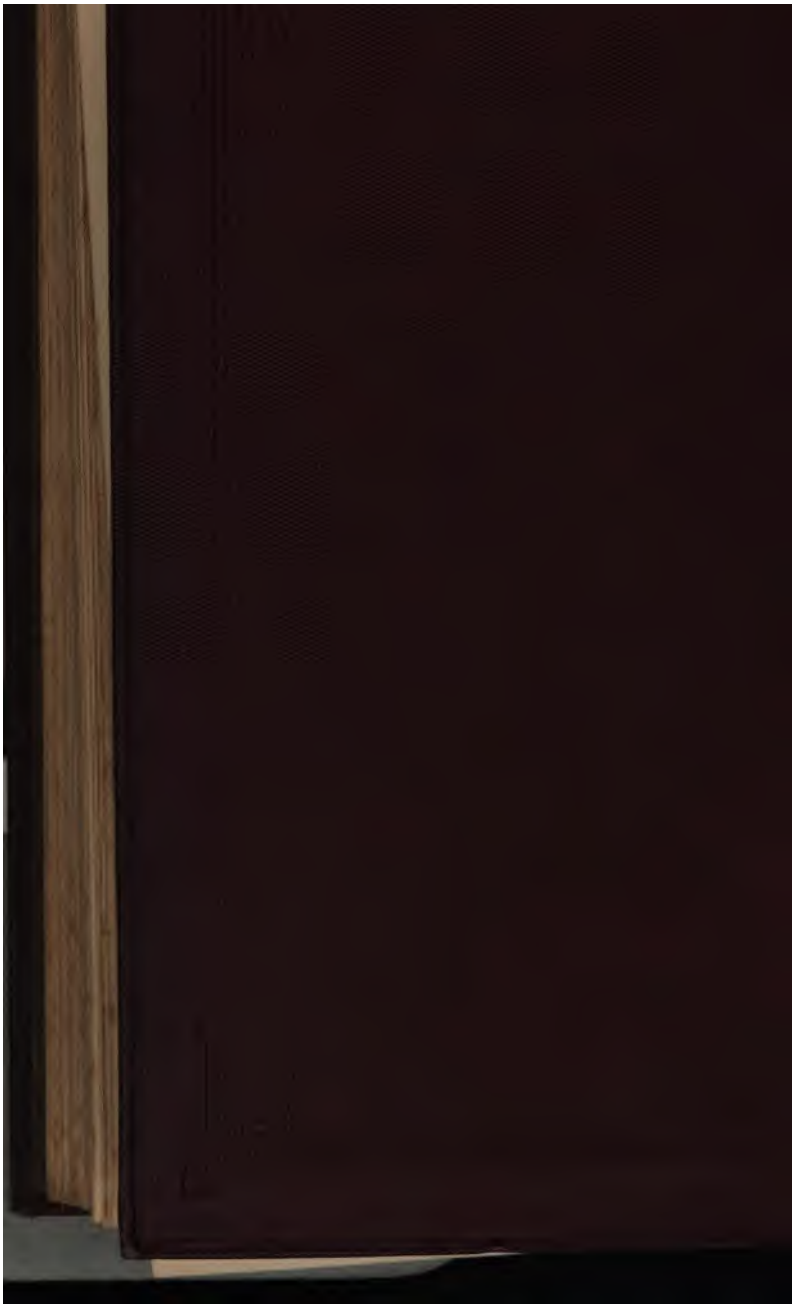
Enough that great assurance. For though changed
Be elsewhere all the forms that we shall see,
The virtues they involved are not estranged
From what must last for all eternity.
But what were virtues with no actors ranged.
To hear and follow ever their decree?
The actors then must last—their parts to play,
And ne'er from truths eternal pass away.

Conversion, as we call it here, remains,
Thwarted and baffled—Oh, how oft, alas!
It grieves the sage who mournfully complains
That all its fervour will so quickly pass!

What will it prove, where Heaven's own blessed
strains
Will fire of souls and hearts the docile mass,
All feelings, hindrances from time, above,
The ruling power, perfect, lasting love?

Such is the temple of which David sings,
Where one day spent is always worth far more
Than are a thousand that the sun's orb brings;
Since here, for each of us, still as of yore,
Aye dwelleth not alone the thoughts of things
Past, in immense and varied countless store,
But God Himself the source of hope and bliss;
For Memory's long halls will end in this.

Then to the portals of this temple fly.
Still hover round them on the wings of hope;
For there the past and future for you lie,
To make this blue, sun-clad air Heaven's own cope,
Where nothing ever fades to pass and die.
Elsewhere from doubts to doubts no longer grope:
Be yours that great asylum. There kneel down;
There rest, to find how God your Hope will crown.

THE END.

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